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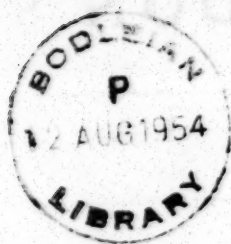
LOVE FOR LOVE.
LOVE MAKES A MAN.
LYING LOVER.
OLD BATCHELOR.
PROVOKED WIFE.

LONDON :

Printed for T. LOWNDS in Fleet-street.

MDCC LXII.

Where may be had, All Sorts of PLAYS.







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LOVE *for* LOVE.

A

C O M E D Y.

*Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certâ ratione modoque.* Hor.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLVI



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET
and MIDDLESEX,

*Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, and
Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

My LORD,



Young Poet is liable to the same Vanity and Indiscretion with a young Lover; and the great Man who smiles upon one, and the fine Woman who looks kindly upon t'other, are both of 'em in Danger of having the Favour publish'd with the first Opportunity.

But there may be a different Motive, which will a little distinguish the Offenders. For tho' one shou'd have a Vanity in ruining another's Reputation, yet the other may only have an Ambition to advance his own. And I beg Leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the Cause and Excuse of this Dedication.

D E D I C A T I O N.

Whoever is King, is also the Father of his Country ; and as no body can dispute your Lordship's *Monarchy* in *Poetry*; so all that are concern'd, ought to acknowledge Your Universal Patronage: And it is only presuming on the Privilege of a Loyal Subject, that I have ventur'd to make this my Address of Thanks to Your Lordship; which, at the same Time, includes a Prayer for Your Protection.

I am not ignorant of the common Form of Poetical Dedications, which are generally made up of Panegyricks, where the Authors endeavour to distinguish their Patrons, by the shining Characters they give them, above other Men. But that, my Lord, is not my Business at this time, nor is Your Lordship *now* to be distinguish'd. I am contented with the Honour I do myself in this Epistle ; without the Vanity of attempting to add to, or explain your Lordship's Character.

I confess it is not without some struggling, that I behave myself in this Case, as I ought: For it is very hard to be pleased with a Subject, and yet forbear it. But I choose rather to follow *Pliny's* Precepts, than his Example, when, in his Panegyrick to the Emperor *Trajan*, he says,

*Nec minus considerabo quid aures ejus pati possint,
Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.*

I hope I may be excus'd the Pedantry of a Quotation, when it is so justly apply'd. Here are some Lines in the Print, (and which Your
Lord-

DEDICATION.

Lordship read before this Play was acted) that were omitted on the Stage; and particularly one whole Scene in the third Act, which not only helps the Design forward with less Precipitation, but also heightens the ridiculous Character of *Forefight*, which indeed seems to be maim'd without it. But I found myself in great danger of a long Play, and was glad to help it where I could. Tho' notwithstanding my Care, and the kind Reception it had from the Town; I could heartily wish it yet shorter: But the Number of different Characters represented in it, would have been too much crowded in less room.

This Reflection on Prolixity, (a Fault, for which scarce any one Beauty will atone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain Your Lordship any longer with the Trifles of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient

 *and most humble Servant,*

WILLIAM CONGREVE.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House,

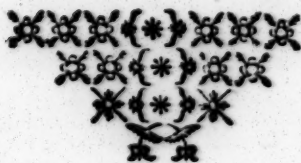
By Mr. BETTERTON.

THE Husbandman in vain renews his Toil,
To cultivate each Year a hungry Soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous Fruit,
When what should feed the Tree, devours the Root:
Th' unladen Boughs, he sees, bode certain Dearth,
Unless transplanted to more kind Earth.
So, the poor Husbands of the Stage, who found
Their Labours lost upon ungrateful Ground,
This last and only Remedy have prov'd;
And hope new Fruit from ancient Stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
Well plant a Soil which you so rich have made.
As Nature gave the World to Man's first Age,
So from your Bounty we receive this Stage;
The Freedom Man was born to, you've restor'd,
And to our World such Plenty you afford,
It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
But since in Paradise frail Flesh gave way,
And when but two were made, both went astray;
Forbear your Wonder, and the Fault forgive,
If in our larger Family we grieve
One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.
We who remain, would gratefully repay
What our Endeavours can, and bring, this Day,
The First-fruit Offering, of a Virgin Play.

}
}
}
}
We

P R O L O G U E.

*We hope there's something that may please each Taste,
 And tho' of homely Fare we make the Feast,
 Yet you will find Variety at least.
 There's Humour, which for chearful Friends we got,
 And for the thinking Party there's a Plot.
 We've something too, to gratify Ill-nature,
 (If there be any here) and that is Satire.
 Tho' Satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
 Or only shews its Teeth, as if it smil'd.
 As Asses Thistles, Poets mumble Wit,
 And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
 They hold their Pens, as Swords are held by Fools,
 And are afraid to use their own Edge-Tools.
 Since the Plain Dealer's Scenes of Manly Rage,
 Not one has dar'd to lash this Crying Age.
 This time, the Poet owns the bold Essay,
 Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his Play:
 And he declares by me, he has design'd
 Affront to none, but frankly speaks his Mind.
 And shou'd th' ensuing Scenes not chance to hit,
 He offers but this one Excuse, 'twas writ
 Before your late Encouragement of Wit.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Sampson Legend</i> , Father to <i>Valentine</i> and <i>Ben</i> .	}	Mr. Underhill.
<i>Valentine</i> , Fallen under his Father's Displeasure by his expensive way of living, in love with <i>Angelica</i> .		
<i>Scandal</i> , his Friend, a free Speaker.		Mr. Smith.
<i>Tattle</i> , A half-witted Beau, vain of his Amours, yet valuing himself for Secrecy.	}	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Ben</i> , <i>Sir Sampson</i> 's younger Son, half home bred, and half Sea-bred, design'd to marry Miss <i>Prue</i> .		
<i>Forefight</i> , an illiterate old Fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, and pretending to understand Astrology, Palmistry, Physiognomy, Omens, Dreams, &c. Uncle to <i>Angelica</i> .	}	Mr. Sandford.
<i>Jeremy</i> , Servant to <i>Valentine</i> .		
<i>Trapland</i> , A Scrivener.		Mr. Triffis.
<i>Buckram</i> , A Lawyer.		Mr. Freeman.

W O M E N.

<i>Angelica</i> , Niece to <i>Forefight</i> , of a considerable Fortune in her own Hands.	}	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Mrs. Foresight</i> , Second Wife to <i>Forefight</i> .		
<i>Mrs. Frail</i> , Sister to <i>Mrs. Foresight</i> , a Woman of the Town.	}	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Miss Prue</i> , Daughter to <i>Forefight</i> by a former Wife, a silly awkward Country Girl.		
Nurse to <i>Miss</i> .		Mrs. Leigh.
<i>Jenny</i> .		Mrs. Lawson.

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.

The SCENE in LONDON.

LOVE



LOVE *for* LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Valentine in his Chamber Reading, Jeremy waiting.

Several Books upon the Table.

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

Jere. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read——

Jere. You'll grow devilish fat upon this Paper Diet.

[Aside, and taking away the Books.]

Val. And d'ye here, go you to Breakfast—There's a Page doubled down in *Epicætetus*, that is a Feast for an Emperor.

Jere. Was *Epicætetus* a real Cook, or did he only write Receipts?

Val. Read, read, Sirrah, and refine your Appetite; learn to live upon Instruction; feast your Mind, and mortify your Flesh; Read, and take your Nourishment in at your Eyes; shut up your Mouth, and chew the Cud of Understanding. So *Epicætetus* advises.

Jere. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a Gentleman at Cambridge: Pray what was that *Epicætetus*?

Val. A very rich Man,—Not worth a Groat.

Jere.

Jere. Humph, and so he has made a very fine Feast where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jere. Sir, you're a Gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: But if you please, I had rather be at Board-Wages. Does your *Epictetus*, or your *Seneca* here, or any of these poor rich Rogues, teach you how to pay your Debts without Money? Will they shut up the Mouths of your Creditors? Will *Plato* be Bail for you? Or *Dio-genes*, because he understands Confinement, and liv'd in a 'Tub, go to Prison for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty Books, in Commendation of Starving and Poverty!

Val. Why, Sirrah, I have no Mony, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: And in that I but follow the Examples of the wisest and wittiest Men in all Ages; these Poets and Philosophers whom you naturally hate, for just such another Reason; because they abound in Sense, and you are a Fool.

Jere. Ay, Sir, I am a Fool, I know it: And yet, Heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a Wit—But I was always a Fool, when I told you what your Expences would bring you to; your Coaches and your Liveries; your Treats and your Balls; your being in Love with a Lady, that did not care a Farthing for you in your Prosperity; and keeping Company with Wits, that car'd for nothing but your Prosperity, and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an Opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll pursue *Angelica* with more Love than ever; and appear more notoriously her Admirer in this Restraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich Fops, that made Court to her; so shall my Poverty be a Mortification to her Pride, and perhaps, make her compassionate the Love, which has principally reduc'd me to this lowness of Fortune. And for the Wits, I'm sure I am in a Condition to be even with them——

Jere. Nay, your Condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their Trade out of their Hands.

Jere.

Jere. Now Heav'n of Mercy continue the Tax upon Paper; you don't mean to write;

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a Play.

Jere. Hem!—Sir, if you please to give me a small Certificate of three Lines—only to certify those whom it may concern; That the Bearer hereof, *Jeremy Fetch* by Name, has for the Space of sev'n Years truly and faithfully serv'd *Valentine Legend*, Esq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any Misdemeanour; but does voluntarily dismiss his Master from any future Authority over him—

Val. No, Sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jere. Sir, 'tis impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your Works: But to live, even three Days, the Life of a Play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a Muse, after my Decease.

Val. You are witty, you Rogue, I shall want your Help;—I'll have you learn to make Couplets, to tag the ends of Acts: D'ye hear, get the Maids to Crambo in an Evening, and learn the Knack of Rhiming, you may arrive at the height of a Song, sent by an unknown Hand, or a Chocolate House Lampoon.

Jere. But Sir, is this the way to recover your Father's Favour? Why Sir *Sampson* will be irreconcilable. If your younger Brother shou'd come from Sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir; you're ruin'd; you won't have a Friend left in the World, if you turn Poet.—Ah Pox confound that *Will's* Coffee-House, it has ruin'd more young Men than the *Royal Oak* Lottery—Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The Man of the House would have been an Alderman by this time with half the Trade, if he had set up in the City—For my part, I never sit at the Door, that I don't get double the Stomach that I do at a Horse Race. The Air upon *Banstead Downs* is nothing to it for a Whetter; yet I never see it, but the Spirit of Famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd Porter, worn out with Pimping, and carrying *Billet-doux* and Songs; not like other Porters for Hire, bur for the Jest's sake. Now like a thin Chairman, melted down to half his Proportion, with carrying a Poet upon 'ick, to visit some great Fortune; and his Fare

to

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to be paid like the Wages of Sin, either at the Day of Marriage, or the Day of Death.

Val. Very well, Sir; can you proceed?

Jere. Sometimes like a bilk'd Bookseller, with a meagre terrify'd Countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn Author, and bring the rest of his Brethren into the same Condition. And lastly, in the Form of a worn-out Punk, with Verses in her Hand, which her Vanity had prefer'd to Settlements, without a whole Tatter to her Tail, but as ragged as one of the Muses; or as if she were carrying her Linen to the Paper-Mill, to be converted into Folio Books, of Warning to all young Maids, not to prefer Poetry to good Sense, or lying in the Arms of a needy Wit, before the Embraces of a wealthy Fool.

S C E N E II.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Scan. What, *Jeremy* holding forth?

Val. The Rogue has (with all the Wit he could muster up) been declaiming against Wit.

Scan. Ay? Why then I'm afraid *Jeremy* has Wit: For where ever it is, it's always contriving its own Ruin.

Jere. Why so I have been telling my Master, Sir: Mr. *Scandal*, for Heav'n's sake, Sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning Poet.

Scan. Poet! He shall turn Soldier first, and rather depend upon the Outside of his Head, than the Lining. Why, what the Devil has not your Poverty made you Enemies enough? Must you needs shew your Wit to get more?

Jere. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any Body that has more Wit than himself?

Scan. *Jeremy* speaks like an Oracle. Don't you see how worthless great Men, and dull rich Rogues, avoid a witty Man of small Fortune? Why, he looks like a Writ of Enquiry into their Titles and Estates; and seems commission'd by Heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my Writings, and be reveng'd.

Scan. Rail? At whom? the whole World? Impotent and vain! Who would die a Martyr to Sense in a Country where the Religion is Folly? You may stand at Bay for a while; but when the full Cry is against you, you shan't have fair play for your Life. If you can't be fairly run down by the Hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the Huntsmen.—No, turn Pimp, Flatterer, Quack, Lawyer, Parson, be Chaplain to an Atheist; or Stallion to an old Woman, any thing but Poet; a Modern Poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any. I have nam'd: without you could retrieve the Ancient Honours of the Name, recall the Stage of *Athens*, and be allow'd the Force of open honest Satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our Poets, as if your Character had been lately expos'd upon the Stage—Nay, I am not violently bent upon the Trade — [*One Knocks.*] *Jeremy*, see who's there. [*Jer. goes to the Door.*] But tell me what you would have me do?—What do the World say of me, and my forc'd Confinement?

Scan. The World behaves itself, as it uses to do on such Occasions; some pity you, and condemn your Father: Others excuse him, and blame you; only the Ladies are merciful, and wish you well: Since Love and Pleasurable Expence, have been your greatest Faults.

Val. How now?

Jere. Nothing new, Sir; I have dispatch'd some half a Dozen Duns with as much Dexterity, as a hungry Judge does Causes at Dinner-time.

Val. What Answer have you giv'n 'em?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old Receipt.

Jere. No, faith Sir; I have put 'em off so long with Patience and Forbearance, and other fair Words; that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright *English*—

Val. What?

Jere. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jere. To morrow.

Val. And how the Devil do you mean to keep your Word?

Jere. Keep it? Not at all; it has been so very much stretch'd, that I reckon it will break of course by to morrow,

row, and no body be surpriz'd at the Matter— [*Knocking.*]
 —Again! Sir, if you don't like my Negotiation, will
 you be pleas'd to answer these yourself.

Val. See who they are.

S C E N E III.

Valentine, Scandal.

By this, *Scandal*, you may see what it is to be great; Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, and Generals of an Army lead just such a Life as I do; have just such Crowds of Visitants in a Morning, all soliciting of past Promises; which are but a civiler sort of Duns, that lay Claim to voluntary Debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great Man, having engaged their Attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform; are more perplex'd to find Evasions than you would be to invent the honest Means of keeping your Word, and gratifying your Creditors.

Val. *Scandal*, learn to spare your Friends, and do not provoke your Enemies; this Liberty of your Tongue, will one Day bring a Confinement on your Body, my Friend.

S C E N E IV.

Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Jere. O Sir, there's *Trapland* the Scrivener, with two suspicious Fellows like lawful Pads, that would knock a Man down with Pocket Tipstaves,—And there's your Father's Steward, and the Nurse with one of your Children from *Twitnam*.

Val. Pox on her, cou'd she find no other time to fling my Sins in my Face: Here, give her this, [*Gives Money.*] and bid her trouble me no more: a thoughtless two-handed Whore, she knows my Condition well enough, and might have overlaid the Child a Fortnight ago, if she had had any forecast in her.

Scan. What, is it bouncing *Margery*, with my Godson?

Jere. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My Blessing to the Boy, with this Token [*Gives Money.*] of my Love. And d'ye hear, bid *Margery* put
 more

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more Flocks in her Bed, shift twice a Week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.— I shall take the Air shortly.

Val. Scandal, don't spoil my Boy's Milk:—Bid *Trapland* come in. If I can give that *Cerberus* a Sop, I shall be at rest for one Day.

S C E N E V.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy.

Val. O Mr. *Trapland*! my old Friend! welcome. *Jeremy*, a Chair quickly: A Bottle of Sack and a Toast—fly—a Chair first.

Trap. A good Morning to you Mr. *Valentine*, and to you Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. The Morning's a very good Morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come sit you down, you know his way.

Trap. [*sits.*] There is a Debt, Mr. *Valentine*, of 1500*l.* of pretty long standing —

Val. I cannot talk about Business with a thirsty Palate. —Sirrah, the Sack.

Trap. And I desire to know what Course you have taken for the Payment?

Val. Faith and Troth, I am heartily glad to see you,—my Service to you,—fill, fill, to honest Mr. *Trapland*, fuller.

Trap. Hold, Sweet-heart. —This is not to our Business:—my Service to you Mr. *Scandal*.—[*Drinks*]—I have forborn as long —

Val. T'other Glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, *Jeremy*.

Trap. No more, in truth,—I have forborn, I say—

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you.—And how does your handsom Daughter?—Come, a good Husband to her. [*Drinks.*]

Trap. Thank you—I have been out of this Mony—

Val. Drink first. *Scandal*, why do you not drink?

[*They drink.*]

Trap. And in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your Supply: It did me Signal Service in my Necessity. But you delight in doing good. — *Scandal*, drink to me, my Friend

Trapland's

Trapland's Health. An honefter Man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his Friend in Distress: Tho' I say it to his Face. Come fill each Man his Glafs.

Scan. What, I know *Trapland* has been a Whoremaster and loves a Wench still. You never knew a Whoremaster, that was not an honest Fellow.

Trap. Fy, Mr. *Scandal*, you never knew——

Scan. What, don't I know?——I know the buxom black Widow in the *Poultry*——Sool. a Year Jointure, and 20,000*l.* in Mony. Ahah! Old *Trap*.

Val. Say you so i'faith: Come, we'll remember the Widow: I know whereabouts you are; Come, to the Widow——

Trap. No more, indeed.

Val. What, the Widow's Health; give it him——off with it: [*They drink.*] A lovely Girl, I'faith, black sparkling Eyes, soft pouting Ruby-Lips? better sealing there, than a Bond for a Million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our Business——You're a Wag.

Val. No faith, we'll mind the Widow's Business, fill again——Pretty round heaving Breasts, —— a *Barbary Shape*, and a Jut with her Bum, would stir an *Anchoret*: And the prettiest Foot! Oh if a Man could but fasten his Eyes to her Feet, as they steal in and out, and play at Bo-peep under her Petticoats, ah! Mr. *Trapland*?

Trap. Verily, give me a Glafs——you're a Wag, —— And here's to the Widow. [*Drinks.*]

Scan. He begins to chuckle;——ply him close, or he'll relapse into a Dun.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] Officer.

Offi. By your Leave, Gentlemen, ——Mr. *Trapland*, if we must do our Office, tell us.——We have half a dozen Gentlemen to Arrest in *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*; and if we don't make haste, the Chairmen will be abroad, and block up the Chocolate-Houses, and then our Labour's lost.

Trap. UdsO that's true, Mr. *Valentine*, I love Mirth, but Business must be done, are you ready to——

Jere.

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Jere. Sir, your Father's Steward says he comes to make Proposals concerning your Debts.

Val. Bid him come in: Mr. *Trapland*, send away your Officer, you shall have an Answer presently.

Trap. Mr. *Snap*, stay within Call.

S C E N E VII.

Valentine, Scandal, Trapland, Jeremy, Steward *who whispers* Valentine.

Scan. Here's a Dog now, a Traitor in his Wine; Sirrah, refund the Sack: *Jeremy* fetch him some warm Water, or I'll rip up his Stomach, and go the shortest way to his Conscience.

Trap. Mr. *Scandal*, you are uncivil; I did not value your Sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your Money again, when a Gentleman has spent it?

Val. You need say no more, I understand the Conditions; they are very hard, but my Necessity is very pressing; I agree to 'em. Take Mr. *Trapland* with you, and let him draw the Writing—Mr. *Trapland*, you know this Man, he shall satisfy you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus Pressing, but my Necessity——

Val. No Apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my Business requires—

S C E N E VIII.

Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. He begs Pardon like a Hangman at an Execution.

Val. But I have got a Reprieve.

Scan. I am surpriz'd; what does your Father relent?

Val. No; he has sent me the hardest Conditions in the World: You have heard of a Booby-Brother of mine, that was sent to Sea three Years ago? This Brother, my Father hears, is landed; whereupon he very affectionately sends me Word; if I will make a Deed of Conveyance of my Right to his Estate after his Death, to my younger Brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand

land Pound to pay my Debts, and make my Fortune. This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it; but the present Impatience of my Creditors for their Mony, and my own Impatience of Confinement, and Absence from *Angelica*, force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate Demonstration of your Love to *Angelica*: And I think she has never given you any Assurance of hers.

Val. You know her Temper; she never gave me any great Reason either for Hope or Despair.

Scan. Women of her airy Temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any Light to guess at what they mean: But you have little Reason to believe that a Woman of this Age, who has had an Indifference for you in your Prosperity, will fall in Love with your ill Fortune; besides, *Angelica* has a great Fortune of her own; and great Fortunes either expect another great Fortune, or a Fool.

S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] Jeremy.

Jere. More Misfortunes, Sir.

Val. What another Dun?

Jere. No, Sir, but Mr. *Tattle* is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it, — you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad.

S C E N E X.

Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, pr'ythee stay: *Tattle* and you should never be asunder; you are Light and Shadow, and shew one another; he is perfectly thy Reverse both in Humour and Understanding; and as you set up for Defamation, he is a mender of Reputations.

Scan. A mender of Reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of Secrets, another Virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the Rogue will speak aloud in the Posture of a Whisper; and deny a Woman's Name, while he gives you the Marks of her Person: He will forswear
receiving

receiving a Letter from her, and at the same time shew you her Hand in the Supercription: And yet perhaps he has counterfeited the Hand too, and sworn to a Truth; but he hopes not to be believ'd; and refuses the Reputation of a Lady's Favour, as a Doctor says, No, to a Bishoprick, only that it may be granted him —In short, he is a publick Professor of Secrecy, and makes Proclamation that he holds private Intelligence.—He's here.

S C E N E XI.

[To them] Tattle.

Tatt. *Valentine*, good Morrow; *Scandal*, I am Yours,—That is when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am Yours; for while I am my own, or any Body's else, that will never happen.

Tatt. How inhuman!

Val. Why, *Tattle*, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he says: For to converse with *Scandal*, is to play at *Losing Loadum*; you must lose a good Name to him, before you can win it for Yourself.

Tatt. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the World shall think the better of any Person for his Calumnation!—I thank Heaven, it has always been a part of my Character, to handle the Reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, such rotten Reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tatt. Nay, but why rotten? Why should you say, rotten, when you know not the Persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is?

Scan. Not know 'em? why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not stink to all the Town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a Jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that no Body knows any thing of that Nature of me. As I hope to be sav'd, *Valentine*, I never expos'd a Woman, since I knew what Woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several.

Tatt. To be free with you, I have——I don't care if I own that—Nay more (I'm going to say a bold Word now)

now) I never could meddle with a Woman, that had to do with any Body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay faith, I'm apt to believe him—Except her Husband, *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh that——

Scan. What think you of that noble Commoner Mrs. *Drab*?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam *Drab* has made her Brags in three or four Places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what— But, upon my Reputation, she did me wrong—Well, well, that was Malice— But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one we all know—A Man too. Only to bring me into Disgrace with a certain Woman of Quality——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that——Yes, yes, every body knows—No doubt on't, every body knows my Secrets—But I soon satisfy'd the Lady of my Innocence; for I told her——Madam, says I, there are some Persons who make it their Business to tell Stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the World; and, says I, if your Grace——

Scan. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I said? My unlucky Tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why, *Tattle*, thou hast more Impudence than one can in Reason expect: I shall have an Esteem for thee, well, and ha, ha, ha, well, go on, and what did you say to her Grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a Word, as I hope to be sav'd; an arrant *Lapsus Linguae*——Come, let's talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you—a Woman of ordinary Rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other, faith—I know not what——Come, let's talk of something else.

[*Humms a Song.*]

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we should enquire.

Tatt.

Tatt. Valentine, I supp'd last Night with your Mistress, and her Uncle old *Forefight*: I think your Father lies at *Forefight's*.

Val. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my Soul *Angelica's* a fine Woman—And so is Mrs. *Forefight*, and her Sister Mrs. *Frail*.

Scan. Yes, Mrs. *Frail* is a very fine Woman, we all know her.

Tatt. Oh that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tatt. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. *Frail*?

Tatt. Who I? Upon Honour I don't know whether she be Man or Woman; but by the Smoothness of her Chin, and Roundness of her Hips.

Scan. No!

Tatt. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible!

Scan. Yes Faith. Ask *Valentine* else.

Tatt. Why then, as I hope to be fav'd, I believe a Woman only obliges a Man to Secrecy, that she may have the Pleasure of telling herself.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you Wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

Tatt. Tho' I have more Honour than to tell first; I have more Manners than to contradict what a Lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tatt. I am strangely surpris'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, she sees *Valentine* every Morning.

Tatt. How!

Val. She does me the Favour—I mean of a Visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I faith—But *Tattle* does not use to bely a Lady; it is contrary to his Character—How one may be deceiv'd in a Woman, *Valentine*?

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, Gentlemen?

Scan.

Scan. I'm resolv'd I'll ask her.

Tatt. O barbarous! Why did you not tell me—

Scan. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask *Valentine*?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an Answer, when you never ask'd me the Question?

Tatt. But Gentlemen, this is the most inhuman Proceeding—

Val. Nay, if you have known *Scandal* thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable Decoy as this was; the Ladies have a fine time, whose Reputations are in your keeping.

S C E N E XII.

[*To them*] *Jeremy*.

Jere. Sir, Mrs. *Frail* has sent to know if you are stirring;

Val. Shew her up when she comes.

S C E N E XIII.

Valentine, Scandal, Tattle.

Tatt. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more Discretion, than to give *Scandal* such an Advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. *Scandal*, you will not be so ungenerous—O, I shall lose my Reputation of Secrecy for ever—I shall never be receiv'd but upon publick Days; and my Visits will never be admitted beyond a Drawing-Room: I shall never see a Bed-Chamber again, never be lock'd in a Closet, nor run behind a Screen, or under a Table; never be distinguish'd among the Waiting-Women by the Name of Trusty Mr. *Tattle* more—You will not be so cruel.

Val. *Scandal*, have pity on him; he'll yield to any Conditions.

Tatt. Any, any Terms.

Scan. Come then, sacrifice half a Dozen Women of good Reputation to me presently—Come, where are you

you familiar?—And see that they are Women of Quality too, the first Quality——

Tatt. 'Tis very hard—Won't a Baronet's Lady pass?

Scan. No, nothing under a Right Honourable.

Tatt. O inhuman! You don't expect their Names.

Scan. No, their Titles shall serve.

Tatt. Alas, that's the same thing: Pray spare me their Titles; I'll describe their Persons.

Scan. Well, begin then: But take notice, if you are so ill a Painter, that I cannot know the Person by your Picture of her, you must be condemn'd, like other bad Painters, to write the Name at the bottom.

Tatt. Well, first then ——

S C E N E XIV.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Frail.*

Tatt. O unfortunate! she's come already; will you have Patience 'till another time—I'll double the Number.

Scan. Well, on that Condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs. Frail. I shall get a fine Reputation, by coming to see Fellows in a Morning. *Scandal*, you Devil, are you here too? Oh Mr. *Tattle*, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scan. *Tattle.*

Tatt. Mum—O Madam, you do me too much Honour.

Val. Well Lady Galloper, how does *Angelica*?

Mrs. Frail. *Angelica*? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent Lover——

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll allow a Lover present with his Mistress to be particular——But otherwise I think his Passion ought to give place to his Manners.

Val. But what if he has more Passion than Manners?

Mrs. Frail. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the Fury of his Passion, but it very rarely mends a Man's Manners.

Mrs. Frail. You are the most mistaken in the World: there is no Creature perfectly civil, but a Husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his Wife, and that is, the highest good Breeding, for it begets his Civility

to other People. Well, I'll tell you News; but I suppose you hear your Brother *Benjamin* is landed. And my Brother *Forefight*'s Daughter is come out of the Country—I assure you there's a Match talk'd of by the old People—Well, if he be but as great a Sea-Beast, as she is a Land-Monster, we shall have a most amphibious Breed—The Progeny will be all Otters: He has been bred at Sea, and she has never been out of the Country.

Val. Pox take 'em, their Conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. Frail. Now you talk of Conjunction, my Brother *Forefight* has cast both their Nativities, and Prognosticates an Admiral and an eminent Justice of the Peace to be the Issue-Male of their two Bodies; 'tis the most superstitious old Fool! He would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky Day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: But I invented a Dream, and sent him to *Artemedorus* for Interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next Room——and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs. Frail. Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a Secret.

Mrs. Frail. I thought you would give me something, that would be a Trouble to you to keep.

Val. And *Scandal* shall give you a good Name.

Mrs. Frail. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. *Tattle*.

Tatt. I? My Soul, Madam.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, No I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well; but I'll come and see you one of these Mornings: I hear you have a great many Pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good Collection at your Service, some Originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the *Seasons* and the *Twelve Cæsars*, paltry Copies; and the *Five Senses*, as ill represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only Original you will see there.

Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, but I hear he has a Closet of Beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him Favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, let me see those, Mr. *Tattle*.

Tatt. Oh Madam, those are sacred to Love and Contemplation. No Man but the Painter and myself was ever blest with the Sight.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but a Woman——

Tatt. Nor Woman, 'till she consented to have her Picture there too—for then she's oblig'd to keep the Secret.

Scan. No, no; come to me if you'd see Pictures.

Mrs. Frail. You?

Scan. Yes faith, I can shew you your own Picture, and most of your Acquaintance to the Life, and as like as at *Kneller's*.

Mrs. Frail. O lying Creature——*Valentine*, does not he lye——I can't believe a Word he says.

Val. No, indeed, he speaks truth now: For as *Tattle* has Pictures of all that have granted him Favours, he has the Pictures of all that have refus'd him: If Satires, Descriptions, Characters, and Lampoons are Pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white—And yet there are some set out in their true Colours, both Men and Women. I can shew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonness, Inconstancy, Covetousness, Dissimulation, Malice and Ignorance, all in one Piece. Then I can shew you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardise, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence and Ugliness in another Piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated Beauty, and t'other a profest Beau. I have Paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs. Frail. Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a Beau in a Bagnio, Cupping for a Complexion, and sweating for a Shape.

Mrs. Frail. So.

Scan. Then I have a Lady burning Brandy in a Cellar with a Hackney Coachman.

Mrs. Frail. O Devil! Well but that Story is not true.

Scan. I have some Hieroglyphicks too; I have a Lawyer with a hundred Hands, two Heads, and but one Face; a Divine with two Faces, and one Head; and I have a Soldier with his Brains in his Belly, and his Heart where his Head shou'd be.

28 LOVE for LOVE.

Mrs. Frail. And no Head?

Scan. No Head.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, this is all Invention. Have you ne'er a Poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a Poet weighing Words, and selling Praise for Praise, and a Critick picking his Pocket. I have another large Piece too, representing a School; where there are huge proportion'd Criticks, with long Wigs, lac'd Coats, *Steinkirk* Cravats, and terrible Faces; with Cat-calls in their Hands, and Horn-Books about their Necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs. Frail. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

S C E N E XV.

[*To them*] Jeremy.

Jere. Sir, here's the Steward again from your Father.

Val. I'll come to him—will you give me Leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll be gone. Come, who Squires me to the *Exchange*, I must call my Sister *Forcight* there?

Scan. I will: I have a Mind to your Sister.

Mrs. Frail. Civil!

Tatt. I will, because I have a Tender for your Ladyship.

Mrs. Frail. That's somewhat the better Reason, to my Opinion.

Scan. Well, if *Tattle* entertains you, I have the better Opportunity to engage your Sister.

Val. Tell *Angelica*, I am about making hard Conditions to come abroad, and be at Liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an Account of you, and your Proceedings. If Indiscretion be a Sign of Love, you are the most a Lover of any Body that I know: You fancy that parting with your Estate, will help you to your Mistress—In my Mind he is a thoughtless Adventurer,

*Who hopes to purchase Wealth, by selling Land;
Or win a Mistress, with a losing Hand.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's House.

Foresight and Servant.

Fore. **H** EY day! What, are all the Women of my Family abroad? Is not my Wife come home? Nor my Sister, nor my Daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the Moon is in all her Fortitudes; Is my Niece Angelica at home?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lye, Sir.

Serv. Sir.

Fore. I say you lye, Sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it; for I was born, Sir, when the Crab was ascending, and all my Affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, Sir: But I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] Nurse.

Fore. Nurse, where's your young Mistress?

Nurse. Wee't heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet: Poor Child, I warrant she's fond o' seeing the Town—Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her any Dinner—Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha, O strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha, marry and did you ever see the like!

Fore. Why how now, what's the Matter?

Nurse. Pray Heav'n send your Worship good Luck, Marry and Amen with all my Heart, for you have put on one Socking with the wrong Side outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and so I have, that may be good Luck in troth, in troth it may, very good Luck: Nay I have had some Omens: I got out of Bed Backwards too this Morning, without Premeditation; pretty good that to; but then I stumbled coming down Stairs, and met a Weasel; bad Omens those: Some

bad, some good, our Lives are checquer'd: Mirth and Sorrow, Want and Plenty, Night and Day, make up our Time—But in troth I am pleas'd at my Stocking; very well pleas'd at my Stocking—Oh here's my Niece!—Sirrah, go tell Sir *Sampson Legend* I'll wait on him if he's at leisure,—'tis now three a Clock, a very good Hour for Business, *Mercury* governs this Hour.

S C E N E III.

Angelica, Foresight, Nurse.

Ang. Is it not a good Hour for Pleasure too, Uncle? pray lend me your Coach, mine's out of Order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all Females are mad to day—It is of evil Portent, and bodes Mischief to the Master of a Family—I remember an old Prophecy written by *Messabalah the Arabian*, and thus translated by a Reverend *Buckinghamshire* Bard.

*When Housewives all the House forsake,
And leave good Man to Brew and Bake,
Withouten Guile, then be it said,
That House doth stond upon its Head;
And when the Head is set in Grond,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful fond.*

Fruitful, the Head fruitful, that bodes Horns; the Fruit of the Head is Horns—Dear Niece, stay at home—For by the Head of the House is meant the Husband; the Prophecy needs no Explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a Cuckold, Uncle, by going abroad; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes; while there's one Woman left, the Prophecy is not in full Force.

Ang. But my Inclinations are in force; I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your Coach, I'll take a Hackney, or a Chair, and leave you to erect a Scheme, and find who's in Conjunction with your Wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my Aunt is a little Retrograde (as you call it) in her Nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Ascendant, ha, ha, ha.

Fore.

Fore. Well, Jill-flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial Science.

Ang. Nay Uncle, don't be angry—If you are, I'll reap up all your false Prophecies, ridiculous Dreams, and idle Divinations. I'll swear you are a Nuisance to the Neighbourhood—What a Bustle did you keep against the last invisible Eclipse, laying in Provisions as'twere for a Siege? What a world of Fire and Candle, Matches and Tinder-boxes did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live under Ground, or at least making a Voyage to *Greenland*, to inhabit there all the dark Season.

Fore. Why, you malapert Slut——

Ang. Will you lend me your Coach, or I'll go on—Nay, I'll declare how you prophesy'd Popery was coming, only because the Butler had mislaid some of the Apostle Spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went Religion and Spoonmeat together—Indeed, Uncle, I'll indite you for a Wizard.

Fore. How Huffy! was there ever such a provoking Minx?

Nurse. O merciful Father, how she talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make Oath of your unlawful Midnight Practices; you and the old Nurse there——

Nurse. Marry Heav'n defend--I at Midnight Practices--O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful Doings with my Master's Worship—Why, did you ever hear the like now—Sir, did ever I do any thing of your Midnight Concerns—but warm your Bed, and tuck you up, and set the Candle and your Tobacco-Box, and your Urinal by you, and now and then rub the Soles of your Feet?—O Lord, I!——

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the Key-hole of the Closet, one Night, like *Saul* and the Witch of *Endor*, turning the Sieve and Sheers, and pricking your Thumbs, to write poor innocent Servants Names in Blood, about a little Nutmeg-Grater, which she had forgot in the Caudle-Cup——Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it——

Fore. I defy you, Huffy; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, Cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your Fortune in your own Hands—but I'll find a

way to make your Lover, your Prodigal Spendthrift Galant, *Valentine*, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all shall out then—Look to't, Nurse; I can bring Witnesses that you have a great unnatural Teat under your left Arm, and he another; and that you suckle a young Devil in the Shape of a Tabby-Cat, by turns, I can.

Nurse. A Teat, a Teat, I an unnatural Teat! O the false slanderous thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another Christian. [Crying.

Fore. I will have Patience, since it is the Will of the Stars I should be thus tormented—This is the Effect of the malicious Conjunctions and Oppositions in the third House of my Nativity; there the Curse of Kindred was foretold—But I will have my Doors lock'd up—I'll punish you, not a Man shall enter my House.

Ang. Do Uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my Aunt come home—You'll have a Letter for Alimony to Morrow Morning—But let me be gone first, and then let no Mankind come near the House, but converse with Spirits and the Celestial Signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bless me! there are a great many horn'd Beasts among the twelve Signs, Uncle. But Cuckold's go to Heav'n.

Fore. But there's but one Virgin among the Signs, Spit-fire, but one Virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but Astrologers, Uncle. That makes my Aunt go abroad.

Fore. How? How? Is that the Reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good Niece—Come, you shall have my Coach and Horses—Faith and troth you shall—Does my Wife complain? Come, I know Women tell one another—She is young and sanguine, has a wanton Hazle Eye, and was born under *Gemini*, which may incline her to Society; she has a Mole upon her Lip, with a moist Palm, and an open Liberality on the Mount of *Venus*.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha.

Fore. Do you laugh?—Well Gentlewoman, I'll—But come, be a good Girl, don't perplex your poor Uncle, tell me—won't you speak? Odd I'll—

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] Servant.

Serv. Sir *Sampson* is coming down to wait upon you—

Ang. Good bu'y Uncle—Call me a Chair—I'll find out my Aunt, and tell her, she must not come home.

Fore. I'm so perplex'd and vex'd, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself before the Hour be past: Go Nurse, tell Sir *Sampson* I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. Well—Why, if I was born to be a Cuckold, there's no more to be said—he's here already.

S C E N E V.

Forefight and Sir Sampson Legend with a Paper.

Sir Samp. Nor no more to be done, old Boy; that's plain—here 'tis, I have it in my Hand, Old *Ptolomee*; I'll make the ungracious Prodigal know who begat him; I will, old *Nostradamus*. What, I warrant my Son thought nothing belong'd to a Father, but Forgiveness and Affection; no Authority, no Correction, no Arbitrary Power; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till Doomsday, he thought I was to pay the Piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *Signatum, Sigillatum, and Deliberatum*; that as soon as my Son *Benjamin* is arriv'd, he is to make over to him his Right of Inheritance. Where's my Daughter that is to be—hah! old *Merlin*! body o'me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful Rogue.

Fore. Odso, let me see; Let me see the Paper—Ay, faith and troth, here 'tis, if it will but hold—I wish things were done, and the Conveyance made—When was this sign'd, what Hour? Odso, you should have consulted me for the Time. Well, but we'll make haste——

Sir Samp. Haste, ay, ay; haste enough, my Son *Ben* will be in Town to Night—I have order'd my Lawyer to draw up Writings of Settlement and Jointure—All shall be done to Night—No matter for the Time; pr'ythee, Brother *Forefight*, leave Superstition—Pox o' th' Time;

there's no time but the time present, there's no more to be said of what's past, and all that is to come will happen. If the Sun shine by Day, and the Stars by Night, why, we shall know one another's Faces without the help of a Candle, and that's all the Stars are good for.

Fore. How, how? *Sir Sampson*, that all! Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir Samp. I tell you I am wise; and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an Argument to confound your *Ephemeris*——Ignorant—I tell you, I have travell'd old *Fircu*, and know the Globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the Sun rises at Midnight, and sets at Noon-Day.

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the Celestial *Spheres*, know the *Signs* and the *Planets*, and their Houses. Can judge of Motions Direct and Retrograde, of *Sextiles*, *Quadrates*, *Trines* and *Oppositions*, Fiery *Trigons* and Aquatical *Trigons*. Know whether Life shall be long or short, Happy or Unhappy, whether Diseases are Curable or Incurable. If Journeys shall be prosperous, Undertakings successful; or Goods stol'n recover'd, I know.——

Sir Sam. I know the Length of the Emperor of *China's* Foot; have kiss'd the *Great Mogul's* Slipper, and rid a Hunting upon an Elephant with the Cham of *Tartary*,—Body o'me, I have made a Cuckold of a King, and the present Majesty of *Bantam* is the Issue of these Loins.

Fore. I know when Travellers lye or speak Truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir Samp. I have known an Astrologer made a Cuckold in the twinkling of a Star; and seen a Conjuror, that cou'd not keep the Devil out of his Wife's Circle.

Fore. What, does he twit me with my Wife too? I must be better inform'd of this,—[*Aside.*]——Do you mean my Wife, *Sir Sampson*? Tho' you made a Cuckold of the King of *Bantam*, yet by the Body of the Sun——

Sir Samp. By the Horns of the Moon, you wou'd say, Brother *Capricorn*.

Fore. *Capricorn* in your Teeth, thou Modern *Mandevil*; *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto* was but a Type of thee, thou Liar of the first Magnitude. Take back your Paper of Inheritance;

tance; send your Son to Sea again. I'll wed my Daughter to an *Egyptian* Mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a Contemner of Sciences, and a Defamer of Virtue.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I have gone too far;—I must not provoke honest *Albumazar*.—An *Egyptian* Mummy is an illustrious Creature, my trusty Hieroglyphick; and may have Significations of Futurity about him; Odsbud, I would my Son were an *Egyptian* Mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a Jest, my good *Haly*—I reverence the Sun, Moon and Stars with all my Heart—What, I'll make thee a Present of a Mummy: Now I think on't, Body o'me, I have a Shoulder of an *Egyptian* King, that I purloin'd from one of the Pyramids, powder'd with Hieroglyphicks, thou shalt have it brought home to thy House, and make an Entertainment for all the *Philomaths*, and Students in Physick and Astrology in and about *London*.

Fore. But what do you know of my Wife, *Sir Sampson*?

Sir Samp. Thy Wife is a Constellation of Virtues; she's the Moon, and thou art the Man in the Moon: Nay, she is more illustrious than the Moon: for she has her Chastity without her Inconstancy, 'sbud I was but in jest.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *Jeremy*.

Sir Sam. How now, who sent for you? Ha! What wou'd you have?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest—Who's that Fellow? I don't like his Physiognomy.

Sir Samp. My Son, Sir; what Son, Sir? My Son *Benjamin*, hoh?

Jere. No, Sir, *Mr. Valentine*, my Master—'tis the first time he has been abroad since his Confinement, and he comes to pay his Duty to you.

Sir Samp. Well, Sir.

S C E N E VII.

Forefight, *Sir Sampson*, *Valentine*, *Jeremy*.

Jere. He is here, Sir.

Val. Your Blessing, Sir.

Sir

Sir Samp. You've had it already, Sir, I think I sent it you to Day in a Bill of Four thousand Pound : A great deal of Money, Brother *Forefight*.

Fore. Ay indeed, *Sir Sampson*, a great deal of Mony for a young Man, I wonder what he can do with it !

Sir Samp. Body o'me, so do I, — Hark ye, *Valentine*, if there be too much, refund the Superfluity ; Dost hear, Boy ?

Val. Superfluity, Sir, it will scarce pay my Debts, — I hope you will have more Indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard Conditions, which my Necessity sign'd to.

Sir Samp. Sir, how, I beseech you, what were you pleas'd to intimate, concerning Indulgence ?

Val. Why, Sir, that you wou'd not go to the Extremity of the Conditions, but release me at least from some Part. —

Sir Samp. Oh Sir, I understand you — that's all, ha ?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I presume to ask. — But what you, out of fatherly Fondness, will be pleas'd to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir Samp. No doubt of it, sweet Sir, but your filial Piety, and my fatherly Fondness wou'd fit like two Tallies. — Here's a Rogue, Brother *Forefight*, makes a Bargain under Hand and Seal in the Morning, and would be releas'd from it in the Afternoon ; here's a Rogue, Dog, here's Conscience and Honesty ; this is your Wit now, this is the Morality of your Wits ! You are a Wit, and have been a Beau, and may be a — Why, Sirrah, is it not here under Hand and Seal — Can you deny it ?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it. —

Sir Samp. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd ; I shall live to see you go up *Holborn-Hill* — Has he not a Rogue's Face ? — Speak, Brother, you understand Physiognomy, a hanging Look to me — of all my Boys the most unlike me ; he has a damn'd *Tyburn-Face*, without the Benefit o'the Clergy.

Fore. Hum — truly I don't care to discourage a young Man — he has a violent Death in his Face ; but I hope no Danger of Hanging.

Val. Sir, is this Usage for your Son ? — for that old Weather-headed Fool, I know how to laugh at him ; but you, Sir —

Sir

Sir Samp. You, Sir; and you, Sir:—Why, who are you, Sir?

Val. Your Son, Sir.

Sir Samp. That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Samp. What wou'd you have your Mother a Whore! Did you ever hear the like! Did you ever hear the like! Body o'me——

Val. I would have an Excuse for your Barbarity and unnatural Usage.

Sir Samp. Excuse! Impudence! Why Sirrah, mayn't I do what I please? Are not you my Slave? Did not I begot you? And might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? 'Oons who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the World? How came you here, Sir? Here, to stand here, upon those two Legs, and look erect with that audacious Face, hah? Answer me that? Did you come a Volunteer into the World? Or did I, with the lawful Authority of a Parent, press you to the Service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir Samp. With all my Heart: Come, uncase, strip, And go naked out of the World, as you came into't:

Val. My Clothes are soon put off;—But you must also divest me of Reason, Thought, Passions, Inclinations, Affections, Appetites, Senses, and the huge Train of Attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, what a many-headed Monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of myself a plain easy simple Creature; and to be kept at small Expence; but the Retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many Devils that you have rais'd, and will have Employment.

Sir Samp. 'Oons, what had I to do to get Children,—can't a private Man be born without all these Followers? —Why nothing under an Emperor should be born with Appetites,—Why, at this rate a Fellow that has but a
Groat

Groat in his Pocket, may have a Stomach capable of a Ten Shilling Ordinary.

Jere. Nay that's as clear as the Sun; I'll make Oath of it before any Justice in *Middlesex*.

Sir Samp. Here's a Cormorant too. — 'S'heart this Fellow was not born with you? — I did not beget him, did I? —

Jere. By the Provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too: — Nay, and to tell your Worship another Truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same Whoreson Appetites too, that my Master speaks of.

Sir Samp. Why look you there now, — I'll maintain it, that by the Rule of right Reason, this Fellow ought to have been born without a Palate. — 'S'heart, what shou'd he do with a distinguishing Taste? — I warrant you he'd rather eat a Pheasant, than a Piece of poor *John*: and smell, now, why I warrant he can smell, and loves Perfumes above a Stink — Why there's it; and Musick, don't you love Musick, Seoundrel?

Jere. Yes, I have a reasonable good Ear, Sir, as to Jiggs and Country Dances; and the like; I don't much matter your *Solo's* or *Sonato's*, they give me the Spleen.

Sir Samp. The Spleen, ha, ha, ha, a Pox confound you — *Solo's* or *Sonato's*? 'Oons whose Son are you? How were you engendred, Muckworm?

Jere. I am by Father, the Son of a Chairman; my Mother sold Oysters in Winter, and Cucumbers in Summer; and I came up Stairs into the World; for I was born in a Cellar.

Fore. By your Looks, you shou'd go up Stairs out of the World too, Friend.

Sir Samp. And if this Rogue were Anatomiz'd now, and dissected, he has his Vessels of Digestion and Concoction, and so forth, large enough for the Inside of a Cardinal, this Son of a Cucumber. — These Things are unaccountable and unreasonable — Body o'me, why was not I a Bear? that my Cubs might have liv'd upon sucking their Paws; Nature has been provident only to Bears and Spiders; the one has its Nutriment in his own Hands; and t'other spins his Habitation out of his own Entrails.

Val.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the Necessities of my Nature, if I had my Right of Inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again! 'Oons han't you four thousand Pound—if I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a Groat,—What, wou'd'st thou have me turn Pelican, and feed thee out of my own Vitals?—S'heart, live by your Wits,——You were always fond of the Wits,——Now let's see, if you have Wit enough to keep yourself——Your Brother will be in Town to Night, or to Morrow Morning, and then look you perform Covenants, and so your Friend and Servant——Come, Brother *Forefight*.

S C E N E VIII.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Jere. I told you what your Visit wou'd come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected—I did not come to see him: I came to *Angelica*: But since she was gone abroad, it was easily turn'd another way; and at least look'd well on my side: What's here? Mrs. *Forefight* and Mrs. *Frail*, they are earnest,——I'll avoid 'em.——Come this way, and go and enquire when *Angelica* will return.

S C E N E IX.

Mrs. *Forefight*, and Mrs. *Frail*.

Mrs. Frail. What have you to do to watch me? 'S'life I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Fore. You will?

Mrs. Frail. Yes, marry will I—A great piece of Business to go to *Covent-Garden Square* in a Hackney-Coach, and take a Turn with one's Friend.

Mrs. Fore. Nay, two or three Turns, I'll take my Oath:

Mrs. Frail. Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent Recreation,——Lord, where's the Comfort of this Life, if we can't have the Happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. Fore. But can't you converse at home?——I own it, I think there's no Happiness like conversing with an agreeable Man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your Conversation was very innocent; but the Place is publick, and to be seen with a Man in a Hackney-

ney-Coach is scandalous: What if any Body else shou'd have seen you alite, as I did?—How can any Body be happy, while they're in perpetual Fear of being seen and censur'd?—Besides it wou'd not only reflect upon you, Sister, but me.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, here's a Clutter—Why shou'd it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a Hackney-Coach before now—if I had gone to *Knightsbridge*, or to *Chelsy*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a Man alone—something might have been said.

Mrs. Fore. Why, was I ever in any of those Places? What do you mean, Sister?

Mrs. Frail. Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. Fore. You have been at a worse Place.

Mrs. Frail. I at a worse Place, and with a Man!

Mrs. Fore. I suppose you wou'd not go alone to the *World's-End*.

Mrs. Frail. The *World's-End*! What do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Fore. Poor innocent! You don't know that there's a Place call'd the *World's-End*? I'll swear you can keep your Countenance purely, you'd make an admirable Player.

Mrs. Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of Confidence, and in my Mind too much for the Stage.

Mrs. Fore. Very well, that will appear who has most, you never were at the *World's-End*?

Mrs. Frail. No.

Mrs. Fore. You deny it positively to my Face.

Mrs. Frail. Your Face, what's your Face?

Mrs. Fore. No Matter for that, it's as good a Face as yours.

Mrs. Frail. Not by a Dozen Years wearing.—But I do deny it positively to your Face then.

Mrs. Fore. I'll allow you now to find fault with my Face;—for I'll swear your Impudence has put me out of Countenance:—But look you here now,—where did you lose this Gold Bodkin?—Oh Sister, Sister!

Mrs. Frail. My Bodkin!

Mrs. Fore. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this Bodkin? — Oh Sister, Sister! — Sister every way.

Mrs. Fore. O Devil on't, that I cou'd not discover her, without betraying myself. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Frail. I have heard Gentlemen say, Sister; that one shou'd take great Care, when one makes a Thrust in Fencing, not to lie open ones self.

Mrs. Fore. It's very true, Sister: Well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in Duels, take care of one another, and grow better Friends than before.

Mrs. Frail. With all my Heart, ours are but slight flesh Wounds, and if we keep 'em from Air, not at all dangerous: Well, give me your Hand in Token of Sisterly Secrecy and Affection.

Mrs. Fore. Here 'tis with all my Heart.

Mrs. Frail. Well, as an earnest of Friendship and Confidence: I'll acquaint you with a Design that I have: To tell Truth, and speak openly one to another: I'm afraid the World have observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich Husband, and are provided for, I am at a Loss, and have no great Stock either of Fortune or Reputation; and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir *Sampson* has a Son that is expected to Night; by the Account I have heard of his Education, can be no Conjuror: The Estate you know is to be made over to him: — Now if I cou'd wheedle him, Sister, ha? You understand me?

Mrs. Fore. I do; and will help you to the utmost of my Power — And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward Daughter-in-law, who you know is design'd to be his Wife, is grown fond of Mr. *Tattle*; now if we can improve that and make her have an Aversion for the Booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

S C E N E X.

[*To them*] *Tattle* and Miss *Prue*.

Miss. Mother, Mother, Mother, look you here.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fore. Fy, fy, Miss, how you bawl—Besides, I have told you, you must not call me Mother.

Miss. What must I call you then, are you not my Father's Wife?

Mrs. Fore. Madam; you must say Madam—By my Soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great Girl call me Mother—Well, but Miss, what are you so overjoy'd at?

Miss. Look you here, Madam then, what *Mr. Tattle* has given me—Look you here, Cousin, here's a Snuff-Box; nay, there's Snuff in't;—here, will you have any—Oh good! how sweet it is—*Mr. Tattle* is all over sweet, his Peruke is sweet, and his Gloves are sweet,—and his Handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than Roses—Smell him Mother, Madam, I mean—He gave me this Ring for a Kiss.

Tatt. O fy Miss, you must not kiss and tell.

Miss. Yes; I may tell my Mother—And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so—Oh pray lend me your Handkerchief—Smell, Cousin; he says, he'll give me something that will make my Smock smell this way—Is not it pure?—It's better than Lavender mun—I'm resolv'd I won't let Nurse put any more Lavender among my Smocks—ha, Cousin?

Mrs. Frail. Fy, Miss; amongst your Linen you must say—You must never say Smock.

Miss. Why, it is not bawdy, is it Cousin?

Tatt. Oh Madam; you are too severe upon Miss; you must not find fault with her pretty Simplicity, it becomes her strangely—pretty Miss, don't let 'em persuade you out of your Innocency.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, demm you, Toad——I wish you don't persuade her out of her Innocency.

Tatt. Who I, Madam?——Oh Lord, how can your Ladyship have such a Thought——sure you don't know me?

Mrs. Frail. Ah Devil, sly Devil——He's as close, Sister, as a Confessor——He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. Fore. A cunning Cur, how soon he cou'd find out a fresh harmless Creature; and left us, Sister, presently,

Tatt.

Tatt. Upon Reputation. ———

Mrs. Fore. They're all so, Sister, these Men—they love to have the spoiling of a young thing, they are as fond of it, as of being first in the Fashion, or of seeing a new Play the first Day, ——— I warrant it would break *Mr. Tattle's* Heart, to think that any Body else should be beforehand with him.

Tatt. Oh Lord, I swear I wou'd not for the World!—

Mrs. Frail. O hang you; who'll believe you?—You'd be hang'd before you'd confess — we know you — she's very pretty!—Lord, what pure red and white!—she looks so wholsom;—ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a Man———

Miss. How you love to jeer one, Cousin.

Mrs. Fore. Hark'ee, Sister,—by my Soul the Girl is spoil'd already—d'ee think she'll ever endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin—Gad I warrant you, she won't let him come near her, after *Mr. Tattle*.

Mrs. Frail. O' my Soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy Creature, that smells all of Pitch and Tar—Devil take you, you confounded Toad——why did you see her, before she was married?

Mrs. Fore. Nay, why did we let him—my Husband will hang us—He'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs. Frail. Come, Faith let us be gone—If my Brother *Forefight* shou'd find us with them;—He'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. Fore. So he wou'd—but then leaving 'em together is as bad—And he's such a sly Devil, he'll never miss an Opportunity.

Mrs. Frail. I don't care; I won't be seen in't.

Mrs. Fore. Well, if you should, *Mr. Tattle*, you'll have a World to answer for, remember I wash my Hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent.

S C E N E XI.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

Miss. What makes 'em go away, *Mr. Tattle*? What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my Dear—I think I can guess—But hang me if I know the Reason of it.

Miss.

Miss. Come, must not we go too?

Tatt. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miss. No! What then? What shall you and I do together?

Tatt. I must make Love to you, pretty *Miss*; will you let me make Love to you?

Miss. Yes, if you please.

Tatt. Frank, I Gad, at least. What a Pox does *Mrs. Foresight* mean by this Civility? Is it to make a Fool of me? or does she leave us together out of good Morality, and do as she would be done by—Gad I'll understand it so. [Aside.

Miss. Well; and how will you make Love to me—Come, I long to have you begin—must I make Love too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. You must let me speak, *Miss*, you must not speak first; I must ask you Questions, and you must answer.

Miss. What, is it like the Catechism?—Come then ask me.

Tatt. D'ye think you can love me?

Miss. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, Pox, you must not say yes already; I shan't care a Farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miss. What must I say then?

Tatt. Why you must say no, or you believe not, or you can't tell——

Miss. Why must I tell a Lye then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'll be well-bred. All well-bred Persons Lye—Besides, you are a Woman, you must never speak what you think: Your Words must contradict your Thoughts; but your Actions may contradict your Words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no, but you must love me too—If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it, and say I flatter you——But you must think yourself more charming than I speak you:——And like me, for the Beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself——If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry,——but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you

you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your Tongue.

Miss. O Lord, I swear this is pure,—I like it better than our old fashion'd Country way of speaking one's Mind;—and must not you lye too?

Tatt. Hum—Yes—But you must believe I speak Truth.

Miss. O Gemini! Well, I always had a great Mind to tell Lyes—but they frighted me, and said it was a Sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty Creature; will you make me happy by giving me a Kifs?

Miss. No, indeed; I'm angry at you.——

[*Runs and kisses him.*]

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffer'd me to have taken it.

Miss. Well, we'll do't again.

Tatt. With all my Heart——— Now then my little Angel.

[*Kisses her.*]

Miss. Pish.

Tatt. That's right,—again my Charmer. [*Kisses again.*]

Miss. O fy, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in *Covent-Garden*,—And won't you shew me, pretty Miss, where your Bed-chamber is?

Miss. No, indeed won't I: but I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the Curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miss. Ah, but I'll hold the Door with both Hands, and be angry;—and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss. Oh but you shan't, for I'll hold my Tongue.—

Tatt. Oh my dear apt Scholar.

Miss. Well, now I'll run and make more haste than you.

Tatt. You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Nurse alone.

Nurse. **M**ISS, Miss, Miss *Prue*—Mercy on me, marry and Amen. Why, what's become of the Child?—Why Miss, Miss *Forefight*—Sure she has lockt herself up in her Chamber, and gone to sleep, or to Prayers: Miss, Miss, I hear her—Come to your Father, Child: Open the Door—Open the Door, Miss,—I hear you cry husht—O Lord, who's there? [*peeps.*] What's here to do?—O the Father! a Man with her!—Why, Miss I say; God's my Life, here's fine doings towards—O Lord, we'er all undone—O you young Harlotry [*Knocks.*] Od's my Life, won't you open the Door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

Miss. O Lord, she's coming——and she'll tell my Father, what shall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her? if she had staid two Minutes longer, I shou'd have wish'd for her coming.

Miss. O dear, what shall I say? Tell me, Mr. *Tattle*, tell me a Lye.

Tatt. There's no occasion for a Lye; I could never tell a Lye to no purpose——But since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come of as you can.

[Thrusts her in, and shuts the Door.]

SCENE III.

Tattle, Valentine, Scandal, Angelica.

Ang. You can't accuse me of Inconstancy; I never told you that I lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuse you of Uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You mistake Indifference for Uncertainty; I never had Concern enough to ask myself the Question.

Scan. Nor Good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you: I'll say that for you, Madam.

Ang.

Ang. What are you setting up for Good-nature?

Scan. Only for the Affectation of it, as the Women do for Ill-nature.

Ang. Persuade your Friend, that it is all Affectation.

Scan. I shall receive no Benefit from the Opinion : For I know no effectual Difference between continued Affectation and Reality.

Tatt. [*coming up*] *Scandal*, are you in private Discourse, any thing of Secrecy? [*Aside to Scandal.*]

Scan. Yes, but I dare trust you ; we were talking of *Angelica's* Love to *Valentine* ; you won't speak of it.

Tatt. No, no, not a Syllable——I know that's a Secret, for it's whisper'd every where.

Scan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ang. What is, Mr. *Tattle*? I heard you say something was whisper'd every where.

Scan. Your Love of *Valentine*.

Ang. How!

Tatt. No, Madam, his Love for your Ladyship——Gad take me, I beg your Pardon—for I never heard a Word of your Ladyship's Passion, 'till this Instant.

Ang. My Passion! And who told you of my Passion, pray Sir?

Scan. Why, is the Devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a Secret?

Tatt. Gadso; but I thought she might have been trusted with her own Affairs.

Scan. Is that your Discretion? trust a Woman with herself?

Tatt. You say true, I beg your Pardon;—I'll bring all off—It was impossible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a Person of your Ladyship's Wit and Gallantry, could have so long receiv'd the passionate Addresses of the accomplish'd *Valentine*, and yet remain insensible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a just weight of his Merit, with your Ladyship's good Judgment, I form'd the Balance of a reciprocal Affection.

Val. O the Devil, what damn'd coſtly Poet has given thee this Lesson of Fustain to get by Rote?

Ang. I dare swear you wrong him, it is his own—And Mr. *Tattle* only judges of the Success of others, from

the Effects of his own Merit. For certainly Mr. Tattle was never deny'd any thing in his Life.

Tatt. O Lord! yes indeed, Madam, several times.

Ang. I swear I don't think 'tis possible.

Tatt. Yes, I vow and swear I have: Lord, Madam, I'm the most unfortunate Man in the World, and the most cruelly us'd by the Ladies.

Ang. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

Tatt. No, I hope not——'tis as much Ingratitude to own some Favours, as to conceal others.

Val. There, now it's out.

Ang. I don't understand you now. I thought you had never ask'd any thing, but what a Lady might modestly grant, and you confess.

Scan. So faith, your Business is done here; now you may go brag somewhere else.

Tatt. Brag! O Heav'ns! Why, did I Name any body!

Ang. No; I suppose that is not in your Power; but you wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

Tatt. Not in my power, Madam! What does your Ladyship mean, that I have no Woman's Reputation in my Power?

Scan. 'Oons, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aside*.

Tatt. Faith, Madam, you're in the right; no more I have, as I hop'd to be sav'd; I never had it in my power to say any thing to a Lady's Prejudice in my Life——For as I was telling you, Madam, I have been the most unsuccessful Creature living, in things of that Nature; and never had the good Fortune to be trusted once with a Lady's Secret, not once.

Ang. No.

Val. Not once, I dare answer for him.

Scan. And I'll answer for him: for I'm sure if he had, he would have told me; I find, Madam, you don't know Mr. Tattle.

Tatt. No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all, I find. For sure my intimate Friends wou'd have known——

Ang. Then it seems you would have told, if you had been trusted.

Tatt. O Pox, Scandal, that was too far put——Never have told Particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd

as of a third Person—or have introduc'd an Amour of my own in Conversation, by way of Novel : But never have explain'd Particulars.

Ang. But whence comes the Reputation of Mr. *Tattle's* Secrecy, if he was never trusted ?

Scan. Why thence it arises—The thing is proverbially spoken; but may be apply'd to him—As if we should say in general Terms, he only is secret who never was trusted, a satirical Proverb upon our Sex—There's another upon yours—As she is chaste, who was never ask'd the Question. That's all.

Val. A couple of very civil Proverbs, truly : 'Tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. *Tattle* be the more oblig'd to you. For you found her Virtue upon the Backwardness of the Men; and his Secrecy upon the Mistrust of the Women.

Tatt. Gad, it's very true; Madam I think we are oblig'd to acquit ourselves—And for my part—But your Ladyship is to speak first——

Ang. Am I ? Well, I freely confess I have resisted a great deal of Temptation.

Tatt. And I Gad, I have given some Temptation that has not been resisted.

Val. Good.

Ang. I cite *Valentine* here to declare to the Court, how fruitless he has found his Endeavours, and to confess all his Sollicitations and my Denials.

Val. I am ready to plead, Not guilty for you; and Guilty, for myself.

Scan. So, why this is fair, here's Demonstration with a Witness.

Tatt. Well, my Witnesses are not present—But I confess I have had Favours from Persons — But as the Favours are numberless, so the Persons are nameless.

Scan. Pooh, this proves nothing.

Tatt. No ? I can shew Letters, Locketts, Pictures, and Rings; and if there be Occasion for Witnesses, I can summon the Maids at the Chocolate-Houses, all the Porters at *Pall-Mall* and *Covent-Garden*, the Door-keepers at the Play-House, the Drawers at *Locket's*, *Pontack's* the *Rummer*, *Spring-Garden*; my own Landlady and *Valet de Cham-*

bre; all who shall make Oath, that I receive more Letters than the Secretary's Office; and that I have more Vizor-Masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the Hermaphrodite, or the naked Prince. And it is notorious, that in a Country Church, once, an Enquiry being made, who I was, it was answer'd, I was the famous *Tattle*, who had ruin'd so many Women.

Val. It was there, I suppose, you got the Nick-name of the *Great Turk*.

Tatt. True; I was call'd *Turk-Tattle* all over the Parish ——— The next *Sunday* all the old Women kept their Daughters at home, and the Parson had not half his Congregation. He wou'd have brought me into the Spiritual Court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handsome Daughter whom I initiated into the Science. But I repented of it afterwards, for it was talked of in Town— And a Lady of Quality that shall be nameless, in a raging Fit of Jealousy, came down in her Coach and Six Horses, and expos'd herself upon my Account; Gad I was sorry for it with all my Heart—You know whom I mean—You know where we ruffled ———

Scan. Mum, *Tattle*.

Val. 'Sdeath, are not you ashamed?

Ang. O barbarous! I never heard so insolent a Piece of Vanity—Fy, Mr. *Tattle*—I'll swear I could not have believ'd it—Is this your Secrecy?

Tatt. Gad so, the Heat of my Story carried me beyond my Discretion, as the Heat of the Lady's Passion hurry'd her beyond her Reputation—But I hope you don't know whom I mean; for there were a great many Ladies ruffled—Pox on't now could I bite off my Tongue.

Scan. No don't; for then you'll tell us no more—— Come, I'll recommend a Song to you upon the Hint of my two Proverbs, and I see one in the next Room that will sing it.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Tatt. For Heav'n's sake, if you do guess, say nothing; Gad, I'm very unfortunate.

Scan. Pray sing the first Song in the last new Play.

S O N G.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo once pray'd,
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd:
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was chaste, or a Swain that was true.

II.

Apollo was mute, and had like t'have been pos'd,
But sagely at length he this Secret disclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide;
And the Nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd.

S C E N E IV.

[To them] Sir Sampson, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue, and Servant.

Sir Samp. Is Ben come? Oddo, my Son Ben come? Oddo, I'm glad on't: Where is he? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my Son Ben—Body o'me, he's the Hopes of my Family—I han't seen him these three Years—I warrant he's grown—Call him in, bid him make haste—I'm ready to cry for Joy.

Mrs. Frail. Now Miss you shall see your Husband.

Miss. Pish, He shall be none of my Husband.

[*Aside to Frail*]

Mrs. Frail. Hush: Well he shan't; leave that to me—I'll beckon Mr. Tattle to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your Brother?

Val. We are the Twin-Stars, and cannot shine in one Sphere; when he rises I must set—Besides, if I shou'd stay, I don't know but my Father in good Nature may press me to the immediate signing the Deed of Conveyance of my Estate; and I'll defer it as long as I can—Well, you'll come to a Resolution.

Ang. I can't. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scan. Come, Valentine, I'll go with you; I've something in my Head to communicate to you.

SCENE V.

Angelica, Sir Sampson, Tattle, Mrs. Frail. Miss Prue.

Sir Samp. What, is my Son *Valentine* gone? What, is he sneak'd off, and would not see his Brother? There's an unnatural Whelp! There's an ill-natur'd Dog! What, were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him! Could neither Love, nor Duty, nor natural Affection oblige him. Odsbud, Madam, have no more to say to him; he is not worth your Consideration. The Rogue has not a Drachm of generous Love about him: All Interest, all Interest; he's an undone Scoundrel, and courts your Estate: Body o'me, he does not care a Doit for your Person.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, *Sir Sampson*; for if ever I could have lik'd any thing in him, it should have been his Estate too: But since that's gone, the Bait's off, and the naked Hook appears.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, well spoken; and you are a wiser Woman than I thought you were: For most young Women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked Hook.

Ang. If I marry, *Sir Sampson*, I'm for a good Estate with any Man, and for any Man with a good Estate: Therefore if I were oblig'd to make a Choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your Son.

Sir Samp. Faith and Troth you're a wise Woman and I'm glad to hear you say so; I was afraid you were in Love with the Reprobate; Odd, I was sorry for you with all my Heart: Hang him, Mungrel; cast him off; you shall see the Rogue shew himself, and make Love to some desponding *Cadua* of fourscore for Sustenance. Odd, I love to see a young Spendthrift forc'd to cling to an old Woman for Support, like Ivy round a dead Oak: Faith I do; I love to see 'em hug and cotten together, like Down upon a Thistle.

SCENE VI.

[To them] Ben, Legend, and Servant.

Ben. Where's Father?

Serv. There, Sir, his Back's toward you.

Sir Samp. My Son *Ben*! Bless thee my dear Boy; body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you Father, and I'm glad to see you.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and I am glad to see thee, kifs me, Boy, kifs me again and again, dear *Ben*. [*Kisses him.*]

Ben. So, so, enough Father——Mefs, I'd rather kifs these Gentlewomen.

Sir Samp. And so thou shalt——Mrs. *Angelica*, my Son *Ben*.

Ben. Forsooth if you please——[*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistrefs, I'm not for dropping Anchor here; about Ship I faith——[*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little Cock-Boat——so——[*Kisses Mifs.*]

Tatt. Sir, you're welcome a-shore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, Friend.

Sir Samp. Thou hast been many a weary League *Ben*, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! been far enough, an that be all——Well, Father, and how do all at home? How does Brother *Dick*, and Brother *Val*?

Sir Samp. *Dick*, body o'me, *Dick* has been dead these two Years; I writ you Word, when you were at *Legorne*.

Ben. Mefs, that's true: Marry I had forgot. *Dick's* dead as you fay——Well, and how? I have many Questions to ask you; well, you ben't marry'd again, Father, be you?

Sir Samp. No, I intend you shall marry, *Ben*; I would not marry for thy Sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?——an you marry again——Why then, I'll go to Sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all——Pray don't let me be your Hindrance; e'en marry a God's Name an the Wind sit that way. As for my part, may-hap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. Frail. That wou'd be pity, such a handfom young Gentleman.

Ben. Handfom! he, he, he, nay Forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my Jest, an the Ship were sinking, as we sayn at Sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards Matrimony. I love to roam about from Port to Port, and from Land to Land:

I could never abide to be Port-bound, as we call it: Now a Man that is marry'd, has as it were, d'ye see, his Feet in the Bilboes, and may-hap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir Samp. Ben's a Wag.

Ben. A Man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no more like another Man, than a Gally-Slave is like one of us free Sailors, he is chain'd to an Oar all his Life; and may-hap forc'd to tug a leaky Vessel into the Bargain.

Sir Samp. A very Wag, *Ben's* a very Wag; only a little rough, he wants a little polishing.

Mrs. Frail. Not at all; I like his Humour mightily, it's plain and honest, I shou'd like such a Humour in a Husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so forsooth? Marry, and I shou'd like such a handsom Gentlewoman for a Bedfellow hugely; how say you, Mistress, wou'd you like going to Sea? Mifs, you're a tight Vessel, and well rigg'd, and you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs. Frail. I shou'd not doubt that, if you were Master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to Sea in a high Wind, or that Lady—You may'nt carry so much Sail o' your Head—Top and top gallant, by the Mifs.

Mrs. Frail. No, why so?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the risk to be over-set, and then you'll carry your Keels above Water, he, he, he.

Ang. I swear, Mr. *Benjamin* is the veriest Wag in Nature; an absolute Sea-Wit.

Sir Samp. Nay, *Ben* has Parts, but as I told you before they want a little Polishing: You must not take any thing ill, Madam. —

Ben. No, I hope the Gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: For if I give a Jest, I'll take a Jest: And so forsooth you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended; — But methinks, *Sir Sampson*, you shou'd leave him alone with his Mistress. Mr. *Tattle*, we must not hinder Lovers.

Tatt. Well Mifs, I have your Promise. [*Aside to Mifs.*]

Sir Samp. Body o'me, Madam you say true:—Look you

you, *Ben*, this is your Mistress—Come, *Miss*, you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miss. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my Cousin stay with me?

Sir Samp. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, Father, may-hap the young Woman mayn't take a liking to me.——

Sir Samp. I warrant thee, Boy, come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

S C E N E VII.

Ben, and Miss Prue.

Ben. Come, Mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together,—Come, I'll haule a Chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss. You need not sit so near one, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another,—I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits farther off*] An we were a League asunder, I'd undertake to hold Discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high Wind indeed, and full in my Teeth. Look you forthooth, I am as it were, bound for the Land of Matrimony; 'tis a Voyage d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by Father, and if you like of it, may-hap I may steer into your Harbour. How say you, Mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a Hammock together.

Miss. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that.——But pray why are you so scornful?

Miss. As long as one must not speak one's Mind, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a Lye for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a folly to lye: For to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary Way; is as it were, to look one way, and to row another.

Now, for my part d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above Board, I'm not for keeping any thing under Hatches,—so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's Name, there's no harm done; may-hap you may be shame-fac'd, some Maidens thof' they love a Man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's Face: If that's the Case, why Silence gives Consent.

Miss. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you shall believe that; and I'll speak Truth, tho' one should always tell a Lye to a Man; and I don't care, let my Father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: So, there's your Answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young Woman, you may learn to give good Words however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.—As for your Love or your Liking, I don't value it of a Rope's End;—And may-hap I like you as little as you do me:—What I said was in Obedience to Father; Gad I fear a Whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you shou'd give such Language at Sea, you'd have a Cat o' Nine-tails laid cros your Shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handfom young Woman speak civilly to me, of her own Accord: Whatever you think of yourself, Gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a Can of Small-Beer to a Bowl of Punch.

Miss. Well, and there's a handfom Gentleman, and a fine Gentleman, and a sweet Gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your Jacket for you, he will, you great Sea-Calf.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair-weather Spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my Jacket?—Let'n—let'n.—But an he comes near me, may-hap I may have giv'n a salt Eel for's Supper, for all that. What does Father mean to leave me alone as I come home, with such a dirty Dowdy—Sea-Calf? I an't Calf enough to lick your chalk'd Face, you Cheese-Curd you,——marry thee! Oons I'll marry a Lapland Witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary Winds, and wreck'd Vessels.

Miss.

Miss. I won't be call'd Names, nor I won't be abus'd thus, so I won't—If I were a Man—[*Cries.*]—you durst not talk at this rate—No you durst not, you stinking Tar-Barrel.

S C E N E VIII.

[*To them.*] *Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.*

Mrs. Fore. They have quarrel'd just as we cou'd wish.

Ben. Tar-Barrel? Let your Sweet-Heart there call me so, if he'll take your Part, your *Tom Essence*, and I'll say something to him; Gad I'll lace his Musk-Doublet for him, I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a Weasel than a Civet-Cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. Fore. Bless me, what's the Matter, Miss? What does she cry?—*Mr. Benjamin*, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry: The more she cries, the less she'll—she has been gathering foul Weather in her Mouth, and now it rains out at her Eyes.

Mrs. Fore. Come, Miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor Child.

Mrs. Frail. Lord, what shall we do, there's my Brother *Foresight*, and Sir *Sampson* coming. Sister, do you take Miss down into the Parlour, and I'll carry *Mr. Benjamin* into my Chamber, for they must not know that they are fall'n out.—Come, Sir, will you venture yourself with me? [*Looking kindly on him.*]

Ben. Venture, Mefs, and that I will, tho' 'twere to Sea in a Storm.

S C E N E IX.

Sir Sampson and Foresight.

Sir Samp. I left 'em together here? what are they gone?
Ben's a brisk Boy: He has got her into a Corner, Father's own Son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her: The Rogue's sharp set, coming from Sea; if he should not stay forsayng Grace, old *Foresight*, but fall to without the help of a Parson, ha? Odd if he shou'd, I cou'd not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A Chip of the old Block.* Ha! thou'rt melancholic, old Prognostication;

as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the Salt, or par'd thy Nails on a Sunday :——Come, cheer up, look about thee : Look up old Star-Gazer. Now is he poring upon the Ground for a crooked Pin, or an old Horse-Nail, with the Head towards him.

Fore. Sir *Sampson*, we'll have the Wedding to Morrow Morning.

Sir Samp. With all my Heart.

Fore. At ten a Clock, punctually at ten.

Sir Samp. To a Minute, to a Second ; thou shalt set thy Watch, and the Bridegroom shall observe its Motions ; they shall be marry'd to a Minute, go to Bed to a Minute ; and when the Alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the Figures of St. *Durstan's* Clock, and *Consummatum* *est* shall ring all over the Parish——

S C E N E X.

[*To them*] Scandal.

Scan. Sir *Sampson*, sad News.

Fore. Bless us !

Sir Samp. Why, what's the Matter ?

Scan. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else ?

Sir Samp. Body o' me, I don't know any Universal Grievance, but a new Tax, or the Loss of the Canary Fleet. Unless Popery shou'd be landed in the *West*, or the *French* Fleet were at Anchor at *Blackwall*.

Scan. No. Undoubtedly, Mr. *Forefight* knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no Earthquake !

Scan. No, not yet ; nor Whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to——

But it has had a Consequence already that touches us all.

Sir Samp. Why, body o' me, out with't.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your Son *Valentine*——He's gone to Bed upon't, and very ill——He speaks little, yet he says he has a World to say. Asks for his Father and the wife *Forefight* ; talks of *Raymond Lully*, and the Ghost of *Lilly*. He has Secrets to impart I suppose to you two. I can get nothing out of him but Sighs.

He

He desires he may see you in the Morning, but would not be disturb'd to Night, because he has some Business to do in a Dream.

Sir Samp. Hoity toity, what have I to do with his Dreams or his Divination—Body o'me, this is a Trick to defer signing the Conveyance. I warrant the Devil will tell him in a Dream, that he must not part with his Estate, but I'll bring him a Parson, to tell him, that the Devil's a Lyar—Or if that won't do, I'll bring a Lawyer that shall out-lye the Devil. And so I'll try whether my Black-guard or his shall get the better of the Day.

S C E N E XI.

Scandal, Foresight.

Scan. Alas, Mr. *Foresight*, I'm afraid all is not right—You are a Wise Man, and a Conscientious Man; a Searcher into Obscurity and Futurity; and if you commit an Error, it is with a great deal of Consideration, and Discretion, and Caution——

Fore. Ah, good Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest; I do not flatter you—But *Sir Sampson* is hasty, very hasty;—I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. *Foresight*—He has been wicked, and Heav'n grant he may mean well in this Affair with you——But my Mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and shou'd not be over-reach'd, methinks you shou'd not——

Fore. Alas, Mr. *Scandal*,—*Humanum est errare.*

Scan. You say true, Man will err; meer Man will err——but you are something more——There have been wise Men; but they were such as you—Men who consulted the Stars, and were Observers of Omens—*Solomon* was wise, but how?—by his Judgment in Astrology—So says *Pineda* in his Third Book and Eighth Chapter——

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr. *Scandal*——

Scan. A Trifler—but a Lover of Art—And the Wise Men of the *East* ow'd their Instruction to a Star, which is rightly observ'd by *Gregory* the Great in Favour of Astrology! And *Albertus Magnus* makes it the most valuable Science, Because, says he, it teaches us to consider the Causation of Causes, in the Causes of things.

Fore. I protest I honour you, Mr. *Scandal*—I did not think you had been read in these matters—Few young Men are inclin'd——

Scan. I thank my Stars that have inclined me—But I fear this Marriage and making over this Estate, this transferring of a rightful Inheritance, will bring Judgments upon us. I prophesy it, and I wou'd not have the Fate of *Cassandra*, not to be believ'd. *Valentine* is disturb'd, what can be the Cause of that? and Sir *Sampson* is hurry'd on by an unusual Violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

Fore. He was always of an impetuous Nature—But as to this Marriage I have consulted the Stars; and all Appearances are prosperous——

Scan. Come, come, Mr. *Forefight*, let not the Prospect of worldly Lucre carry you beyond your Judgment, nor against your Conscience—You are not satisfy'd that you act justly.

Fore. How!

Scan. You are not satisfy'd, I say—I am loth to discourage you——But it is palpable that you are not satisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, Mr. *Scandal*? I think I am very well satisfy'd.

Scan. Either you suffer yourself to deceive yourself; or you do not know yourself.

Fore. Pray explain yourself.

Scan. Do you sleep well o' nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? You do not look so.

Fore. I am in Health, I think.

Scan. So was *Valentine* this Morning; and look'd just so.

Fore. How! Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your Beard is longer than it was two Hours ago.

Fore. Indeed! blefs me.

S C E N E XII.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Foresight.*

Mrs. Fore. Husband, will you go to Bed? It's ten a Clock. *Mr. Scandal*, your Servant.

Scan. Pox on her, she has interrupted my Design—but I must work her into the Project. You keep early Hours, Madam.

Mrs. Fore. *Mr. Foresight* is punctual, we sit up after him.

Fore. My Dear, pray lend me your Glass, your little Looking-glass.

Scan. Pray, lend it him, Madam—I'll tell you the Reason [*She gives him the Glass: Scandal and she whisper.*] My Passion for you is grown so violent—that I am no longer Master of myself—I was interrupted in the Morning, when you had Charity enough to give me your Attention, and I had Hopes of finding another Opportunity of explaining myself to you—but was disappointed all this Day; and the Uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable Hour——

Mrs. Fore. Was there ever such Impudence, to make Love to me before my Husband's Face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do, I'll die a Martyr, rather than disclaim my Passion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what Project I had to get him out of the way; that I might have an Opportunity of waiting upon you. [*Whisper.*

[*Foresight looking in the Glass.*

Fore. I do not see any Revolution here;—Methinks I look with a serene and benign aspect—pale, a little pale—but the Roses of these Cheeks have been gather'd many Years;—ha! I do not like that sudden Flushing—Gone already!—hem, hem, hem! faintish. My Heart is pretty good; yet it beats; and, my Pulses, ha!—I have none—Mercy on me—hum—Yes, here they are—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whither will they hurry me?—Now they're gone again—And now I'm faint again; and pale again, and hem! and my hem!—breath, hem!—grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

Scan.

Scan. It takes, pursue it in the name of Love and Pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. How do you do, Mr. *Forefight*?

Fore. Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your Hand.

Scan. Look you there now—Your Lady says, your Sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs. Fore. O mighty restless, but I was afraid to tell him so,—He has been subject to Talking and Starting.

Scan. And did not use to be so.

Mrs. Fore. Never, never; 'till within these three Nights; I cannot say, that he has once broken my Rest, since we have been marry'd.

Fore. I will go to Bed.

Scan. Do so, Mr. *Forefight*, and say your Pray'rs—He looks better than he did.

Mrs. Fore. Nurse, Nurse!

Fore. Do you think so, Mr. *Scandal*?

Scan. Yes, yes, I hope this will be gone by Morning, taking it in time——

Fore. I hope so.

S C E N E XIII.

[*To them*] Nurse.

Mrs. Fore. Nurse; your Master is not well; put him to Bed.

Scan. I hope you will be able to see *Valentine* in the Morning,—you had best take a little Diacodion and Cowslip-Water, and lie upon your Back, may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, I will—Nurse, let me have a Watch-Light, and lay the Crums of Comfort by me——

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. And—hem, hem! I am very faint.——

Scan. No, no, you look much better.

Fore. Do I? And d'ye hear—bring me, let me see—within a Quarter of Twelve—hem—he, hem!—just upon the turning of the Tide, bring me the Urinal:—And I hope,

hope, neither the Lord of my Ascendant, nor the Moon will be combust; and then I may do well.

Scan. I hope so—Leave that to me; I will erect a Scheme; and I hope I shall find both *Sol* and *Venus* in the sixth House.

Fore. I thank you, Mr. *Scandal*, indeed that wou'd be a great Comfort to me. Hem, hem! good Night

S C E N E XIV.

Scandal, *Mrs.* Forefight.

Scan. Good Night, good Mr. *Forefight*;—and I hope *Mars* and *Venus* will be in Conjunction;—while your Wife and I are together.

Mrs. Fore. Well; and what use do you hope to make of this Project? You don't think that you are ever like to succeed in your Design upon me.

Scan. Yes, faith I do; I have a better Opinion both of you and myself, than to despair.

Mrs. Fore. Did you ever hear such a Toad—hark'ye Devil; do you think any Woman honest?

Scan. Yes, several, very honest;—they'll cheat a little at Cards, sometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs. Fore. Pshaw! but virtuous I mean.

Scan. Yes, faith, I believe some Women are virtuous too; but 'tis as I believe some Men are valiant, thro' Fear—For why should a Man court Danger, or a Woman shun Pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. O monstrous! What are Conscience and Honour?

Scan. Why, Honour is a publick Enemy; and Conscience a Domestick Thief; and he that wou'd secure his Pleasure, must pay a Tribute to one, and go halves with t'other. As for Honour, that you have secur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual Opportunity for Pleasure.

Mrs. Fore. An Opportunity for Pleasure!

Scan. Ay, your Husband, a Husband is an Opportunity for Pleasure, so you have taken care of Honour, and 'tis the least I can do to take care of Conscience.

Mrs. Fore. And so you think we are free for one another?

Scan. Yes faith, I think so; I love to speak my Mind.

Mrs. Fore.

Mrs. Fore. Why then I'll speak my Mind. Now as to this Affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why, I'll confess it does not displease me. Your Person is well enough, and your Understanding is not amiss.

Scan. I have no great Opinion of myself; but I think, I'm neither deform'd, nor a Fool.

Mrs. Fore. But you have a villainous Character? you are a Libertine in Speech, as well as Practice.

Scan. Come, I know what you would say—you think it more dangerous to be seen in Conversation with me, than to allow some other Men the last Favour; you mistake, the Liberty I take in talking, is purely affected, for the Service of your Sex. He that first cries out stop Thief, is often he that has stol'n the Treasure. I am a Jugler, that act by Confederacy; and if you please, we'll put a Trick upon the World.

Mrs. Fore. Ay; but you are such an universal Jugler,—that I'm afraid you have a great many Confederates.

Scan. Faith, I'm sound.

Mrs. Fore. O, fy——I'll swear you're impudent.

Scan. I'll swear you're handsom.

Mrs. Fore. Pish, you'd tell me so, tho' you did not think so.

Scan. And you'd think so, tho' I thou'd not tell you so. And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. Fore. O Lord, who's here?

S C E N E XV.

[To them] *Mrs. Frail and Ben.*

Ben. Mefs, I love to speak my Mind—Father has nothing to do with me,—Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what does that signify? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steer'd by him; 'tis as tho'f he should strive against Wind and Tide.

Mrs. Frail. Ay, but my Dear, we must keep it secret, 'till the Estate be settled; for you know marrying without an Estate, is like sailing in a Ship without Ballast.

Ben. He, he, he; why that's true; just so for all the World it is indeed, as like as two Cable Ropes.

Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Frail. And tho' I have a good Portion ; you know one would not venture all in one Bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again ; for may-hap one Bottom may spring a Leak. You have hit it indeed, Mefs you've nick'd the Channel.

Mrs. Frail. Well, but if you should forsake me after all, you'd break my Heart.

Ben. Break your Heart ? I'd rather the *Marygold* shou'd break her Cable in a Storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, Like a Land-Man. A Sailor will be honest, tho'f may-hap he has never a Penny of Money in his Pocket——May-hap I may not have so fair a Face, as a Citizen or a Courtier ; but for all that, I've as good Blood in my Veins, and a Heart as sound as a Bisket.

Mrs. Frail. And will you love me always ?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like Pitch ; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a Song of a Sailor.

Mrs. Frail. Hold, there's my Sister, I'll call her to hear it.

Mrs. Fore. Well ; I won't go to Bed to my Husband to Night ; because I'll retire to my own Chamber, and think of what you have said.

Scan. Well ; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your Chamber-Door ; and leave you my last Instructions ?

Mrs. Fore. Hold, here's my Sister coming towards us.

Mrs. Frail. If it won't interrupt you, I'll entertain you with a Song.

Ben. The Song was made upon one of our Ship's-Crew's Wife ; our Boat-swain made the Song, may-hap you may know her, Sir. Before she was marry'd, she was call'd Buxom *Joan of Deptford*.

Scan. I have heard of her.

[*Ben sings.*

B A L L A D.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
 A Tinker, and a Taylor,
 Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
 Whose Name was Buxom Joan.
 For now the Time was ended,
 When she no more intended,
 To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
 And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,
 And lie o' Nights alone.

II.

The Soldier swore like Thunder,
 He lov'd her more than Plunder;
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
 That he had brought from far, Sir,
 With fighting for her sake.
 The Taylor thought to please her,
 With off'ring her his Measure.
 The Tinker too with Mettle,
 Said he could mend her Kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.

But while these three were prating,
 The Sailor slyly waiting,
 Thought if it came about, Sir,
 That they should all fall out, Sir,
 He then might play his Part.
 And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 That won this fair Maid's Heart.

Ben.

Ben. If some of our Crew that came to see me, are not gone, you shall see that we Sailors can dance sometimes, as well as other Folks. [*Whistles.*] I warrant that brings 'em, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

Oh here they be——And Fiddles along with 'em; come, my Lads, let's have a Round, and I'll make one.

[*Dance.*

Ben. We're merry Folks, we Sailors, we han't much to care for. Thus we live at Sea; eat Bisket, and drink Flip; put on a clean Shirt once a Quarter——Come home, and lie with our Landladies once a Year, get rid of a little Money; and then put off with the next fair Wind. How d'ye like us?

Mrs. Frail. O' you are the happiest, merriest Men alive.

Mrs. Fore. We're beholden to Mr. Benjamin for this Entertainment,
I believe it's late.

Ben. Why, forsooth, and you think so, you had best go to Bed. For my Part, I mean to tofs a Can, and remember my Sweet-Heart, a-fore I turn in; may-hap I may dream of her.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. Scandal, you had best go to Bed and dream too.

Scan. Why faith, I have a good lively Imagination; and can dream as much to the Purpose as another, if I set about it: But dreaming is the poor Retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect Lover; 'tis the last Glimpse of Love to worn-out Sinners, and the faint dawning of a Bliss to wishing Girls, and growing Boys.

*There's nought but willing, waking Love, that can
Make blest the ripen'd Maid and finish'd Man.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Valentine's Lodging.

Scandal and Jeremy.

Scan. **W**ELL, is your Master ready; does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jere. Yes Sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was so near turning Poet yesterday Morning, can't be much to seek in playing the Madman to Day.

Scan. Would he have *Angelica* acquainted with the Reason of his Design?

Jere. No, Sir, not yet?—He has a Mind to try, whether his playing the Madman, won't make her play the Fool, and fall in Love with him; or at least own, that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I saw her take Coach just now with her Maid; and think I heard her bid the Coachman drive hither.

Jere. Like enough, Sir, for I told her Maid this Morning, my Master was run stark mad only for Love of her Mistress; I hear a Coach stop; if it should be she, Sir, I believe he would not see her, 'till he hears how she takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her—'tis she, here she comes.

SCENE II.

[To them] *Angelica with Jenny.*

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a Novelty, to see a Woman visit a Man at his own Lodgings in a Morning?

Scan. Not upon a kind Occasion, Madam. But when a Lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruin'd Lover, and make manifest the cruel Triumphs of her Beauty; the Barbarity of it something surprises me.

Ang. I don't like Rallery from a serious Face——Pray tell me what is the Matter?

Jere. No strange Matter, Madam; my Master's mad, that's all: I suppose your Ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad ?

Jere. Why faith, Madam, he's mad for want of his Wits, just as he was poor for want of Money ; his Head is e'en as light as his Pockets ; and any Body that has a mind to a bad Bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his Estate.

Ang. If you speak Truth, your endeavouring at Wit is very unseasonable——

Scan. She's concern'd, and loves him. [*Aside.*]

Ang. Mr. Scandal, you can't think me guilty of so much Inhumanity, as not to be concern'd for a Man I must own myself oblig'd to——pray tell me Truth.

Scan. Faith, Madam, I wish telling a Lye would mend the Matter. But this is no new Effect of an unsuccessful Passion.

Ang. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think——Yet I shou'd be vext to have a Trick put upon me——May I not see him ?

Scan. I'm afraid the Physician is not willing you shou'd see him yet——*Jeremy*, go in and enquire.

S C E N E III.

Scandal, Angelica, Jenny.

Ang. Ha ! I saw him wink and smile——I fancy 'tis a Trick—I'll try——I would disguise to all the World a Failing, which I must own to you——I fear my Happiness depends upon the Recovery of *Valentine*. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his Friend, and as you have Compassion upon one fearful of Affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for——I cannot speak——But you may tell me, tell me, for you know what I would ask ?

Scan. So, this is pretty plain——Be not too much concern'd Madam ; I hope his Condition is not desperate : An Acknowledgment of Love from you, perhaps, may work a Cure ; as the Fear of your Aversion occasion'd his Distemper

Ang. [*Aside.*] Say you so ; nay then I'm convinc'd : And if I don't play Trick for Trick, may I never taste the Pleasure of Revenge——Acknowledgment of Love ! I find you have mistaken my Compassion, and think me guilty of a Weakness I'm a Stranger to. But I have too much

much Sincerity to deceive you, and too much Charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain Hopes. Good-nature and Humanity oblige me to be concern'd for him; but to love is neither in my Power nor Inclination; and if he can't be cur'd without I suck the Poison from his Wounds, I'm afraid he won't recover his Senses 'till I lose mine.

Scan. Hey, brave Woman, I faith—Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Ang. What signify a Madman's Desires? Besides, 'twou'd make me uneasy—If I don't see him, perhaps my Concern for him may lessen—If I forget him 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the Surprize is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was.—

Scan. So, faith Good nature works apace; you were confessing just now an Obligation to his Love.

Ang. But I have consider'd that Passions are unreasonable and involuntary; if he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love, I can't help it; no more than he can help his being a Man, or I my being a Woman; or no more than I can help the Want of Inclination to stay longer here—Come, *Jenny*.

S C E N E IV.

Scandal, Jeremy.

Scan. Humph!—An admirable Composition, faith, this same Womankind.

Jere. What, is she gone, Sir?

Scan. Gone; why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her; nor you neither.

Jere. Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, Sir, my Master longs to see her: and is almost mad in good earnest, with the joyful News of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a Mistake—Ask no Questions, for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your Master. In the mean time, if our Project succeed no better with his Father, than it does with his Mistress, he may descend from his Exaltation of Madness into the Road of common Sense, and be content only to be made a Fool with other reasonable People. I hear Sir *Samson*. You know your Cue; I'll to your Master.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Jeremy, *Sir Sampson Legend, with a Lawyer.*

Sir Samp. D'ye see, Mr. *Buckram*, here's the Paper sign'd with his own Hand:

Buck. Good, Sir. And the Conveyance is ready drawn in this Box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir Samp. Ready, Body o'me, he must be ready: His Sham-Sickness shan't excuse him—O, here's his Scoundrel, Sirrah, where's your Master?

Jere. Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir Samp. Gone! What, he is not dead?

Jere. No, Sir, not dead.

Sir Samp. What, is he gone out of Town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? I speak, Varlet.

Jere. No, no, Sir, he's safe enough, Sir, an he were but as sound, poor Gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir Samp. Hey day, Rascal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me,—Speak, Sirrah, where is he, for I will find him.

Jere. Would you could, Sir; for he has lost himself. Indeed, Sir, I have almost broke my Heart about him—I can't refrain Tears when I think of him, Sir: I'm as melancholy for him as a Passing-Bell, Sir; or a Horse in a Pound.

Sir Samp. A Fox confound your Similitudes, Sir—Speak to be understood, and tell me in plain Terms what the Matter is with him, or I'll crack your Fool's Skull.

Jere. Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the Matter with him, Sir; his Skull's crack'd, poor Gentleman; he's stark mad, Sir.

Sir Samp. Mad!

Buck. What, is he *Non Compos*?

Jere. Quite *Non Compos*, Sir.

Buck. Why then all's obliterated, *Sir Sampson*, if he be *Non Compos Mentis*, his Act and Deed will be of no Effect, it is not good in Law.

Sir Samp. Oons, I won't believe it; let me see him, Sir—Mad, I'll make him find his Senses.

Jere.

Jere. Mr. *Scandal* is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the Door.

[*Goes to the Scene, which opens.*]

S C E N E VI.

Sir Sampson, *Valentine*, *Scandal*, *Jeremy*, and *Lawyer*,
(*Valentine upon a Couch disorderly dress'd.*)

Sir Samp. How now, what's here to do?

Val. Ha! Who's that?

[*Starting.*]

Scan. For Heaven's fake softly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir Samp. Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently—*Val*, *Val*, dost thou not know me, Boy? Not know thy own Father, *Val*! I am thy own Father, and this is honest *Brief Buckram* the Lawyer.

Val. It may be so——I did not know you——the World is full——There are People that we do know, and People that we do not know; and yet the Sun shines upon all alike——There are Fathers that have many Children; and there are Children that have many Fathers——'tis strange! But I am Truth, and come to give the World the Lye.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that Lawyer wear black?——Does he carry his Conscience withoutside?——Lawyer, what art thou? Dost thou know me?

Buck. O Lord, what must I say?——Yes, Sir.

Val. Thou lyest, for I am Truth. 'Tis hard I cannot get a Livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of *Westminster-Hall* the first Day of every Term——Let me see——No matter how long——But I'll tell you one thing; it's a Question that would puzzle an Arithmetician, if you should ask him, whether the Bible saves more Souls in *Westminster-Abbey*, or damns more in *Westminster-Hall*: For my part, I am Truth, and can't tell; I have very few Acquaintance.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, he talks sensibly in his Madness——Has he no Intervals.

Jere. Very short, Sir.

Buck

Buckr. Sir, I can do you no Service while he's in this Condition : Here's your Paper, Sir—He may do me a Mischief if I stay—The Conveyance is ready, Sir. If he recover his Senses.

S C E N E VII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Sir Samp. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, Sir ; and send for him if there be Occasion ; for I fancy his Presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the Lawyer gone ? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the Ears—heigh ho ! What a Clock is't ? My Father here ! Your Blessing, Sir ?

Sir Samp. He recovers—bless thee, *Val.*—How dost thou do, Boy ?

Val. Thank you, Sir, pretty well—I have been a little out of Order ; won't you please to sit, Sir ?

Sir Samp. Ay, Boy,——Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait.

Sir Samp. No, no, come, come, sit thee down, honest

Val: How dost thou do ? let me feel thy Pulse—Oh, pretty well now, *Val:* Body o'me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed : But I'm glad thou art better, honest *Val.*

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Scan. Miracle ! the Monster grows loving. [*Aside.*

Sir Samp. Let me feel thy Hand again, *Val:* It does not shake—I believe thou canst write, *Val:* Ha, Boy ? thou canst write thy Name, *Val?*—*Jeremy,* step and overtake Mr. *Buckram,* bid him make haste back with the Conveyance—quick—quick. [*In Whisper to Jeremy.*

S C E N E VIII.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. That ever I shou'd suspect such a Heathen of any Remorse !

[*Aside.*
Sir

Sir Samp. Dost thou know this Paper, *Val*? I know thou'rt honest, and wilt perform Articles.

[*Shows him the Paper, but holds it out of his Reach.*]

Val. Pray let me see it, Sir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir Samp. See it, Boy? Ay, ay, why thou dost see it — 'tis thy own Hand, *Vally*. Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be : Look you here [*Reads.*] *The Condition of this Obligation*—Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins—And then at the bottom—*As witness my Hand, VALENTINE LEGEND*, in great Letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the Nose in one's Face : What, are my Eyes better than thine ? I believe I can read it farther off yet——let me see.

[*Stretches his Arm as far as he can.*]

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir. Samp. Let thee hold it, say'st thou——Ay, with all my Heart——What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?——I'll put it up in my Pocket, *Val.* and then no body need hold it [*Puts the Paper in his Pocket.*] There *Val*: it's safe enough, Boy——But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy Hand to another Paper, little *Val*.

S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] *Jeremy with Buckram.*

Val. What, is my bad Genius here again! Oh no, 'tis the Lawyer with an itching Palm: and he's come to be scratch'd——My Nails are not long enough——Let me have a Pair of Red-hot Tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act *St. Dunstan*, and lead the Devil by the Nose.

Buckr. O Lord, let me be gone; I'll not venture myself with a Madman.

S C E N E X.

Sir Sampson, Valentine, Scandal, Jeremy.

Val. Ha, ha, ha; you need not run so fast, Honesty will not overtake you——Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue found me out to be in *Forma Pauperis* presently.

Sir

Sir Samp. Oons ! What a Vexation is here ! I know not what to do, or say, nor which way to go

Val. Who's that, that's out of his Way ?—I am ! ruth, and can set him right—Harkee, Friend, the straight Road is the worst way you can go——He that follows his Nose always, will very often be led into a Stink. *Probatum est.* But what are you for, Religion or Politicks ? There's a couple of Topicks for you, no more like one another than Oil and Vinegar ; and yet those two beaten together by a State Cook, make Sauce for the whole Nation.

Sir Samp. What the Devil had I to do, ever to beget Sons ? Why did I ever marry ?

Val. Because thou wert a Monster ; old Boy ! The two greatest Monsters in the World, are a Man and a Woman ? What's thy Opinion ?

Sir Samp. Why, my Opinion is, that those two Monsters join'd together, make yet a greater, that's a Man and his Wife.

Val. A ha ! Old True-penny, say'st thou so : thou hast nick'd it——But it's wonderful strange, *Jeremy.*

Jer. What is, Sir ?

Val. That gray Hairs shou'd cover a green Head——and I make a Fool of my Father. What's here ! *Erra pater :* or a bearded Sibyl ? If Prophecy comes, Truth must give place.

S C E N E XI.

Sir Sampson, Scandal, Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail.

Fore. What says he ? What, did he prophecy ? Ha, *Sir Sampson*, bless us ! How are we ?

Sir Samp. Are we ? A Pox o' your Prognostication——Why, we are fools as we use to be——Oons, that you cou'd not foresee, that the Moon wou'd predominate, and my Son be mad——Where's your Oppositions, your Trines, and your Quadrates——What did your *Cordan* and your *Ptolomy* tell you ? Your *Mesabulan* and your *Longomontanus*, your Harmony of Chiromancy with Astrology. Ah ! pox on't, that I that know the World, and Men

and Manners, that don't believe a Syllable in the Sky and Stars, and Sun and Almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a Dreamer, an Omen-hunter, and defer Business in Expectation of a lucky Hour. When, Body o'me, there never was a lucky Hour after the first Opportunity.

S C E N E XII.

Scandal, Foresight, *Mrs. Foresight*, *Mrs. Frail*.

Fore. Ah, Sir *Sampson*, Heav'n help your Head—— This is none of your lucky Hour; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*. What is he gone, and in contempt of Science! Ill Stars, and unconvertable Ignorance attend him.

Scan. You must excuse his Passion, Mr. *Foresight*; for he has been heartily vex'd——His Son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any Conveyance in Law; so that all his Measures are disappointed.

Fore. Ha! say you so?

Mrs. Frail. What, has my Sea-Lover lost his Anchor of Hope then? [Aside to *Mrs. Foresight*.

Mrs. Fore. Oh Sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. Frail. Do with him, send him to Sea again in the next foul Weather—He's us'd to an inconstant Element, and won't be surpris'd to see the Tide turn'd.

Fore. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[*Considers.*

Scan. Madam, you and I can tell him something else, that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own Fortune. [Aside to *Mrs. Foresight*.

Mrs. Fore. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Scan. Hush, softly—the Pleasures of last Night, my Dear, too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. Fore. Last Night! and what wou'd your Impudence infer from last Night? last Night was like the Night before, I think.

Scan. 'S'death, do you make no difference between me and your Husband?

Mrs. Fore. Not much,——he's superstitious; and you are mad in my Opinion.

Scan. You make me mad——You are not serious—— Pray recollect yourself.

Mrs. Fore.

Mrs. Fore. O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent,—and would have come to Bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. Fore. Did not! With that Face can you ask the Question?

Scan. This I have heard of before, but never believ'd. I have been told, she had that admirable Quality of forgetting to a Man's Face in the Morning, that she had lain with him all Night, and denying that she had done Favours with more Impudence, than she cou'd grant 'em—Madam, I'm your humble Servant, and honour you.—You look pretty well, *Mr. Foresight*.—How did you rest last Night?

Fore. Truly *Mr. Scandal*, I was so taken up with broken Dreams and distracted Visions, that I remember little.

Scan. 'Twas a very forgetting Night.—But would you not talk with *Valentine*, perhaps you may understand him; I'm apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his Discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspir'd than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good Judgment, *Mr. Scandal*, truly,—I am inclining to your *Turkish* Opinion in this Matter, and do reverence a Man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. Frail. Sister, do you stay with them; I'll find out my Lover, and give him his Discharge, and come to you. O my Conscience here he comes.

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. Frail, Ben.

Ben. All mad, I think—Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the Sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. Frail. *Mr. Benjamin* in Choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleas'd well enough, now I have found you—Mefs, I have had such a Hurricane upon your Account yonder.—

Mrs. Frail. My Account, pray what's the Matter?

Ben. Why, Father came and found me squabbling with yon chitty-fac'd thing, as he would have me marry,—

to he ask'd what was the Matter.—He ask'd in a surly sort of a way—(It seems Brother *Val.* is gone mad, and so that put'n into a Passion; but what did I know of that, what's that to me?)—So he ask'd, in a surly sort of manner,—and Gad I answer'd 'em as furlyly, What tho'f he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'em:—so faith I told'n in plain Terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him: And for the young Woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her Sampler, and make Dirt-Pies, than to look after a Husband; for my part I was none of her Man.—I had another Voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. Frail. So then, you intend to go to Sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my Mind run upon you,—but I wou'd not tell him so much—So he said he'd make my Heart ake; and if so be that he cou'd get a Woman to his Mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the Fool and marry at these Years, there's more Danger of your Head's aking than my Heart.—He was woundv angry when I gav'n that wipe.—He had'nt a Word to say. and so I left'n, and the green Girl together; may-hap the Bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my Heart.

Mrs. Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceless Wretch to your Father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first.—If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not get myself.

Mrs. Frail. O Impiety! How have I been mistaken! What an inhuman merciless Creature have I set my Heart upon? O I am happy to have discover'd the Shelves and Quick sands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling Face.

Ben. Hey tofs! What's the matter now? Why you ben't angry, be you?

Mrs. Frail. O see me no more,—for thou wert born amongst Rocks, suck'd by Whales, cradled in a Tempest, and whistled to by Winds; and thou art come forth with Fins and Scales, and three Rows of Teeth, a most outrageous Fish of Prey.

Ben.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young Woman, Love has turn'd her Senses, her Brain is quite overset. Well a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights?

Mrs. Frail. No, no, I am not mad, Monster, I am wise enough to find you out.—Hadst thou the Impudence to aspire at being a Husband with that stubborn and disobedient Temper?—You that know not how to submit to a Father, presume to have a sufficient Stock of Duty to undergo a Wife? I should have been finely fobb'd indeed, very finely fobb'd.

Ben. Harkee forsooth; if so be that you are in your right Senses, d'ye see; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd,—if I have got Anger here upon your Account, and you are tack'd about already.—What d'ye mean, after all your fair Speeches, and stroaking my Cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what wou'd you sheer off so? Wou'd you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. Frail. Only the Wind's chang'd.

Ben. More shame for you,—the Wind's chang'd:—It's an ill Wind blows no Body good,—may-hap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your Tricks—what did you mean all this while, to make a Fool of me?

Mrs. Frail. Any Fool but a Husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad I wou'd not be your Husband, if you wou'd have me; now I know your Mind, tho' you had your Weight in Gold and Jewels, and tho' I lov'd you never so well.

Mrs. Frail. Why, can't thou love, *Portusse*?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call Names.—I don't love you so well, as to bear that, whatever I did, —I'm glad you shew yourself, Mistress.—Let them marry you, as don't know you:—Gad I know you too well, by sad Experience; I believe he that marries you will go to Sea in a Hen-peck'd Frigate—I believe that, young Woman—and may-hap may come to an Anchor at *Cuckolds-Point*; so there's a Dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holta after me when I won't come too.

Mrs. Frail. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't,——*My true Love is gone to Sea*——[Sings.]

S C E N E XIV.

Mrs. Frail, Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. Frail. O Sister, had you come a Minute sooner, you would have seen the Resolution of a Lover,——*Honest Tarr* and I are parted——and with the same Indifference that we met;——O' my Life I am half vex'd at the Insensibility of a Brute that I despis'd.

Mrs. Fore. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. Frail. Most tyrannically,——for you see he has got the start of me; and I the poor forsaken Maid am left complaining on the Shore. But I'll tell you a Hint that he has given me; Sir *Sampson* is enraged, and talks desperately of committing Matrimony himself.——If he has a Mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. Fore. Oh hang him old Fox, he's too cunning, besides he hates both you and me.——But I have a Project in my Head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a Bargain with *Jeremy, Valentine's* Man, to sell his Master to us.

Mrs. Frail. Sell him, how?

Mrs. Fore. *Valentine* raves upon *Angelica*, and took me for her, and *Jeremy* says will take any body for her that he imposes on him.——Now I have promised him Mountains; if in one of his mad Fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you marry'd together, and put to Bed together; and after Consummation, Girl, there's no revoking. And if he should recover his Senses, he'll be glad at least to make you a good Settlement——Here they come, stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the Design.

S C E N E XV.

Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Frail, Valentine, Scandal, Foresight, and Jeremy.

Scan. And have you given your Master a hint of their Plot upon him?
[To *Jeremy*.]

Jer. 2

Jere. Yes, Sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

Scan. It may make us sport.

Fore. Mercy on us!

Val. Hush!—Interrupt me not—I'll whisper Prediction to thee, and thou shalt Prophecy;—I am Truth, and can teach thy Tongue a new Trick.—I have told thee what's past,—Now I'll tell what's to come;—Dost thou know what will happen To-morrow?—Answer me not—for I will tell thee. To-morrow, Knaves will thrive thro' Craft, and Fools thro' Fortune, and Honesty will go as it did, Frost-nipt in a Summer-Suit. Ask me Questions concerning To-morrow?

Scan. Ask him, Mr. *Forefight*.

Fore. Pray what will be done at Court?

Val. Scandal will tell you;—I am Truth, I never come there.

Fore. In the City?

Val. Oh, Prayers will be said in empty Churches, at the usual Hours. Yet you will see such zealous Faces behind Counters, as if Religion were to be sold in every Shop. Oh things will go methodically in the City, the Clocks will strike twelve at Noon, and the horn'd Herd Buz in the Exchange at Two. Wives and Husbands will drive distinct Trades, and Care and Pleasure separately occupy the Family. Coffee-Houses will be full of Smoke and Stratagem. And the cropt Prentice, that sweeps his Master's Shop in the Morning, may ten to one dirty his Sheets before Night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are wanton Wives, with their Legs at Liberty, and tame Cuckolds, with Chains about their Necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a Husband?

Fore. I am married.

Val. Poor Creature! Is your Wife of *Covent-Garden* Parish!

Fore. No; *St. Martin's* in the Fields.

Val. Alas: poor Man; his Eyes are sunk, and his Hands shrivell'd: his Legs dwindled, and his Back bow'd, pray, pray, for a Metamorphosis—Change thy Shape,

and shake off Age: get thee *Medea's* Kettle, and be boil'd anew; come forth with lab'ring Callous Hands, a Chine of Steel, and *Atlas's* Shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the Calves of twenty Chairmen, and make thee Pedestals to stand erect upon, and look Matrimony in the Face. Ha, ha, ha! That a Man shou'd have a Stomach to a Wedding Supper, when the Pigeons ought rather to be laid to his Feet, ha, ha, ha.

Fore. His Frenzy is very high now, Mr. *Scandal*.

Scan. I believe it is a Spring Tide.

Fore. Very likely truly; you understand these Matters — Mr. *Scandal*, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has utter'd — His Sayings are very Mysterious and Hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would *Angelica* be absent from my Eyes so long?

Jer. She's here, Sir.

Mrs. Fore. Now, Sister.

Mrs. Frail. O Lord, what must I say?

Scan. Humour him, Madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh I see her—she comes, like Riches, Health and Liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandon'd Wretch, Oh welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Frail. How d'ye you, Sir? Can I serve you?

Val. Harkee;—I have a Secret to tell you——

Endymion and the Moon shall meet us upon Mount *Latmos*, and we'll be married in the dead of Night—But say not a Word *Hymen* shall put his Torch into a dark Lanthorn, that it may be secret; and *Juno* shall give her *Peacock* Poppy-Water, that he may fold his ogling Tail, and *Argus's* hundred Eyes be shut, ha? No body shall know, but *Jeremy*.

Mrs. Frail. No, no, we'll keep it secret, it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better—*Jeremy*, come hither—closer—that none may over-hear us;—*Jeremy*, I can tell you News; *Angelica* is turn'd Nun; and I am turning Friar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope—Get me a Coul and Beads, that I may play my part,

part,—For she'll meet me two Hours hence in black and white, and a long Veil to cover the Project, and we won't see one another's Faces, 'till we have done something to be asham'd of; and then we'll blush once for all.

S C E N E XVI.

[To them] Tattle and Angelica.

Jere. I'll take care, and——

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. Tattle, if you make Love to me, you spoil my Design, for I intend to make you my Confident.

Tatt. But, Madam, to throw away your Person, such a Person! and such a Fortune on a Madman!

Ang. I never lov'd him till he was mad; but don't tell any Body so.

Scan. How's this! Tattle making Love to Angelica!

Tatt. Tell, Madam! alas, you don't know me—I have much ado to tell your Ladyship, how long I have been in Love with you—but encourag'd by the Impossibility of *Valentine's* making any more Addresies to you, I have ventur'd to declare the very inmost Passion of my Heart. Oh, Madam, look upon us both. There you see the Ruins of a poor decay'd Creature—Here a compleat and lively Figure, with Youth and Health, and all his five Senses in perfection, Madam; and to all this, the most passionate Lover——

Ang. O fy for shame, hold your Tongue, a passionate Lover, and five Senses in perfection! when you are as mad as *Valentine*, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! Who's here?

Mrs. Frail. O Lord, her coming will spoil all.

[To Jeremy.]

Jere. No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he should I can persuade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think—get away all the Company but *Angelica*, that I may discover my Design to her.

[Whisper.
Scan

Scan. I will—I have discover'd something of *Tattle*, that is of a piece with *Mrs. Frail*. He courts *Angelica*; if we cou'd contrive to couple 'em together—Hark'ee—
[*Whisper.*

Mrs. Fore. He won't know you, Cousin, he knows no body.

Fore. But he knows more than any body,—Oh Niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound Secrets of Time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. *Forefight*, it is not my way to make many Words of Matters, and so I shan't say much, —But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred Pound now, that I know more Secrets than he.

Fore. How! I cannot read that Knowledge in your Face, Mr. *Tattle*—Pray, what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, Sir! Read it in my Face? No, Sir, 'tis written in my Heart; and safer there, Sir, than Letters writ in Juice of Limon, for no Fire can fetch it out. I am no Blab, Sir.

Val. Acquaint *Jeremy* with it, he may easily bring it about.—They are welcome, and I'll tell 'em so myself. [To Scandal.] What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. [Coming up to them.] I am Truth, and hate an old Acquaintance with a new Face.

[Scandal goes aside with *Jeremy*.

Tatt. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

Tatt. I am *Jack Tattle*, your Friend.

Val. My Friend, what to do? I am no married Man, and thou can'st not lie with my Wife: I am very poor, and thou can'st not borrow Money of me: Then what Employment have I for a Friend?

Tatt. Hah! A good open Speaker, and not to be trusted with a Secret.

Arg. Do you know me, *Valentine*?

Val. Oh very well.

Arg. Who am I?

Val. You're a Woman,—One to whom Heav'n gave Beauty, when it grafted Roses on a Briar. You are the Reflexion of Heav'n in a Pond, and he that leaps at you

is sunk. You are all white, a Sheet of lovely spotless Paper, when you first are born ; but you are to be scrawl'd and blotted by every Goose's Quill. I know you ; for I lov'd a Woman, and lov'd her so long, that I found out a strange thing : I found out what a woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay, prithee, what's that ?

Val. Why, to keep a Secret.

Tatt. O Lord !

Val. O exceeding good to keep a Secret : For tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believ'd.

Tatt. Hah ! good again, faith.

Val. I would have Musick——Sing me the Song that I like——

S O N G.

Set by Mr. Finger.

I.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I Time retrieve,
And could again begin to Love and Live,
To you I should my earliest Off'ring give ;
I know, my Eyes would lead my Heart to you,
And I should all my Vows and Oaths renew,
But to be plain, I never would be true.

II.

For by our weak and weary Truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a Point assign'd ;
But runs with Joy the circle of the Mind.
Then never let us chain what shou'd be free,
But for Relief of either Sex agree :
Since Women love to change, and so do we.

No more, for I am melancholy.

[Walks musing.

Jere. I'll do't, Sir.

[To Scandal.

Scan. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do Mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

Jere. [To Mrs. Frail.] You'll meet, Madam ;—I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frail. Thou shalt do what thou wilt, in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To Angelica.*

Ang. No, I'll stay with him——*Mr. Scandal* will protect me. Aunt, *Mr. Tattle* desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that——Madam, will you do me the Honour?

Mrs. Fore. *Mr. Tattle* might have us'd less Ceremony.

S C E N E XVII.

Angelica, Valentine, Scandal.

Scan. *Jeremy*, follow *Tattle*.

Ang. *Mr. Scandal*, I only stay till my Maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of *Mr. Tattle*.

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better Reason, which you gave to *Mr. Tattle*; for his Impertinence forc'd you to acknowledge a Kindness for *Valentine*, which you deny'd to all his Sufferings and my Sollicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the Discovery; and your Ladyship to the free Confession of your Inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heav'ns! You won't leave me alone with a Madman?

Scan. No, Madam; I only leave a Madman to his Remedy.

S C E N E XVIII.

Angelica, Valentine.

Val. Madam, you need not be much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd. [*Aside.*

Val. You see what Disguises Love makes us put on; Gods have been in counterfeited Shapes for the same Reason; and the divine Part of me, my Mind, has worn this Masque of Madness, and this motly Livery, only as the Slave of Love, and menial Creature of your Beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! poor *Valentine*.

Val.

Val. Nay,* faith, now let us understand one another, Hypocrisy apart—The Comedy draws towards an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves; and since you have lov'd me, you must own, I have at length deserv'd you shou'd confess it.

Ang. [*Sighs.*] I would I had lov'd you—for Heaven knows I pity you; and could I have foreseen the bad Effects, I would have striven; but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

Val. What sad Effects?—What's too late: my seeming Madness has deceiv'd my Father, and procur'd me time to think of Means to reconcile me to him; and preserve the right of my Inheritance to his Estate; which otherwise by Articles, I must this Morning have resign'd: And this I had inform'd you of to Day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How! I thought your Love of me had caus'd this Transport in your Soul; which it seems, you only counterfeited; for by mercenary Ends, and fordid Interest—

Val. Nay, now you do me Wrong; for if any Interest was consider'd it was yours; since I thought I wanted more than Love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary—But how am I deluded by this interval of Sense, to reason with a Madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

S C E N E XIX.

[*To them*] *Jeremy.*

Ang. Oh here's a reasonable Creature—sure he will not have the Impudence to persevere—Come, *Jeremy*, acknowledge your Trick, and confess your Master's Madness counterfeit.

Jere. Counterfeit, Madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any Freeholder in *Bethlehem*; Nay, he's as mad as any Projector, Fanatick, Chymist, Lover, or Poet in *Europe*.

Val. Sirrah, you lye; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, you see he denies it.

Jere. O Lord, Madam, did you ever know any Madman mad enough to own it?

Val.

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why he talk'd very sensibly just now.

Jere. Yes, Madam; he has Intervals: But you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you thick-skull'd Rascal, I tell you the Farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*]

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, is he mad, or no, *Jeremy*?

Jere. Partly I think——for he does not know his own Mind two Hours——I'm sure I left him just now, in the Humour to be mad: And I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there?

[*One knocks.*]

Val. Go see, you Sot, I'm very glad that I can move your Mirth, tho' not your Compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had Apprehension enough to be exceptions: But Madmen shew themselves most, by over-pretending to a sound Understanding; as drunken Men do by over-acting Sobriety; I was half inclining to believe you, 'till I accidentally touch'd upon your tender Part: But now you have restor'd me to my former Opinion and Compassion.

Jere. Sir, your Father has sent to know if you are any better yet——Will you please to be mad, Sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the Penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the Confession of my Senses; I'm mad, and will be mad to every Body but this Lady.

Jere. So——Just the very backside of Truth,——But lying is a Figure in Speech, that interlards the greatest part of my Conversation——Madam, your Ladyship's Woman.

S C E N E XX.

Valentine, Angelica, Jenny.

Ang. Well, have you been there?——Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, Madam, Sir *Sampson* will wait upon you presently.

[*Aside to Angelica.*]

Val. You are not leaving me in this Uncertainty?

Ang. Wou'd any thing, but a Madman complain of Uncertainty? Uncertainty and Expectation are the Joys of Life.

Life. Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a Wish, discovers the Folly of the Chase. Never let us know one another better : for the Pleasure of a Masquerade is done, when we come to shew our Faces; but I'll tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the Fool you take me for; and you are mad and don't know it.

S C E N E XXI.

Valentine, Jeremy.

Val. From a Riddle you can expect nothing but a Riddle. There's my Instruction, and the Moral of my Lesson.

Jere. What, is the Lady gone again, Sir? I hope you understood one another before she went?

Val. Understood! She is harder to be understood than a Piece of *Ægyptian* Antiquity, or an *Irish* Manuscript; you may pore 'till you spoil your Eyes, and not improve your Knowledge.

Jere. I have heard 'em say, Sir, they read hard *Hebrew* Books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of Witches Prayers, and Dreams and *Dutch* Almanacks are to be understood by contraries. But there's Regularity and Method in that; she is a Medal without a Reverse or Inscription, for Indifference has both sides alike. Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the Opinion of my satirical Friend, *Scandal*, who says,

*That Women are like Tricks by slight of Hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's House.

Angelica, and Jenny.

Ang. **W**HERE is Sir Sampson? Did you not tell me, he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great Glass in the Dining-Room, Madam, setting his Cravat and Wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my Design.

Jenny. I hear him Madam.

Ang. Leave me, and d'ye hear, if *Valentine* should come or send, I am not to be spoken with.

SCENE II.

Angelica, Sir Sampson.

Sir Samp. I have not been honour'd with the Commands of a fair Lady, a great while—odd, Madam, you have reviv'd me—Not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great Reason to complain, Sir Sampson, that is not long ago.

Sir Samp. Zooks, but it is, Madam a very great while; to a Man that admires a fine Woman, as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute Courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir Samp. Not at all, Madam: Ods.bud you wrong me; I am not so old neither, to be a bare Courtier, only a Man of Words: Odd, I have warm Blood about me yet, and can serve a Lady any way—Come, come, let me tell you, you Women think a Man old too soon, faith and troth you do—Come, don't despise fifty; odd fifty, in a hale Constitution, is no such contemptible Age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible Age! Not at all, a very fashionable Age I think—I assure you, I know very considerable Beaus, that set a good Face upon fifty, fifty! I have seen fifty in a side Box by Candle-Light, out-blossom five and twenty.

Sir

Sir Samp. Outsides, Outsides; a pize take 'em, meer Outsides: Hang your Side Box Beaus; no, I'm none of those, none of your forc'd Trees, that pretend to blossiom in the Fall; and Bud when they should bring forth Fruit: I am of a long-liv'd Race, and inherit Vigour, none of my Ancestors marry'd 'till fifty; yet they begot Sons and Daughters, 'till fourscore: I am of your Patriarchs, I, a Branch of one of your *Antediluvian* Families, Fellows, that the Flood could not wash away. Well, Madam what are your Commands? Has any young Rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his Throat? or ———

Ang. No, Sir *Sampson*, I have no Quarrel upon my Hands——I have more Occasion for your Conduct than your Courage at this time. To tell you the Truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a Husband.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and 'tis Pity you should——Odd, wou'd she wou'd like me, then I shou'd hamper my young Rogues: Odd, wou'd she wou'd: faith and troth she's devilish handfom. [*Aside.*] Madam, you deserve a good Husband, and 'twere pity you shou'd be thrown away upon any of these young idle Rogues about the Town. Odd, there's ne'er a young Fellow worth hanging, — that is a very young Fellow——Pize on 'em, they never think beforehand of any thing; — And if they commit Matrimony, 'tis as they commit Murder; out of a Frolick: And are ready to hang themselves, or to be hang'd by the Law, the next Morning:—Odsfo, have a care, Madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your Advice, Sir *Sampson*: I have Fortune enough to make any Man easy that I can like; If there were such a thing as a young agreeable Man with a reasonable Stock of Good-nature and Sense —— For I would neither have an absolute Wit, nor a Fool.

Sir Samp. Odd, you are hard to please, Madam; to find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, nor a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very hard Task. But, faith and troth you speak very discretely; for I hate both a Wit and a Fool.

Ang. She that marries a Fool, Sir *Sampson*, forfeits the Reputation of her Honesty or Understanding: And she that marries a very witty Man is a Slave to the Severity and insolent Conduct of her Husband. I should like a
Man

Man of Wit for a Lover, because I would have such a one in my Power; but I would no more be his Wife, than his Enemy. For his Malice is not a more terrible Consequence of his Aversion, than his Jealousy is of his Love.

Sir Samp. None of old *Forefight's* *Sibyls* ever utter'd such a Truth. Odsbud, you have won my Heart: I hate a Wit; I had a Son that was spoil'd among 'em; a good hopeful Lad, 'till he learn'd to be a Wit——And might have risen in the State——But, a pox on't, his Wit run him out of his Mony, and now his Poverty has run him out of his Wits.

Ang. *Sir Sampson*, as your Friend, I must tell you, you are very much abus'd in that matter; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir Samp. How, Madam! Wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done——But it is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concern'd in your Affairs.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, I believe she likes me—[*Aside*]——Ah, Madam, all my Affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your Feet; and I wish, Madam, they were in a better Posture, that I might make a more becoming Offer to a Lady of your incomparable Beauty and Merit——If I had *Peru* in one Hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the *Eastern* Empire under my Feet; it would make me only a more glorious Victim to be offer'd at the Shrine of your Beauty.

Ang. Bless me, *Sir Sampson*, what's the Matter?

Sir Samp. Odd, Madam, I love——And if you would take my Advice in a Husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, *Sir Sampson*. I ask'd your Advice for a Husband, and you are giving me your Consent—I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in Jest, to satisfy you about *Valentine*: For if a Match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his Disguise of Madness, in Apprehension of losing me: For you know he has long pretended a Passion for me.

Sir Samp. Gadzooks; a most ingenious Contrivance——If we were to go through with it. But why must the Match

Match only be seemingly carry'd on?——Odd, let it be a real Contract.

Ang. O fy, *Sir Sampson*, what would the World say?

Sir Samp. Say, they would say, you are a wise Woman, and I a happy Man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good Jointure when I die.

Ang. Ay; but that is not in your Power, *Sir Sampson*; for when *Valentine* confesses himself in his Senses, he must make over his Inheritance to his younger Brother.

Sir Samp. Odd, you're a cunning, a wary Baggage! Faith and Troth I like you the better—But, I warrant you, I have a Proviso in the Obligation in favour of myself—Body o'me, I have a Trick to turn the Settlement upon the Issue Male of our two Bodies begotten; Odsbud let us find Children, and I'll find an Estate.

Ang. Will you? Well do you find the Estate, and leave the t'other to me ——

Sir Samp. O Rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match then?

Ang. Let me consult my Lawyer concerning this Obligation: and if I find what you propose practicable; I'll give you my Answer.

Sir Samp. With all my Heart; —— Come in with me, and I'll lend you the Bond—You shall consult your Lawyer, and I'll consult a Parson? Odzooks I'm a young Man: Odzooks I'm a young Man, and I'll make it appear——Odd, you're devilish handsom: Faith and Troth, you're very handsom, and I'm very young, and very lusty—Odsbud, Hussy, you know how to choose, and so do I;——Odd, I think we are very well met; —— Give me your Hand, odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft —— as what?——Odd, as t'other Hand——Give me t'other Hand, and I'll mumble 'em, and kiss 'em 'till they melt in my Mouth.

Ang. Hold, *Sir Sampson*——You're profuse of your Vigour before your time: You'll spend your Estate before you come to it.

Sir Samp. No, no, only give you a Rent-Roll of my Possessions—Ah! Baggage—I warrant you for little *Sampson*: Odd, *Sampson's* a very good Name for an able Fellow:

Your

Your *Sampsons* were strong Dogs from the Beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your Part—If you remember, *Sampson*, the strongest of the Name, pull'd an old House over his Head at last.

Sir Samp. Say you so, Hussy?—Come, let's go then; odd, I long to be pulling too, come away—Odd so, here's some body coming.

S C E N E III.

Tattle, Jeremy.

Tatt. Is not that she, gone out just now?

Jere. Ay, Sir, she's just going to the Place of Appointment. Ah Sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this Business, you'll certainly be the Death of a Person that has a most extraordinary Passion for your Honour's Service.

Tatt. Ay, who's that?

Jere. Even my unworthy self, Sir—Sir, I have had an Appetite to be fed with your Commands a great while;—And now, Sir, my former Master having much troubled the Fountain of his Understanding; it is a very plausible Occasion for me to quench my Thirst at the Spring of your Bounty—I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, Sir, than by the Delivery of a great Beauty and Fortune into your Arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy Fortune; say no more—Thou art a pretty Fellow, and can't carry a Message to a Lady, in a pretty soft kind of Phrase, and with a good persuading Accent.

Jere. Sir, I have the Seeds of Rhetorick and Oratory in my Head—I have been at *Cambridge*.

Tatt. Ay; 'tis well enough for a Servant to be bred at an University: But the Education is a little too pedantick for a Gentleman. I hope you are secret in your Nature, private, close, ha?

Jere. O Sir, for that Sir, 'tis my chief Talent; I'm as secret as the Head of *Nilus*.

Tatt. Ay? Who's he, tho'? A Privy Counsellor?

Jere.

L O V E f o r L O V E. 95

Jer. O Ignorance! [*Aside.*] A cunning *Egyptian*, Sir, that with his Arms would over-run the Country; yet no Body could ever find out his Head-Quarters.

Tatt. Close Dog! A good Whoremaster, I warrant him—the time draws nigh. *Jeremy Angelica* will be veil'd like a Nun; and I must be hooded like a Friar; ha, *Jeremy*?

Jer. Ay, Sir, hooded like a Hawk, to seize at first Sight upon the Quarry. It is the Whim of my Master's Madness to be so dress'd; and she is so in Love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor Lady, I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy Exchange she has made, between a Madman and so accomplish'd a Gentleman.

Tatt. Ay Faith, so she will, *Jeremy*. You're a good Friend to her, poor Creature—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself as Compassion to her.

Jer. 'Tis an Act of Charity, Sir, to save a fine Woman with thirty thousand Pound, from throwing herself away.

Tatt. So 'tis faith—I might have sav'd several others in my time; but I Gad I could never find in my Heart to marry any body before.

Jer. Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my Master's coming; and meet you in half a Quarter of an Hour, with your Disguise, at your own Lodgings. You must talk a little madly, she won't distinguish the Tone of your Voice.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a Counterfeit; ——— I'll be ready for you.

S C E N E IV.

Tattle, Miss Prue.

Miss. O Mr. *Tattle*. are you here! I'm glad I have found you; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, 'till I'm as tired as any thing in the World.

Tatt. O Pox, how shall I get rid of this foolish Girl? [*Aside.*]

Miss. O I have pure News, I can tell you pure News
—— I must not marry the Seaman now —— my Fa-
ther

ther says so. Why won't you be my Husband? You say you love me, and you won't be my Husband. And I know you may be my Husband now if you please.

Tatt. O fy, Miss: Who told you so, Child?

Miss. Why, my Father—I told him that you lov'd me.

Tatt. O fy, Miss, why did you do so? And who told you so, Child?

Miss. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O Pox, that was yesterday, Miss, that was a great while ago, Child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole Night, and did not so much as dream of the Matter.

Miss. Pshaw, O but I dreamt that it was so tho'.

Tatt. Ay, but your Father will tell you that Dreams come by Contraries, Child——O fy; what, we must not love one another now——Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed——Fy, fy, you're a Woman now, and must think of a new Man every Morning, and forget him every Night——No, no, to marry is to be a Child again, and play with the same Rattle always: O fy, marrying is a paw thing.

Miss. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last Night then?

Tatt. No, no, Child, you would not have me.

Miss. No? Yes but I would tho'.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not——You forget you're a Woman, and don't know your own Mind?

Miss. But here's my Father, and he knows my Mind.

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] Foresight.

Fore. O, Mr. *Tattle*, your Servant, you are a close Man; but methinks your Love to my Daughter was a Secret I might have been trusted with, —Or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my Art——hum, ha! I think there is something in your Physiognomy, that has a Resemblance of her; and the Girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you wou'd infer, that you and I are alike —what does the old Prig mean? I'll banter him, and
laugh

laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*] I fancy you have a wrong Notion of Faces.

Fore. How ? What a wrong Notion ! How so ?

Tatt. In the way of Art : I have some taking Features, not obvious to vulgar Eyes ; that are Indications of a sudden turn of good Fortune, in the Lottery of Wives ; and promise a great Beauty and great Fortune reserved alone for me, by a private Intrigue of Destiny, kept secret from the piercing Eye of Peripicuity ; from all Astrologers, and the Stars themselves.

Fore. How ! I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

Tatt. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I'm in haste——

Fore. For what ?

Tatt. To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

Fore. Ay, but pray take me along with you, Sir——

Tatt. No, Sir ; 'tis to be done privately——I never make Confidants.

Fore. Well ; but my Consent I mean——You won't marry my Daughter without my Consent ?

Tatt. Who I, Sir ? I'm an absolute Stranger to you and your Daughter, Sir.

Fore. Hey day ! What time of the Moon is this ?

Tatt. Very true, Sir, and desire to continue so. I have no more Love for your Daughter, than I have Likeness of you ; and I have a Secret in my Heart, which you would be glad to know, and shan't know ; and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for't afterwards. I'd have you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the Stars, and as secret as the Night. And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an Hour ago ; and the Lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a Mystery for you——I know you love to unty Difficulties——Or if you can't solve this ; stay here a Quarter of an Hour, and I'll come and explain-it to you.

S C E N E V.

Forefight, *Miss* Prue.

Miss. O Father, why will you let him go ? Won't you make him to be my Husband ?

E

Fore:

Fore. Mercy on us, what do these Lunacies portend ?
Alas ! he's mad, Child, stark wild.

Miss. What, and must not I have e'er a Husband then ?
What, must I go to Bed to Nurse again, and be a Child
as long as she's an old Woman ? Indeed but I won't. For
now my Mind is set upon a Man, I will have a Man
some way or other. Oh ! methinks I'm sick when I think
of a Man ; and if I can't have one, I wou'd go to sleep all
my Life : For when I'm awake it makes me wish and
long, and I don't know for what—And I'd rather be
always asleep, than sick with thinking.

Fore. O fearful ! I think the Girl's influenc'd too,—
Huffy, you shall have a Rod.

Miss. A Fiddle of a Rod, I'll have a Husband ; and if
you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself : I'll marry
our *Robin* the Butler, he says he loves me, and he's a hand-
som Man, and shall be my Husband ; I warrant he'll be
my Husband, and thank me too, for he told me so.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] Scandal, *Mrs.* Foresight, and *Nurse*.

Fore. Did he so—I'll dispatch him for't presently ;
Rogue ! Oh, Nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your Worship's Pleasure ?

Fore. Here take your young Mistress, and lock her up
presently, 'till farther Orders from me—not a Word,
Huffy——Do what I bid you, no Reply, away. And
bid *Robin* make ready to give an Account of his Plate
and Linen, d'ye hear, be gone when I bid you.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter, Husband ?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now—*Mr. Scan-
dal*, Heav'n keep us all in our Senses—I fear there is
a contagious Frenzy abroad. How does *Valentine* ?

Scan. O I hope he will do well again——I have a
Messuage from him to your Niece *Angelica*.

Fore. I think she has not return'd, since she went abroad
with Sir *Sampson*. Nurse, why are you not gone ?

S C E N E VIII.

Forefight, Scandal, *Mrs. Foresight*, Ben.

Mrs. Fore. Here's Mr. *Benjamin*, he can tell us if his Father be come home.

Ben. Who, Father? ay, he's come home with a Vengeance.

Mrs. Fore. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! Why he's mad.

Fore. Mercy on us, I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handsom young Woman, she, as they say, Brother *Val.* went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor Niece, my poor Niece, is she gone too? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. Fore. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess—I'll undertake to make a Voyage to *Antegoa*——No, hold, I may'nt say so neither——But I'll sail as far as *Leghorn*, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; Mefs, you may take in all the Points of the Compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. Fore. Your Experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you; there's a new Wedding upon the Stocks, and they two are going to be married to rights.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why Father, and——the young Woman. I can't hit of her Name.

Scan. *Angelica*?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. Fore. Sir *Sampson* and *Angelica*, impossible!

Ben. That may be——but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scan. 'Sdeath, it's a Jest. I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, Friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not Lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you may call Madnefs—But she's mad for a Husband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a Match together—Here they come.

S C E N E IX.

[*To them*] *Sir Sampson*, *Angelica*, *Buckram*.

Sir Samp. Where is this old Soothfayer? this Uncle of mine elect? A ha, old *Forefight*, Uncle *Forefight*, wish me Joy, Uncle *Forefight*, double Joy, both as Uncle and Astrologer; here's a Conjunction that was not foretold in all your *Ephemeris*—The brightest Star in the blue Firmament—is *shot from above, in a Jelly of Love*, and so forth; and I'm Lord of the Ascendant. Odd, you're an old Fellow, *Forefight*; Uncle I mean, a very old Fellow, Uncle *Forefight*; and yet you shall live to dance at my Wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the Musick of the Spheres for thee, old *Lilly*, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a Dance *in via Lactea*.

Fore. I'm Thunder-struck! You are not married to my Niece?

Sir Samp. Not absolutely married, Uncle; but very near it, within a Kiss of the Matter, as you see.

[*Kisses Angelica.*]

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my Father, and give me.

Sir Samp. That he shall, or I'll burn his Globes—Body o' me, he shall be thy Father, I'll make him thy Father, and thou shalt make me a Father, and I'll make thee a Mother, and we'll beget Sons and Daughters enow to put the weekly Bills out of Countenance.

Scan. Death and Hell! Where's *Valentine*?

*S C E N E X.

Sir Sampson, *Angelica*, *Forefight*, *Mrs. Forefight*, *Ben*, *Buckram*.

Mrs. Fore. This is so surprising——

Sir Samp. How! What does my Aunt say? Surprising, Aunt? Not at all, for a young Couple to make a Match in Winter? Not at all——It's a Plot to undermine cold Weather;

Weather; and destroy that Usurper of a Bed call'd a Warming-Pan.

Mrs. Fore. I'm glad to hear you have so much Fire in you, *Sir Sampson*.

Ben. Mefs, I fear his Fire's little better than Tinder; mayhap it will only serve to light up a Match for some Body else. The young Woman's a handsom young Woman, I can't deny it: But Father, if I might be your Pilot in this Case, you should not marry her. It's jult the same thing, as if so be you should sail so far as the *Straits* without Provision.

Sir Samp. Who gave you Authority to speak, *Sirrah*? To your Element, Fish, be mute, Fish, and to Sea, rule your Helm, *Sirrah*, don't direct me.

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own Helm, or you mayn't keep your new Vessel steady.

Sir Samp. Why, you impudent Tarpaulin! *Sirrah*, do you bring your Forecastle Jest upon your Father? But I shall be even with you, I won't give you a Groat. *Mr. Buckram*, is the Conveyance so worded that nothing can possibly descend to this Scoundrel? I wou'd not so much as have him have the Prospect of an Estate; tho' there were no way to come to it, but by the *North-East* Passage.

Buckr. Sir, it is drawn according to your Directions; there is not the least Cranny of the Law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a Cranny and Leak unstopt in your Conscience—If so be that one had a Pump to your Bosom, I believe we shou'd discover a foul Hold. They say a Witch will sail in a Sieve—But I believe the Devil wou'd not venture aboard of your Conscience. And that's for you.

Sir Samp. Hold your Tongue, *Sirrah*. How now, who's here?

S C E N E XI.

[*To them*] Tattle and *Mrs. Frail*.

Mrs. Frail. O, Sister, the most unlucky Accident.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter?

Tatt. O, the two most unfortunuate poor Creatures in the World we are.

Fore. Bless us! How so?

Mrs. Frail. Ah Mr. *Tattle* and I, poor Mr. *Tattle* and I are—I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I——But poor Mrs. *Frail* and I are——

Mrs. Frail. Married.

Mrs. Fore. Married! How?

Tatt. Suddenly—before we knew where we were—That Villain *Jeremy*, by the help of Disguises, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. *Tattle* meant the Favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam, my Intentions were good—But this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore—The Devil take me if ever I was so much concern'd at any thing in my Life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The least in the World——That is for my Part, I speak for myself. Gad, I never had the least Thought of serious Kindness——I never lik'd any Body less in my Life. Poor Woman! Gad, I'm sorry for her too; for I have no reason to hate her neither; but I believe I shall lead her a damn'd sort of a Life.

Mrs. Fore. He's better than no Husband at all—tho' he's a Coxcomb.

[*To Frail.*

Mrs. Frail. [*To her.*] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worse—Nay, for my part I always despised Mr. *Tattle* of all things; nothing but his being my Husband could have made me like him less.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much——Pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret, why I don't believe any of this Company wou'd speak of it.

Mrs. Frail. But, my Dear, that's impossible; the Parson and that Rogue *Jeremy* will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my Dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time; Custom will make it easy to you.

Tatt. Easy! Pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to Night.

Sir Samp. Sleep, Quotha: No, why you would not sleep o' your Wedding Night? I'm an older Fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why there's another Match now, as tho' a couple of Privateers were looking for a Prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young Man with all my Heart. Look you, Friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have Experience of her, when she's going, let her go. For no Matrimony is tough enough to hold her, and if she can't drag her Anchor along with her, she'll break her Cable I can tell you that. Who's here? the Madman?

S C E N E *The Last.*

Valentine, Scandal, *Sir Sampson*, Angelica, Foresight, *Mrs.* Foresight, Tattle, *Mrs.* Frail, Ben, Jeremy, Buckram.

Val. No; here's the Fool; and if Occasion be, I'll give it under my Hand.

Sir Samp. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my Errors, and ask your Pardon.

Sir Samp. What, have you found your Senses at last then? In good time, Sir.

Val. You were abus'd, Sir, I never was distracted.

Fore. How! not mad! *Mr. Scandal.*

Scm. No, really, Sir; I'm his Witness, it was all Counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had Reasons—But it was a poor Contrivance, the Effect has shewn it such.

Sir Samp. Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your Father! Sirrah, could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the Father endeavoured to undo the Son, it was a reasonable return of Nature.

Sir Samp. Very good, Sir—*Mr. Buckram*, are you ready?—Come, Sir, will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, Sir; but first I would ask this Lady one Question.

Sir Samp.

Sir Samp. Sir, you must ask me leave first; that Lady? No, Sir; you shall ask that Lady no Questions, 'till you have ask'd her Blessing, Sir; that Lady is to be my Wife.

Val. I have heard as much, Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own Mouth.

Sir Samp. That's as much as to say, I lye, Sir, and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, Sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited Madnes; I don't know but the Frolick may go round.

Sir Samp. Come, Chuck, satisfy him, answer him; —Come, Come, Mr. *Buckram*, the Pen and Ink.

Buckr. Here it is, Sir, with the Deed, all is ready,
[*Valentine goes to Angelica.*]

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended Love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? Still you must pardon me, if I think my own Inclinations have a better Right to dispose of my Person, than yours.

Sir Samp. Are you answer'd now, Sir?

Val. Yes, Sir.

Sir Samp. Where's your Plot, Sir? and your Contrivance now, Sir? Will you sign, Sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my Heart, Sir.

Scan. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin yourself?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only Hope; and he that loses Hope may part with any thing. I never valu'd Fortune, but as it was subservient to my Pleasure; and my only Pleasure was to please this Lady: I have made many vain Attempts, and find at last that nothing but my Ruin can effect it: Which for that Reason, I will sign to—Give me the Paper.

Ang. Generous *Valentine*!

[*Aside.*]

Buckr. Here is the Deed, Sir.

Val. But where is the Bond, by which I am oblig'd to sign this?

Buckr. Sir *Sampson*, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I wou'd every thing that is an Enemy to *Valentine*. [Tears the Paper.]

Sir Samp. How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang.

Ang. Had I the World to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a Passion: Here's my Hand, my Heart was always yours, and struggl'd very hard to make this utmost Trial of your Virtue.

[To Valentine.

Val. Between Pleasure and Amazement, I am lost—
But on my Knees I take the Blessing.

Sir Samp. Oons, what's the Meaning of this?

Ben. Mefs here's the Wind chang'd again. Father, you and I may make a Voyage together now.

Ang. Well, *Sir Sampson*, since I have play'd you a Trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good Father, or you'll never get a second Wife. I always lov'd your Son, and hated your unfor-giving Nature. I was resolv'd to try him to the utmost; I have try'd you too, and know you both. You have not more Faults than he has Virtues; and 'tis hardly more Pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. If my Happiness cou'd receive Addition, this kind Surprize wou'd make it double.

Sir Samp. Oons, you're a Crocodile.

Fere. Really, *Sir Sampson*, this is a sudden Eclipse.

Sir Samp. You're an illiterate old Fool, and I'm another.

Tatt. If the Gentleman is in Disorder for want of a Wife, I can spare him mine. Oh are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my Happiness. [To Jeremy.

Jere. Sir, I ask you ten thousand Pardons, 'twas an arrant Mistake—You see, Sir, my Master was never mad, nor any thing like it—Then how could it be otherwise?

Val. *Tattle*, I thank you, you would have interposed between me and Heav'n; but Providence laid Purgatory in your way——You have but Justice.

Scan. I hear the Fiddles that *Sir Sampson* provided for his own Wedding; methinks 'tis pity they shou'd not be employ'd when the Match is so much mended. *Valentine*, tho' it be Morning, we may have a Dance.

Val. Any thing, my Friend, every thing that looks like Joy and Transport.

Scan. Call 'em, *Jeremy*.

Ang.

Ang. I have done dissembling now, *Valentine*; and if that Coldness which I have always worn before you, should turn to an extreme Fondness, you must not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that Suspicion—For I intend to dote to that immoderate degree, that your Fondness shall never distinguish itself enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of Promises; you know you are apt to run more in Debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my Body as your Prisoner, and make your best on't.

Scan. The Musick stays for you. [Dance.

Scan. Well, Madam, you have done exemplary Justice, in punishing an inhuman Father, and rewarding a faithful Lover: But there is a third good Work, which I, in particular, must thank you for; I was an Infidel to your Sex, and you have converted me—For now I am convinc'd that all Women are not like Fortune, blind in bestowing Favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want 'em.

Ang. 'Tis an unreasonable Accusation, that you lay upon our Sex: You tax us with Injustice, only to cover your own want of Merit. You would all have the Reward of Love; but few have the Constancy to stay 'till it becomes your due. Men are generally Hypocrites and Infidels, they pretend to Worship, but have neither Zeal nor Faith: How few, like *Valentine*, would persevere even to Martyrdom, and sacrifice their Interest to their Constancy! In admiring me, you misplace the Novelty.

*The Miracle to Day is, that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's Kind.*





EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the Opening of the New House.

By Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

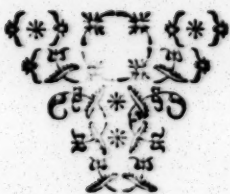
SURE Providence at first design'd this Place
To be the Player's Refuge in Distress;
For still in every Storm, they all run hither,
As to a Shed, that shields 'em from the Weather.
But thinking of this Change which last befel us,
It's like what I have heard our Poets tell us:
For when behind our Scenes, their Suits are pleading,
To help their Love, sometimes they shew their Reading;
And wanting ready Cash to pay for Hearts,
They top their Learning on us, and their Parts.
Once of Philosophers they told us Stories,
Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagories,
I'm sure 'tis some such Latin Name they give 'em,
And we, who know no better, must believe 'em.
Now to these Men (say they) such Souls were giv'n,
That after Death ne'er went to Hell, nor Heav'n,
But liv'd, I know not how, in Beasts; and then
When many Years were past, in Men again,
Methinks, we Players resemble such a Soul,
That, does from Bodies, we from Houses strickle,
Thus Aristotle's Soul, of old that was,
May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;
Or in this very House, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau:

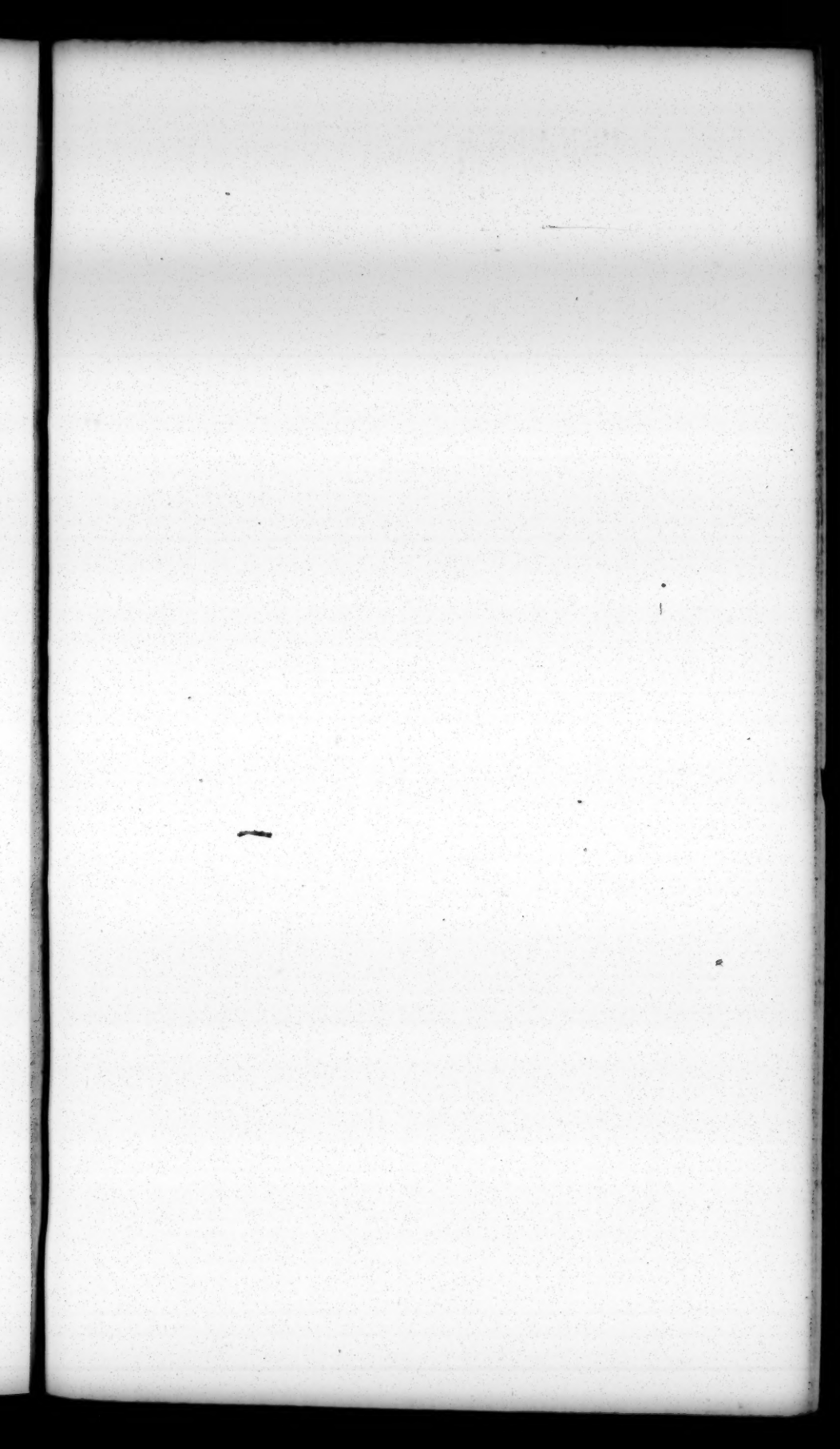
And

E P I L O G U E.

*And thus, our Audience, which did once resort
 To shining Theatres to see our Sport,
 Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-Court.
 These Walls but t'other Day were fill'd with Noise
 Of Roaring Gamesters, and your Dammee Boys;
 Then bounding Balls and Rackets they encompass,
 And now they're fill'd with Jest, and Flights, and Bombast!
 I vow, I don't much like this Transmigration,
 Strolling from Place to Place, by Circulation,
 Grant Heav'n, we don't return to our first Station.
 I know not what these think, but for my Part,
 I can't reflect without an aking Heart,
 How we shou'd end in our Original, a Cart.
 But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
 That you have only set us up, to leave us,
 Thus from the past, we hope for future Grace,
 I beg it——
 And some here know I have a begging Face.
 Then pray continue this your kind Behaviour,
 For a clear Stage won't do, without your Favour.*

F I N I S.







2
LOVE MAKES A MAN:

OR, THE

FOP'S FORTUNE.

A

C O M E D Y.

Written by

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

Interdum tollit et Comædia vocem.

Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. CLARKE, D. BROWN, C. HITCH and
L. HAWES, J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER
and Co. C. CORBET, and G. KEARSLEY.

MDCCLXI.





PROLOGUE.

*S*INCE Plays are but a Kind of Public Feasts,
Where Tickets only make the welcome Guests;
Methinks, instead of Grace, we should prepare,
Your Tastes in Prologues, with your Bill of Fare.
When you foreknow each Course, tho' this may teaze you,
'Tis five to one, but one o'th' five may please you,
First, for your Criticks, we've your darling Chear,
Faults without Number, more than Sense can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd, where Errors are. }
From your Displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown, but where your Neighbours laugh.
Now you that never know what Spleen or Hate is, }
Who for an Act or two, are welcome Gratis, [satis;
That tip the Wink, and so sneak out with nunquam }
For your smart Tastes we've toss'd you up a Fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The Fool, Beau, Wit, and Rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a Ragou, piping hot from Paris.
But for the softer Sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the Fair and Chaste were form'd for, Love:
An artless Passion, fraught with Hopes and Fears, }
And nearest happy, when it most despairs.
For Marks, we've Scandal, and for Beaus French Airs. }
To please all Tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the Galleries, we've Dicky and Will Penkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your Fare; }
But pray, in Charity, the Founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once, the Poet and the Player. }

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

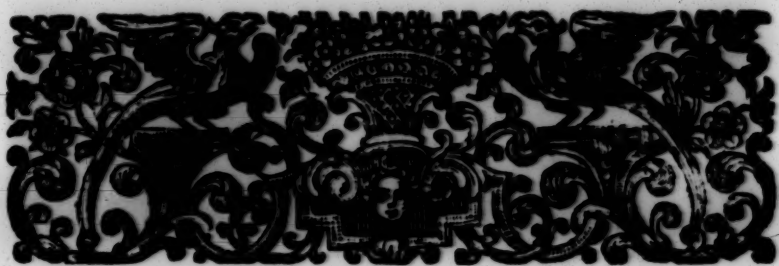
<i>Antonio</i>	}	Old Gentlemen,	{	Mr. Bullock.
and				Mr. Cross.
<i>Charino,</i>	}	Uncle, and near	{	Mr. Penkethman.
<i>Don Lewis,</i>				Mr. Wilks.
Friend to <i>Carlos,</i>	}	Sons to	{	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Carlos,</i> a Student,				Mr. Norris.
<i>Clodio,</i> a pert Cox-	}	<i>Antonio,</i>	{	Mr. Simpson.
comb,				Mr. Mills.
<i>Sancho,</i> Servant to <i>Carlos,</i>				Mr. Toms.
<i>Monfieur,</i> Valet to <i>Clodio,</i>				
Governor of <i>Lisbon,</i>				
<i>Don Duart,</i> his Nephew,				
<i>Don Manuel,</i> a Sea-Officer, in				
Love with <i>Louisa,</i>				

W O M E N.

<i>Angelina,</i> Daughter to <i>Charino,</i>	}	Mrs. Temple.
<i>Louisa,</i> a Lady of Quality and		Mrs. Verbruggen.
Pleasure,		
<i>Elvira,</i> Sister to <i>Don Duart,</i>		Mrs. Knight.
<i>Honoria,</i> Cousin to <i>Louisa,</i>		Mrs. Mocr.

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

L O V E



LOVE *makes a* MAN:

OR, THE

FOP'S FORTUNE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *an* HALL.

Enter Antonio and Charino.

ANTONIO.

WITHOUT Compliment, my old Friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your Alliance; our Families are both ancient, our Children young, and able to support 'em; and, I think, the sooner we set 'em to work, the better,

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same Line of Honour; and, I hope, since I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me a troublesome old Fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her Worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake Hands, a Word or two by the Bye, for I have some considerable Questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

A 3

Cha.

6 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Cha. Well, in the first Place, you say you have two Sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my Daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My Daughter *Angelina*!

Ant. *Angelina*.

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my Allowance) take to her lawful Husband, which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the Person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole Heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional Possession, of at least three Parts of your Estate. You know the Conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why then, as the last Token of my full Consent and Approbation, I give you my Hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a Match?

Ant. A Match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And done! ——— that's enough. ——— *Carlos*, the elder, you say is a great Scholar, spends his whole Life in the University, and loves his Study.

Ant. Nothing more, Sir.

Cha. But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the World, and is very well known in the Court of *France*; a sprightly Fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the Back, Sir.

Cha. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my Daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd where I am——I have given her some Documents already. Hark! what Noise without?

Ant. Odso! 'tis they—— they're come—— I have expected 'em these two Hours. Well, Sirrah, who's without?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis *Sancho*, Sir, with a Waggon-Load of my Master's Books.

Ant. Never without them, Sir, 'tis his Humour,

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole Study?

Enter Sancho laden with Books.

San. Pedro, unload part of the Library; bid the Porter open the great Gates, and make room for t'other Dozen of Carts; I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Ha! *Sancho*! where's my *Carlos*! speak, Boy, where didst thou leave thy Master?

San. Jogging on, Sir, in the Highway to Knowledge, both Hands employ'd, in his Book, and his Bridle, Sir; But he has sent his Duty before him in this Letter, Sir.

Ant. What have we here, *Pothooks* and *Andirons*?

San. Pothooks! O! dear Sir! — I beg your Pardon — No, Sir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord Abbot, concerning the Translation, Sir, of human Bodies — a new Way of getting out of the World. There's a terrible Wise Man * has written a very smart Book of it.

Cha. Pray, Friend, what will that same Book teach a Man?

San. Teach you, Sir! why, to play a Trump upon Death, and shew yourself a Match for the Devil.

Cha. Strange!

San. Here, Sir, this is your Letter. [To *Ant.*

Cha. Pray, Sir, what sort of Life may your Master lead?

San. Life, Sir! no Prince fares like him; he breaks his Fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, sups with *Seneca*; then walks a Turn or two in

* Mr. *Asgil*.

8 *LOVE makes a MAN ; or,*

the milky Way, and after fix Hours Conference with the Stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here presently——Here, take the Knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, Sir?

Ant. And drink too, Sir,——and pray see your Master's Chamber ready. [Knocking again.]

Well, Sir! who's at the Gate?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Monsieur, Sir, from my young Master Clodio.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well, *Monsieur*, what says your Master? When will he be here?

Monf. Sire, he will be here in de less Time dan von Quarter of de Hour; he is not quite tirty Mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Monf. Sire, me come to provide de Pulvile, and de Essence for his Peruque, dat he may appoache to your Vorshipe vid de Reverence, and de belle Air.

Ant. What! is he unprovided then?

Monf. Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his Bottel d'Orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for *Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, Sir, if you'll go to the Butler, he'll——help you to some Oil for his Periwig.

Monf. Sire, me tank you. [Exit Monsieur.]

Cha. A very notable Spark this *Clodio*. Ha! what trampling of Horses is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young Masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, Sir, now! now observe their several Dispositions.

Enter

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Father ! Sir, your Blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, *Carlos* ; and now pray know this Gentleman ; *Charino*, Sir, my old Friend, and one in whom you may have a particular Interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his Love, Sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that Matter, you need not study at all. [They salute.

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey ! *La Valiere* ! bid the Groom take care our Hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd ; they're hot, and have out-strip the Wind.

Cha. Ay, marry Sir, there's Mettle in this young Fellow.

Clo. Where's my Father ?

Ant. Hah, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome ! let me kiss thee.

Clo. Sir,——you kiss pleasingly——I love to kiss a Man ; in *Paris* we kiss nothing else. Sir, being my Father's Friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant. [To Cha.

Cha. Sir, ——I—I—I like you. [Eagerly.

Clo. Thy Hand——kiss——I'm your Friend.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pretty-humour'd Fellow.

Clo. Who's that ? Pray, Sir, who's that ?

Ant. Your Brother, *Clody*.

Clo. Odso ! I beg his Pardon with all my Heart —— Ha, ha, ha, did ever Mortal see such a Book-Worm ?—— Brother, how is't ? [Carelessly.

Car. I'm glad you are well, Brother. [Reads.

Clo. What, does he draw his Book upon me ? then I will draw my Wit upon him —— Gad, I'll puzzle him ——Hark you, Brother, pray what's ——*Latin* for a Sword-knot ?

Car. The *Romans* wore none, Brother.

Clo. No Ornament upon their Swords, Sir ?

A 5

Car.

Car. O yes, several, Conquest, Peace, and Honour
— an old unfashionable Wear.

Clo. Sir, no Man in *France* (I may as well say breathing ; for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more fashionable Sword than I do ; he cost me fifteen Louis-d'or's in *Paris*— There, Sir, — feel him, — try him, Sir.

Car. I have no Skill, Sir.

Clo. No Skill, Sir ! Why, this Sword would make a Coward fight — aha ! fa, fa ! ha ! Rip — ha ! there I had him. [Fencing.

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my Cloaths, Brother.

Clo. Cut 'em ! ha, ha, — — — no, no, they are cut already, Brother, to the *Grammar-Rules* exactly : Psha, prithee Man leave off this College-Air.

Car. No, Brother, I think it wholesome, the Soil and Situation pleasant.

Clo. A Put, by *Jupiter* ! he don't know the Air of a Gentleman, from the Air of the Country : — Sir, I mean the Air of your Cloaths ; I would have you change your Taylor, and dress a little more *en Cavalier* : Lay by your Book, and take out your Snuff-box ; Cock, and look smart, hah !

Cha. Faith, a pretty Fellow !

Car. I read no use in this Brother ; and for my Cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seems to me superfluous : What need I outward Ornaments, when I can deck myself with Understanding ? Why should we care for any thing, but Knowledge ? Or look upon the Follies of Mankind, but to condemn or pity those that seek 'em ? [Reads again.

Clo. Stark mad ! Split me.

Cha. Psha, this Fellow will never do — — — he's as no Soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, Brother, what do you think of a pretty plump Wench now ?

Car. I seldom think that Way ; Women are Books I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I could set you a sweet Lesson, Brother.

Car. I am as well here, Sir.

[Reads.

Cha.

Cha. Good for no earthly Thing ; a Stock ; Ah, that *Clody* !

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Sire, here be de several sorte of de *Jassimine d'Orangerie* vidout, if you please to mak your choice.

Clod. Mum, Sir ! I must beg Pardon for a Moment ; a most important Business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with ail imaginable Celerity, and return to the Repetition of my Desire to continue, Sir, you most oblig'd and faithful humble Servant.

[*Exit Clody bowing.*]

Cha. Faith, he's a pretty Fellow.

Ant. Now, Sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the Matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little purpose, I am afraid : But use your Pleasure, Sir.

Car. *Plato* differs from *Socrates* in this. [*To himself.*]

Ant. Come, come, prithee *Charles*, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at Leisure. What, no Hour of Interruption ?

Car. Man's Life, Sir, being so short, and then the Way that leads us to the Knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each Minute should be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this World, *Charles*, you must part a little with this bookish Contemplation, and prepare yourself for Action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my Land's fit for the Plough ; what for Pasture ; to buy and sell my Stock to the best Advantage, and cure my Cattle when they are over-grown with Labour. This now wou'd turn to some Account.

Car. This, Sir, may be done from what I've read : For what concerns Tillage, who can better deliver it, than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks* ? And, for the Cure of Herds, his *Bucolicks* are a Master-piece ; but when his Art describes the Commonwealth of *Bees*, their Industry, their more than Human Knowledge of the Herbs

from which they gather Honey, their Laws, their Government among themselves, their Order in going forth, and coming laden home, their strict Obedience to their King, his just Rewards to such as labour, his Punishment inflicted only on the slothful Drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap indeed my Harvest, receive the Grain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-sticks*, and *Bees-wax!* What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, Sir, the Knowledge of this guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your musty Manuscripts, what Pleasure he enjoys that lies in the Arms of a young, rich, well-shap'd, healthy Bride? Answer me that, ha, Sir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious Women; the ancient *Spartan Dames*, the *Roman Ladies*, their Beauties, their Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming Truth and Virtue, with such a Feeling I peruse their Fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and tasted of their lawful envy'd Love: But when I meet a *Messalina*, tir'd and unsated in her foul Desires; a *Clytemnestra*, bath'd in her Husband's Blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her Chariot o'er her Father's breathless Body, Horror invades my Faculties; comparing then the numerous Guilty, with the easy Count of those that die in Innocence, I detest and loath 'em as Ignorance, or Atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then not to make Payment of the Debt you owe me?

Car. What Debt, good Sir?

Ant. Why, the Debt I paid my Father, when I got you, Sir, and made him a Grandfire; which I expect from you. I won't have my Name die.

Car. Nor would I; my labour'd Studies, Sir, may prove in Time a living Issue.

Ant. Very well, Sir; and so I shall have a general Col-

Collection of all the Quiddits from *Adam*'till this Time, to be my Grand-child!

Car. I'll take my best Care, Sir, that what I leave may'nt shame the Family.

Cba. A sad Fellow this! This is a very sad Fellow. [*Aside*]

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my Estate?

Car. But in my Wishes, Sir: For know the Wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long since borne her Pride too high to stoop to any Prey that soars not upwards; sordid and dunghill Minds, compos'd of Earth, fix in that gross Element their Happiness; but great and pure Spirits, shaking that Clog of Human Frailty off, become refin'd, and free as the Æthereal Air.

Ant. So in short you wou'd not marry an Empress!

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myself; the Closet that contains my chosen Books, to me's a glorious Court; my venerable Companions there, the old Sages and Philosophers, sometimes the greatest Kings and Heroes, whose Counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their Victories, if unjustly got, unto a strict Account, and in my Fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd Statues. Can I then part with solid constant Pleasures, to clasp uncertain Vanities? No, Sir, be it your Care to swell your Heap of Wealth, marry my Brother, and let him get you Bodies of your Name; I rather wou'd inform it with a Soul.—I tire you, Sir—your Pardon, and your Leave.—Lights there for my Study. [*Exit Carlos.*]

Ant. Was ever Man thus transported from the common Sense of his own Happiness? a stupid wise Rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my Hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my Name were at a period.

Cba. Ay, ay, he's the Match for my Money, and my Girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, Sir, shall we tell 'em a piece of our Mind, and turn 'em together instantly?

Ant. This Minute, Sir, and here comes my young Rogue in the very Nick of his Fortune.

Enter

Enter Clodio.

Ant. Clody, a Word!

Clo. To the Wife is enough: Your Pleasure, Sir?

Ant. In the mean time, Sir, if you please to send your Daughter notice of our intended Visit. [To Cha.

Cha. I'll do't—hark you Friend.

[Whispers a Servant,

Enter Sancho behind.

Sanc. I doubt my Master has found but rough Welcome! He's gone supperless into his Study; I'd fain know the Reason—— It may be some body has borrow'd one of his Books, or so—— I must find it out.

[Stands aside.

Clo. Sir, you could not have started any thing more agreeable to my Inclination; and for the young Lady's, Sir, if this old Gentleman will please to give me a Sight of her, you shall see me whip into hers, in the cutting of a Caper.

Cha. Well! pursue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, Sir, my Girl has Wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart Way, Sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of Courage; I fear no Woman alive, Sir, having always found, that Love and Assurance ought to be as inseparable Companions, as a Beau and a Snuff-Box, or a Curate and a Tobacco-stopper.

Cha. Faith thou art a pleasant Rogue; I'gad she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the Ladies, Sir—— In Paris I had constantly two Challenges every Morning came up with my Chocolate, only for being pleasant Company the Night before with the first Ladies of Quality.

Cha. Ah, silly envious Rogues! Prithee, what do you do to their Ladies?

Sanc. Positively, nothing.

*[Aside.
Clo.*

Clo. Why, the Truth is, I did make the Jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor Dogs the *Princes* cou'd not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really convers'd with the *Royal Family*?

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, Ay! ay! — You must know some of 'em came with me half a Day's Journey, to see me a little on my Way hither: But I gad I sent young *Louis* back again to *Marli* as drunk as a Tinker, by *Jove*! Ha! ha! ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next Morning.

Cha. Gad-a-mercy, Boy! Well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their Ladies too!

Sanc. Just alike, I dare answer for him. [*Aside.*

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge — let me see! there was, I and *Monfieur* — no! no! no! *Monfieur* did not sup with us — There was I and Prince *Grandmont*, Duke de *Bongrace*, Duke de *Bellegrade* — (*Bellegrade* — yes — yes, Jack was there!) Count de *l'Esprit*, *Mareschal Bombard*, and that pleasant Dog the Prince de *Hautenbas*. We fix now were all at Supper, all in good Humour, *Champaign* was the Word, and Wit flew about the Room, like a pack of losing Cards — Now, Sir, in *Madam's* adjacent Lodgings, there happen'd to be the self-same Number of Ladies, after the Fatigue of a Ballet, diverting themselves with *Ratiffa*, and the Spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk, tho' it were scandalously even of their best Friends: So, Sir, after a profound Silence at last one of 'em gap'd — O Gad! says she, would that pleasant Dog *Clody* were here to *Badiner* a little. — Hey, says a second, and stretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu*! says a third — and wak'd. — Cou'd not one find him, says a fourth? — and leer'd. — O! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty Rakes of the *Blood* again — in a Pet. — Did you so, says a sixth — *Pardie*! we'll spoil that Gang presently — in a Passion. Whereupon, Sir, in two Minutes, I receiv'd a Billet in four Words — *Chien Nous Vous Demandons* :
Sub-

16 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Subscrib'd, *Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, L'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.*

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the Princes you supp'd with.

Clo. Every Soul of 'em the individual Wife or Sister of every Man in the Company! split me! *Ha! ha!*

Cha. and *Ant.* *Ha! ha! ha!*

Sanc. Did ever two old Gudgeons swallow so greedily? *[Aside.*

Ant. Well! and didst thou make a Night on't, Boy?

Clo. Yes, I'gad, and Morning too, Sir; for about eight o'Clock the next Day, slap they all sous'd upon their Knees, kifs'd round, burnt their Commodes, drank my Health, broke their Glassses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy *Clody!* Nay, 'twas always a wild young Rogue!

Cha. I like him the better for't——he's a pleasant one, I'm sure.

Ant. Well, the Rogue gives him a rare Account of his Travels.

Clo. I'gad, Sir, I have a Cure for the Spleen; A ha! I know how to riggle myself into a Lady's Favour——give me Leave when you please, Sir.

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this Moment—Faith, I like him—You remember the Conditions, Sir; three parts of your Estate to him and his Heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a Trifle shall part 'em: You see *Charles* has given over the World; I'll undertake to buy his Birth Right for a Shelf of new Books.

Cha. Ay! ay! get you the Writings ready with your other Son's Hand to 'em; for unless he signs, the Conveyance is of no Validity.

Ant. I know it, Sir,—they shall be ready with his Hand in two Hours.

Cha. Why then come along, my Lad, and now I'll shew thee to my Daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, Sir,—*Allons!* Hey, *Sui-vons, L'Amour.* *[Sings.]* *[Exeunt.]*

Sanc. How! my poor Master to be disinherited, for
Mor-

Monfieur! Sa! fa! there; and I a Looker-on too! If we have study'd our *Majors* and our *Minors*, *Antecedents*, and *Consequents*, to be concluded Coxcombs at laſt, we have made a fair Hand on't; I am glad I know of this Roguery, however; I'll take care my Maſter's Uncle, old Don *Lewis*, ſhall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a Proclamation, yet he dotes upon his Learning; and if he be that old rough teſty Blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a Rubbers with 'em firſt—— Here he comes, *profecto*.

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lew. Sancho! Where's my Boy *Charles*? What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* A little Peep now——one Peep at him thro' the Key-hole—I muſt have a Peep.

Sanc. Have a care, Sir, he's upon a magical Point.

D. Lew. What, has he loſt any thing?

Sancho. Yes, Sir, he has loſt with a vengeance.

D. Lew. But what, what, what, what, Sirrah! What is't?

Sanc. Why, his Birth-Right, Sir, he is di—di—dis——diſinherited. [*Sobbing.*]

D. Lew. Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what doſt thou mean?

Sanc. His Brother, Sir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great Heireſs, to enjoy three Parts of his Father's Eſtate; and my Maſter is to have a whole Acre of new Books, for ſetting his Hand to the Conveyance.

D. Lew. This muſt be a Lye, Sirrah, I will have it a Lye.

Sanc. With all my Heart, Sir; but here comes my old Maſter, and the Pick-pocket the Lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, Sir, this Paper has your full Inſtructions: Pray be ſpeedy, Sir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be ſure you make it firm.

Law.

18 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Law. Do you secure his Hand, Sir, I defy the Law to give him his Title again. [Exit.

Sanc. What think you now, Sir?

D. Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd——this is right —— I'm pleas'd —— must cut that Lawyer's Throat tho'—— must bone him—— ay! I'll have him bon'd—— and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. Lew. O mighty well —— mighty well —— let's feel your Pulse —— Feverish.

[Looks earnestly in Antonio's Face, and after some Pause, whistles a Piece of a Tune.

Ant. You are merry, Brother.

D. Lew. It's a Lye.

Ant. How, Brother?

D. Lew. A damn'd Lye—I am not merry. [Smiling.

Ant. What are you then?

D. Lew. Very angry. [Laughing.

Ant. Hi! hi! hi! at what, Brother? [Mimicking him.

D. Lew. Why, at a very wise Settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What Settlement, good Brother: I find he has heard of it. [Aside.

D. Lew. What do you think I have done? —— I have —— this deep Head of mine has —— disinherited my elder Son, because his Understanding's an Honour to my Family; and given it all to my younger, because he's a Puppy! a Puppy.

Ant. Come, I guess at your Meaning, Brother.

D. Lew. Do you so, Sir? Why then I must tell you flat and plain, my Boy *Charles* must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless *Charles* had a Soul to value his Fortune: What! he should manage eight thousand Crowns a Year out of the *Metaphysics*! *Astronomy* should look to my Vineyards! *Horace* should buy off my Wines! *Tragedy* should kill my Mutton! *History* should cut down my Hay! *Homer* should get in my Corn! *Tityre tu Patule* look to my Sheep! and *Geometry* bring my Harvest home!

home!——Hark you, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

D. Lew. What if I don't, Sir, I believe it's a fine Thing, and that's enough—Tho' I can speak no *Greek*, I love and honour the Sound of it, and *Charles* speaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, Sir; and let me tell you, Sir, if you had ever the Grace to have heard but six Lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the *Greek* Poets, ods Heart! it would have made your Hair stand an end; Sir, he has read such Things in my Hearing——

Ant. But did you understand 'em, Brother?

D. Lew. I tell you, No. What does that signify? The very Sound's a sufficient Comfort to an honest Man.

Ant. Fy! fy! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

D. Lew. Should, Sir! Yes, and do, Sir: Sir, I'd have you to know, I have study'd, I have run over *History*, *Poetry*, *Philosophy*.

Ant. Yes, like a Cat over a *Harpsicord*, rare Musick—You have read Catalogues, I believe. Come, come, Brother, my younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

D. Lew. A sad Dog——I'll buy a prettier Fellow in a Pennyworth of Ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, Sir, say you your Pleasure——Here comes one I must talk with——Well, Brother, what News?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our Wishes, Sir; *Clody*'s a right Bait for a Girl, Sir; a budding sprightly Fellow: She's a little shy at first; but I gave him his Cue, and the Rogue does so whisk, and frisk, and sing, and dance her about; Odsbud! he plays like a Greyhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am your humble Servant: Come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some Part of your Estate upon young *Clody*?

D. Lew. *Clody*!

Cha. Ay, your Nephew, *Clody*.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

D. Lew.

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Cha. Ay, your Nephew, *Clody*.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

D. Lew.

20 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

D. Lew. Why, look you, I han't much Land to spare ; but I have an admirable Horse-Pond——I'll settle that upon him, if you will,

Ant. Come, let him have his Way, Sir, he's old and hasty ; my Estate's sufficient. How does your Daughter, Sir ?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, Sir, like a blushing Rose, she only waits for the pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to-morrow be the Day.

Cha. With all my Heart ; get you the Writings ready, my Girl shall be here in the Morning.

D. Lew. Hark you, Sir, do you suppose my *Charles* shall——

Cha. Sir, I suppose nothing ; what I'll do, I'll justify ; what your Brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, Sir, and so good-morrow to your Patience, Brother. [*Exeunt.*

D. Lew. Sancho !

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Fetch me some Gun-powder—quick—quick.

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some Gun-powder, I say, — a Barrel——quickly—and, d'ye hear, three Penny-worth of Ratsbane ! — Hey ! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

San. Come, Sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my Advice, (I don't want Wit at a Pinch, Sir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my Master enough with the Praises of the young Lady, to make him rival his Brother ; that would blow 'em up indeed, Sir.

D. Lew. Psha ! impossible, he never spoke six Words to any Woman in his Life, but his Bed-maker.

San. So much the better, Sir ; therefore, if he speaks at all, its the more likely to be out of the Road——Hark, he rings——I must wait upon him. [*Exit.*

D. Lew. These damn'd old Rogues !—I can't look my poor Boy in the Face : But come, *Charles*, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want Money to buy thee Books yet——That old Fool thy Father, and his young Puppy, shall not share a Groat of mine between 'em ! Nay to plague 'em, I could find in my Heart to fall sick in a Pet, give thee my Estate in a Passion, and leave the World in a Fury. [*Exit.*

A C T



ACT II.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant.  IR, he shall have what's fit for him.

Sanc. No Inheritance, Sir ?

Ant. Enough to give him Books, and a moderate Maintainance : That's as much as he cares for ; you talk like a Fool, a Coxcomb ; trouble him with Land——

Sanc. Must Master *Clodio* have all, Sir ?

Ant. All, all ; he knows how to use it ; he's a Man bred in this World ; t'other in the Skies, his Business is altogether above Stairs ; go, see what he wants.

Sanc. A Father, I am sure. *[Exit Sancho.]*

Ant. What, will none of my Rogues come near me now ? O ! here they are.

Enter several Servants.

Well, Sir, in the first Place, can you procure me a plentiful Dinner for about fifty, within two Hours ? Your young Master is to be marry'd this Morning ; will that spur you, Sir ?

Cook. Young Master, Sir ! I wish your Honour had given me a little more Warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had ; I was not sure of it Half an Hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey ! *Pedro !*
Gusman ! Come, stir, ho ! *[Exit Cook.]*

Ant. Butler, open the Cellar to all good Fellows ; if any Man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down ! Is the Musick come ?

But. They are within, at Breakfast, Sir.

Ant. That's well : Here, let this Room be clean'd.——You, Huffy, see the Bride-bed made ; take care no young Jade cuts the Cords asunder ; and look the Sheets be fine, and well-scented——and, d'ye hear,——lay on three Pillows !——away ! *[Exeunt. Carlos]*

Carlos alone in his Study.

Car. What a perpetual Noise these People make! my Head is broken with several Noises; and in every Corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with Reading; all my Faculties turn into Study: What a Misfortune 'tis in human Nature, that the Body will not live on that which feeds the Mind! — How unprofitable a Pleasure is eating! — *Sancho!*

Enter Sancho.

Sanc. Did you call, Sir?

Car. Prithee, what Noise is this?

Sanc. The Cooks are hard at Work, Sir, chopping Herbs, and mincing Meat, and breaking Marrow-bones.

Car. And is thus at every Dinner?

Sanc. No, Sir; but we have high Doings to-day.

Car. Well, set this Folio in its Place again; then make me a little Fire, and get a Manchet; I'll dine alone— Does my younger Brother speak any Greek yet, *Sancho*?

Sanc. No, Sir, but he spits *French* like a Magpye, and that's more in Fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it Utterance, it quarrels with my Tongue.—Again that Noise! Prithee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any Princes to dine here?

Sanc. Some there are as happy as Princes, Sir,—your Brother's marry'd to-day.

Car. What of that! might not six Dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

Sanc. Sir, all the Country round is invited; not a Dog that knows the House, but comes too: all open, Sir.

Car. Prithee, who is it my Brother marries?

Sanc. Old *Charino's* Daughter, Sir, the great Heiress; a delicate Creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a Cherry — and they say, modest too.

Car. That's strange; prithee how do these modest Women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own Mother; to me they ever were but Shadows, seen and unregarded.

Sanc. Ah! wou'd you saw this Lady, Sir, she'd draw you

you farther than your *Archimedes*; she has a better Secret than any's in *Aristotle*, if you study'd for it: I'gad you'd find her the prettiest natural Philosopher to play with!

Car. Is she so fine a Creature?

Sanc. Such Eyes! such Looks! such a Pair of pretty plump, pouting Lips! such Softness in her Voice! such Musick too! and when she smiles, such roguish Dimples in her Cheeks! such a clear Skin! white Neck, and a little lower, such a Pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——ah!

Car. Why, thou art in Love, *Sancho*.

Sanc. Ay! so would you be, if you saw her, Sir.

Car. I don't think so. What Settlement does my Father make 'em?

Sanc. Only all his dirty Land, Sir, and makes your Brother his sole Heir.

Car. Must I have nothing?

Sanc. Books in Abundance; Leave to study your Eyes out, Sir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a Title too.

Sanc. No matter for that, Sir, he'll have Possession — of the Lady too.

Car. I wish him happy——he'll not inherit my little Understanding too!

Sanc. O, Sir, he's more a Gentleman than to do that——Ods me! Sir, Sir, here comes the very Lady, the Bride, your Sister that must be, and her Father.

Enter Charino and Angelina.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, Sir.

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair! such Sweetness in her Look! such Modesty! if we may think the Eye the Window to the Heart, she has a thousand treasur'd Virtues there.

Sanc. So! the Book's gone. *[Aside.]*

Cha. Come, prithee put on a brisker Look; Odsheart, dost thou think in Conscience, that's fit for thy Wedding-Day?

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little Time for farther Thought perhaps had made it easier to me: To change for ever, is no Trifle, Sir.

Car.

24 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Car. A Wonder!

Cha. Look you, his Fortune I have taken care of, and his Person you have no Exceptions to. What, in the Name of *Venus*, would the Girl have?

Ang. I never said, of all the World I made him, Sir, my Choice: Nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your Commands and him, than Disobedience.

Cha. O! if that be all, Madam, to make you easy, my Commands are at your Service.

Ang. I have done with my Objections, Sir.

Car. Such Understanding, in so soft a Form! — Happy — Happy Brother! — may he be happy, while I sit down in Patience, and alone! — I have gaz'd too much — Reach me an *Ovid*. [*Exeunt Car. and San.*]

Cha. I say, put on your best Looks, Hussy — for here he comes, faith.

Enter Clodio.

Ah! my dear *Clody*.

Clo. My dear, [*Kisses him.*] dear Dad. Ha! *Ma Princeffa! estes vous la donc!* A ha! *Non, non. Je ne my connois Guerre, &c.* [*Sings*] Look, look, — look, o'Sly-boots; what, she knows nothing of the Matter! But you will, Child. — I'gad, I shall count the Clock extremely to-night: Let me see — what Time shall I rise to-morrow? — Not till after Nine, — Ten, — Eleven, for a Pistole. Ah — *C'est a dire votre cœur insensible est en fin vaincu. Non, non, &c.* [*Sings a second Verse.*]

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said, *Clody*; my noble Brother, welcome: my fair Daughter, I give you Joy.

Clo. And so will I too, Sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chansons, Dansons! Hey! L'autre Jour, &c.*

[*Sings and dances, &c.*]

Ant. Well said again, Boy. Sir, you and your Writings are welcome. What, my angry Brother! nay, you must have your Welcome too, or we shall make but a flat Feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome,

welcome, nor no-body's welcome, and you are all a Parcel of ———

Cha. What, Sir?

D. Lew. — Miserable Wretches ——— sad Dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty; but he'll dine, and be good Company for all this.

D. Lew. A strange Lye, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, poor Testy, ha, ha.

D. Lew. Don't laugh, my dear Rogue, prithee don't laugh now; faith, I shall break thy Head, if thou dost.

Clo. Gad so! why, then I find you are angry at me, dear Uncle?

D. Lew. Angry at thee, hey Puppy! — Why, what! — what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet Face of thine, that's worth my being out of Humour at? Blood and Fire, ye Dog, get out of my Sight, or ———

Ant. Nay, Brother, this is too far ———

D. Lew. Angry at him! a Son of a ——— Son's Son of a Whore!

Cha. Ha, ha, poor peevish ———

D. Lew. I'd fain have some body poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet Creature! Must this fair Flower be cropp'd to stick up in a Piece of rascally Earthen Ware? I must speak to her ——— Puppy, stand out of my Way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. Lew. [*To Angelina.*] Ah! — ah! — ah! Madam — I pity you; you're a lovely young Creature, and ought to have a handsome Man yok'd to you, one of Understanding too: — I am sorry to say it, but this Fellow's Skull's extremely thick — he can never get any thing upon that fair Body, but Muffs and Snuff-boxes; or, say, he should have a Thing shap'd like a Child, you can make nothing of it, but a Taylor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear Uncle.

D. Lew. Will no-body take that troublesome Dog out of my Sight — I can't stay where he is — I'll go see my poor Boy Charles ——— I've disturb'd you, Madam; your humble Servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the Bride's Health, Brother?

26 LOVE *makes a MAN*; or,

D. Lew. That Lady's Health I may; and, if she'll give me Leave, perhaps sit by her at Table too.

Clo. Ha, ha; bye Nuncle.

D. Lew. Puppy, good bye — [Exit D. Lewis.]

Ang. An odd-humour'd Gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, Child; I suppose in pure Spite, he'll make my Son *Charles* his Heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light Head, nor one laden with too much Learning, as my Father says this *Carlos* is; sure there's something hid in that Gentleman's Concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a Log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, Brother? the Priest stays for us; when *Carlos* has sign'd the Conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the Wedding, and so to Dinner.

Cha. With all my Heart, Sir.

Clo. Allons! *ma chere Princeesse*. [Exeunt.]

Carlos in his Study, with Don Lewis, and Sancho.

D. Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then—I must study, Sir, to bear my Fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater Feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell upon your Head; and won't the Ruin of your Fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my Books too?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a Book, a fine one too, call'd *The Gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters*: Such a Creature! a Beauty in Folio! would thou hadst her in thy Study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new-clasp her.

San. He has seen her, Sir.

D. Lew. Well, and — and —

San. He hung awa his Book, Sir.

D. Lew. Did he faith? would he had hung away his Humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my Brother then have all?

D. Lew. All, all.

San. All that your Father has, Sir.

Car.

Car. And that fair Creature too ?

San. Ay, Sir.

D. Lew. Hey !

Car. He has enough, then. [Sighing.]

D. Lew. He have her, *Charles* ! why wou'd, wou'd, that is — hey !

Car. May I not see her, sometimes, and call her Sister ? I'll do her no Wrong.

D. Lew. I can't bear this ! 'Sheart, I could cry for Madnes ! Flesh and Fire ! do but speak to her, Man.

Car. I cannot, Sir, her Look requires something of that distant Awe, Words of that soft Respect, and yet such Force and Meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her Joy. — O were I born to give it too !

D. Lew. Why, thou shalt wish her Joy, Boy ; Faith she is a good-humour'd Creature, she'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think so, Uncle ?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, Sir. — Stay, Uncle — will she not think me rude ? I would not for the World offend her.

D. Lew. Fend a Fiddle-stick — let me alone — I'll — I'll

Car. Nay, but, Sir ! dear Uncle !

D. Lew. A hum ! a hum ! [Exit D. Lewis.]

Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a Writing.

Ant. Where's my Son ?

San. There, Sir, casting a Figure what chopping Children his Brother shall have, and where he shall find a new Father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a Stick for you, Rogue, I shall. *Charles*, how dost thou do ? Come hither, Boy.

Car. Your Pleasure, Sir ?

Ant. Nay, no great Matter, Child, only to put your Name here a little, to this bit of Parchment ; I think you write a reasonable good Hand, *Charles*.

Car. Pray, Sir, to what Use may it be ?

Ant. Only to pass your Title in the Land I have, to your Brother *Clodio*.

Car. Is it no more, Sir ?

28 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Law. That's all, Sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what Books you please, and your Means shall come in without your Care, and you shall always have a Servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good Company below; it being, Sir, so frank a Gift, 'twill be some small Compliment to have done it before the Lady too: There I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my Brother Fortune.

Ant. With all my Heart, Child; it's the same thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, Sir, if I make no great Stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a Mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

San. Now has he undone himself for ever; Odsheart, I'll down into the Cellar, and be stark drunk for Anger.

[*Exit.*]

The Scene changes to a Dining-Room; a large Table spread.

Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.

Law. Come, let him bring his Son's Hand, and all's done: Are you ready, Sir!

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in Truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I'gad, I warrant you, the Priest and I cou'd both fall to without saying Grace — Ha! you little Rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no Fault, Sir; better Things were well done, than done too hastily — Sir, you look melancholy. [*To D. Lewis.*]

D. Lew. Sweet swelling Blossom! Ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would stick thee in the Bosom of a pretty young Fellow — Ah! thou hast mis'd a Man (but that he is so bewitch'd to his Study, and knows no other Mistress than his Mind) so far above this feather-headed Puppy —

Ang.

Ang. Can he talk, Sir?

D. Lew. Like an Angel—to himself—the Devil a Word to a Woman: His Language is all upon the high Business: To Heaven, and heavenly Wonders, to Nature, and her dark and secret Causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, Sir?

D. Lew. To Admiration! such Curiosities! but he can't look a Woman in the Face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little Conversation, methinks —

D. Lew. Why, so I think too; but the Boy's bewitch'd, and the Devil can't bring him to't: Shall I try if I can get him to wish you Joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his Sister, Sir.

Clo. Look, look, old Testy will fall in Love by and by; he's hard at it, split me.

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my Father comes! Now, Priest! Hey! my Brother too! that's a Wonder! broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Enter Antonio and Carlos.

D. Lew. Odso! here he is! that's he! a little inclining to the lean, or so, but his Understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Charles*, 'twere your Desire to see my fair Daughter and the good Company, and to seal before 'em all, and give your Brother Joy.

Cha. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the Lady, Sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your Sister, *Charles*.

Car. Forbid it, Love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our Family?

Ant. No doubt on't, Sir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for so unmerited a Grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, *Charles*.

D. Lew. Now, my Boy! give her a gentle Twist by the Fingers! lay your Lips softly, softly, close and plum to her.

[*Apart to Carlos.*

Car. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Lady—[*Salutes Angelina.*] Dissolving Softness! O the drowning Joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such Nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateless Draughts of ever-springing Beauty. — But you, fair Creature, share by far the higher Joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole Delight of Love lies only in the Power to give.

Ang. How near his Thoughts agree with mine! This the mere Scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*] — I find, Sir, you have experienc'd Love, you seem acquainted with the Passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale Glimpse in Theory, but never saw th' enlivening Light before.

Ang. Ha! before! [*Aside.*]

Ant. Well, these are very fine Compliments, *Charles*; but you say nothing to your Brother yet.

Car. O yes, and with him, Sir, with any other Beauty, (if possible) more lasting Joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clod. Ha! — what do you say, Brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand clear, I do — and that sweet Creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear. [*Aside.*]

Ant. Come, come, to the Writing, *Charles*; prithee leave thy studying, Man.

Car. I leave my Life first; I study now to be a Man; before, *what Man was*, was but my *Argument*; — I am now on the *Proof*! I find, I feel myself a Man — nay, I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it! he has it! my Boy's in for't.

Clod. Come, come, will you —

D. Lew. Stand out of the Way, Puppy.

[*Interposing with his Back to Clody.*]

Car. Whence is it, Fair, that while I offer Speech to you, my Thoughts want Words, my Words their free and honest Utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your Touch, and fear your Frown, as would a frightened Child
the

the dreadful Lightning ? Yet should my dearest Friend or Brother dare to check my vain deluded Wishes, O ! I should turn, and tear him like an offended Lion — Is this, can it, must it be in a Sister's Power ?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign, Brother ?

D. Lew. Time enough, Puppy.

Car. O ! if you knew with what precipitated Haste you hurry on a Deed that makes you bless'd, or miserable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to Happiness, you'd find no Danger in a Moment's Pause.

Clo. I say, will you sign, Brother ?

Car. Away, I have no Time for Trifles ! Room for an elder Brother.

D. Lew. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the Way now ?

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, *Charles !* come, come, your Hand, Man.

Car. Your Pardon, Sir, I cannot seal yet ; had you only shew'd me Land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your Pleasure : 'Tis Care, 'tis Dirt, and Trouble : But you have open'd to me such a Treasure, such unimagi'd Mines of solid Joy, that I perceive my Temper stubborn now, ev'n to a churlish Avarice of Love — Heaven direct my Fortune.

Ant. And so you won't part with your Title, Sir ?

Car. Sooner with my Soul of Reason, be a Plant, a Beast, a Fish, a Fly, and only make the Number of Things up, than yield one Foot of Land — if she be ty'd to't.

Cba. I don't like this ; he talks oddly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a Bravery of Soul might warm the coldest Heart.

Clo. Pshaw, Pox, prithee, Brother, you had better think of those things in your Study, Man !

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis Time, young Brother : Turn o'er the tedious Volumes I have read ; think, and digest them well ! the wholesomest Food for green consumptive Minds ; wear out whole fasted Days, and by the pale weak Lamp, pore away the freezing Nights ; rather make dim thy Sight, than leave thy Mind in

32 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Doubt and Darknes : Confine thy uselefs Travels to thy Closet, traverse the wise and civil Lives of good and great Men dead ; compare 'em with the Living : Tell me why *Cæsar* perish'd by the Hand that lov'd him most ? and why his Enemies deplor'd him ? Distil the Sweetness from the Poet's Spring, and learn to soften thy Desires ; nor dare to dream of Marriage-Vows, 'till thou hast taught thy Soul, like mine, to love — Is it for thee to wear a Jewel of this inestimable Worth ?

D. *Lew.* Ah ! *Charles* ! [*Kisses him.*] What say you to the Scholar now, Chicken ?

Ang. A Wonder ! — Is this Gentleman your Brother, Sir ? [*To Clody.*]

Clod. Hey ! no, my — Madam, not quite — that is, he is a little a-kin by the — Pox on him, would he were bury'd — I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, ha ?

Car. Neither — I should not blindly say I will not seal — Let me intreat a Moment's Pause — for, even yet, perhaps, I may. [*Sighing.*]

Ang. Forbid it, Fortune !

Ant. O, may you so, Sir !

Clod. Ay ! Sir, hey ! What, you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart !

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little Time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair Creature, I have done you Wrong, whose plighted Love and Hope went Hand in Hand together ; but I conjure you, think my Life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an Act as parting 'em : What ! to lay waste at once for ever, all the gay Blossoms of your forward Fortune, the promis'd Wishes of your young Desire, your fruitful Beauty, and your springing Joy ; your thriving Softness, and your cluster'd Kisses, growing on the Lips of Love, devour'd with an unthirsty Infant's Appetite ! O forbid it, Love ! forbid it, Nature and Humanity ! I have no Land, no Fortune, Life, or Being, while your Necessity of Peace requires 'em : Say ! or give me Need to think your smallest Hope depends on

on my objected Ruin ; my Ruin is my Safety there ; my Fortune, or my Life resign'd with Joy, so your Account of happy Hours were thence but rais'd to any added Number.

Cha. Why ay ! there's some Civility in this.

Clo. The Fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare Compliance to a Father's Will, you now but suffer Marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted Bond, impos'd on the Simplicity of your Youth, and dare confess you wish some honest Friend would save, or free you from its hard Conditions ; I then again have Land, have Life, and Resolution, waiting still upon your happier Fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha ! pert enough, that ! P'gad ! I long to see what this will come to !

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is marry'd presently, the Dinner will be spoil'd, and then——no body will be able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I say, let's remove the Lady.

Cha. Force her from him !

Car. 'Tis too late ! I have a Figure here ! Sooner shall Bodies leave their Shade ; as well you might attempt to shut old Time into a Den, and from his downy Wings wash the swift Hours away, or steal Eternity to stop his Glass ; so fix'd, so rooted here, is every growing Thought of her.

Clo. Gads me ; what, now it's troublesome again, is it ?

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very Crisis of our Fate : You cannot have it sure, to ask if Honour be the Parent of my Love : If you can love for Love, and think your Heart rewarded there, like two young Vines we'll curl together, circling our Souls in never-ending Joy ; we'll spring together, and we'll bear one Fruit ; one Joy shall make us smile, one Sorrow mourn ; one Age go with us, one Hour of Death shall close our Eyes, and one cold Grave shall hold us happy——Say but you hate me not ! O speak ! Give but the sweetest Breath to that transporting Thought !

Ang. Need I then speak ; to say, I am far from hating you.

you — I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer——

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that Marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How shall my Soul requite this Goodness?

Cha. Beyond Patience! This is downright Insolence! Roguery! Rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clod. Ay, ay! part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Doll! dum! dum!——

[Sings and draws in their Defence.

Cha. Call an Officer, I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take Protection here.

[Goes to Carlos.

Car. O Extasy of Heart! transporting Joy!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorrol! Loll! [Sings, and dances.

Cha. A Plot! a Plot against my Honour! Murder! Treason! Gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Sir, you shall have Satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the Lady.

Car. Never, while I have Sense of Being, Life, or Motion.

Clod. You won't! Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this Business? Allons! the Lady, Sir!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorrol! Loll!

[Presenting his Point to Clodio.

Cha. I'll have his Blood!

Car. Hold, Uncle! Come Brother! sheath your Anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would intreat a Blessing here.

Ant. Out of my Doors, thou art no Son of mine.

[Exit Ant.

Car. I am sorry I have lost a Father, Sir——For you, Brother, since once you had a seeming Hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my Birth-right.

Clod. No Halves! no Halves, Sir! the whole Lady!

Car. Why, then the Whole, if you can like the Terms.

Clod.

Cl. What Terms? What Terms? Come, quick, quick.

Car. The first is this ——— [*Snatches Don Lewis's Sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my Soul, unless my Body fail, my Mind shall never yield thee up a Thought in Love.

D. Lew. Gramercy, *Charles!* To him, Boy! I'gad, this Love has made a Man of him.

Car. This is the first good Sword I ever pois'd in Anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your Insolence! ——— I feel the Fire of ten strong Spirits in me: Wer't thou a native Fencer, in so fair a Cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst Defiance.

Cl. Look you, Brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first Thrust; but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this Business.

Car. Away, Trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a Coward too.

Cl. Coward! why then, really, Sir, if you please, Midriff's the Word, Brother; you are a Son of a Whore—*Allons!* [*They fight, and Clodio is disarm'd.*]

Cha. His Blood! I say his Blood! I'll have it, by all the Scars and Wounds of Honour in my Family. [*Exit.*]

Car. There, Sir, take your Life—— and mend it—— be gone without Reply.

Ang. Are you wounded, Sir?

Car. Only in my Fears for you: How shall we bestow us, Uncle?

D. Lew. Positively, we are not safe here, this Lady being an Heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good Angels guard us. [*Exeunt with Ang.*]

Cl. Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my Life—— never in my Life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Monsf. Sire, here be de Trompete, de Haute-Boy, de Musique, de Maitre Danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to 'ave de Masque begin.

Cl. Hey! what does this Puppy say now?

Monsf.

36 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Monf. Sire, de Musique.

Clo. Why ay — that's true — but tell 'em —
Plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

Monf. Sire, dare is all Tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why then, tell 'em that my Brother's wife again, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I shan't be marry'd till next Time: But I have fought with him, and he has disarm'd me; and so he won't release the Land, nor give me my Mistress again; and I — I am undone, that's all. [Exit.

Enter Charino, Antonio, Officers, and Servants.

Cha. Officer, do your Duty: I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this Minute before a — How now! what, all fled?

Cha. Ha! my Girl! my Child! my Heirefs! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am ravish'd! murder'd! and flung in a Ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which Way went they, Villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no Order to stop them; but they went out at that Door, not fix Minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue them with Bills, Warrants, Actions, Writs, and Malice: I'm a Lawyer, Sir; they shall find I understand Ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, Sir; run you to the Port, Sirrah, see if any Ships are going off, and bring us Notice immediately.

Enter Sancho drunk.

Sanc. Ban, ban, Cac-caliban! [Sings.

Ant. Here comes a Rogue, I'll warrant, knows the Bottom of all! Where's my Son, Villain?

Sanc. Son, Sir!

Cha. Where's my Daughter, Sirrah?

Sanc. Daughter, Sir!

Cha. Ay, my Daughter, Rascal!

Sanc. Why, Sir, they told me, just now, Sir — that she's — she's run away.

Ant.

Ant. Dog, where's your Master?

Sanc. My Master! why, they say he is ——

Ant. Where, Sirrah?

Sanc. Why, he is —— he is —— gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you Dog, discover him, or ——

Sanc. Sir, I will —— I will.

Ant. Where is he, Villain?

Sanc. Where, Sir? Why, to be sure he is —— he is —— upon my Soul, I don't know, Sir.

Ant. No more trifling, Rascal.

Sanc. If I do, Sir, I wish this may be my Poison.

[Drinks.]

Ant. Death! you Dog, get out of my House, or I'll —— So Sir, have you found him?

Re-enter the Servant hastily, and Clodio.

Clo. Ay, Sir, have you found 'em?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I had Sight of 'em; but they were just got on board a small Vessel, before I could overtake 'em.

Cha. Death and Furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, Sirrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that; but they were full before the Wind, with a very smart Gale.

Ant. What shall we do, Brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they, Sir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

Cha. Send to the Port this Moment, and secure a Ship; I'll pursue 'em thro' all the Elements.

Clo. I'll follow you, by the Northern Star.

Ant. Run to the Port again, Rogue; hire a Ship, and tell 'em they must hoist Sail immediately.

Clo. And you Rogue, run to my Chamber, fill up my Snuff-box —— Cram it hard, you Dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, Boy?

Clo. Nothing, Sir, but Snuff and Opportunity —— we're in haste. *Allons! hey! Je vole.*

A C T



A C T III.

The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, Don Duart, and Governor.

Elv. ~~EAR~~ ~~Brother~~, let me intreat you,
~~D~~ stay; why will you provoke your
~~Danger~~ ?

~~D. Du.~~ Madam, my Honour must be
 satisfied.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading Blow
 you gave him.

Gov. Pray, Niece, what is it has incens'd him ?

Elv. Nothing but a needless Quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him — To whom is all this
 Fury, Nephew ?

D. Du. To you, Sir, or any Man that dares oppose
 me.

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, Sir; and this
 vain Opinion of your Courage, taken on your late Suc-
 cess in Duelling, makes you daily thunn'd by Men of
 civil Conversation : For Shame, leave off these senseless
 Brawls ; if you are valiant, as you would be thought,
 turn out your Courage to the Wars ; let your King and
 Country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes, so I might be General — — Sir, no
 Man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will :
 I'm every Hour follow'd with Complaints of your Be-
 haviour from Men of almost all Conditions ; and my
 Authority, which you presume will bear you out, be-
 cause you are my Nephew, no longer shall protect you
 now : Expect your next Disorder to be punish'd with as
 much Severity, as his that is a Stranger to my Blood.

D. Du.

D. Du. Punish me ! You, nor your Office, dare not do't.

Gov. Away ! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal Temper must be cast off : When you can master that, you shall gladly command my Fortune. But if you still persist, expect my Prayers, and Vows for your Conversion only ; but never Means, or Favour.

D. Du. Fire ! and Furies ! I'm tutor'd here like a mere School-boy ! Women shall judge of Injuries in Honour ! ——— For you, Sir ——— I was born free, and will not curb my Spirit, nor is it for your Authority to tempt it : Give me the Usage of a Man of Honour, or 'tis not your Government shall protect you. [*Exit.*]

Gov. I am sorry to see this, Niece, for your sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my Brother.

Enter Don Manuel, and Sailors, with Angelina.

D. Man. Divide the Spoil amongst you : This fair Captive I only challenge for myself.

Gov. Ha ! some Prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, she's yours ; you fought, and well deserve her.

Gov. Noble Don Manuel ! welcome on Shore ! I see you are fortunate ; for I presume that's some uncommon Prize.

D. Man. She is indeed ——— These ten Years I have known the Seas, and many rough Engagements there ; but never saw so small a Bark so long defended, with such incredible Valour, and by two Men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't possible !

D. Man. Nay, and their Contempt of Death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their Freedom.

Gov. Pray, tell us, Sir.

D. Man. When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the Bread of Bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their Swords, (the younger taking first

first from this fair Maid a Farewel only with his Eyes)
both leapt into the Sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D. Man. It wrought so much upon me, had not our
own Safety hinder'd, (at that Time a great Ship pur-
suing us) I wou'd in Charity have ta'en 'em up, and
with their Lives they should have had their Liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas ! they're lost ! (Heart-wounding
Thought !) for ever lost ! — I now am friendless,
miserable, and a Slave.

D. Man. Take Comfort, Fair One, perhaps you yet
again may see 'em : They were not quite a League
from Shore, and with such Strength and Courage broke
through the rolling Waves, they cou'd not fail of Life
and Safety.

Ang. In that last Hope, I brook a wretched Being :
But if they're dead, my Woes will find so many Doors
to let out Life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Elv. Alas ! poor Lady ! Come, Sir, Misery but weeps
the more, when she is gaz'd on — we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you : Your Servant, Sir — —

[Exeunt Elv. and Gov.]

D. Man. Now, my fair Captive, tho' I confess you
beautiful, yet give me Leave to own my Heart has long
been in another's keeping ; therefore the Favour I am
about to ask, you may at least hear with Safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, Sir, to hear.

D. Man. These three Years have I honourably lov'd
a noble Lady, her Name *Louisa*, the beauteous Niece of
great *Ferrara's* Duke : Her Person and Fortune uncon-
trol'd, sole Mistress of herself and me, who long have
languish'd in an hopeless Constancy. Now I perceive,
in all your Language, and your Looks, a soft'ning Power,
nor can a Suit by you promoted be deny'd : Therefore
I wou'd awhile intreat your Leave to recommend you,
as her Companion, to this Lady's Favour : And (as I
am sure you'll soon be near her closest Thoughts) if
you can think upon the honest Courtesies I hitherto have
shewn your Modesty, and in your happy Talk, but
name with any Mark of Favour me, or my unwear'd

Love,

Love, 'twould be a generous Act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its Memory.

Ang. Such poor Assistance, Sir, as one distress'd like me, can give, shall willingly be paid : If I can steal but any Thoughts from my own Misfortunes, rest assur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. Man. I'll study to deserve this Goodness ; for the present, think my poor House your own ; at Night I'll wait on you to the Lady, 'till when I am your Guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your Service —

[*Exeunt D. Manuel and Angelina.*]

The SCENE changes to a Church, the Vespers suppos'd to be just ended, several walking out. Carlos and Don Lewis rising near Louisa and Honoria. Louisa observing Carlos.

Hon. Come, Madam, shall we walk out ? The Croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy Softness in his Look !
[*To herself.*]

Hon. Cousin ! *Donna Louisa !*

Lou. Ev'n in his Devotions too, such graceful Adoration — so sweet a —

Hon. Cousin, will you go ?

Lou. Pshaw, time enough — — — Prithee let's walk a little this Way.

Hon. What's the Matter with her ?

[*They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.*]

Car. To what are we reserv'd !

D. Lew. For no Good, I am afraid — — — My ill Luck don't use to give over, when her Hand's in ; she's always in haste — — — One Misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the Back of another — — — Drowning we have escap'd miraculously ; wou'd the Fear of Hanging were over too ; our being so strangely sav'd from one, smells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Charles*, for what Life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set Foot upon my Estate again : Faith, I was just gone ; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy

thy Back the last hundred Yards, by this Time I had been Food for Herrings and Mackrel——But it's pretty well as it is ; for there is not much Difference between Starving and Drowning——All in good Time——We are poor enough in Conscience, and I don't know, but two Days more Fasting, might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are Strangers then, and seem in some Necessity. [*Aside.*

Car. These are light Wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina's* Loss ; when I reflect on her Distress, the Hardships and the Cries of helpless Bondage; the insolent, the deaf Desires of Men in Power ; O ! I cou'd wish the Fate that sav'd us from the Ocean's Fury, in kinder Pity of our Love's Distress, had bury'd us in one Wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks ! This were indeed a Lover ! [*Aside.*

D. Lew. A most unhappy Loss indeed ! but come, don't despair, Boy ; the Ship that took us was a *Portuguese*, of *Lisbon* too, I believe ; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet ?

Car. In that poor Hope I live——O thou dread Power ! stupendous Author of universal Being, and of thy wondrous Works, that Virgin Wife, the Master-piece, look down upon her ; let the bright Virtues of her untainted Mind, sue for, and protect her : O let her Youth, her spotless Innocence, to which all Passages in Heaven stand open, appear before thy Throne distress'd, and meet some Miracle to save her.

Lou. Who would not die, to be so pray'd for ? [*Aside.*

D. Lew. Faith, *Charles*, thou hast pray'd heartily, I'll say that for thee ; so that if any good Fortune will pay us a Visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon as she pleases, Come, don't be melancholy.

Car. Have I not Cause ? Were not my force of Faith superior to my hopeless Reason, I could not bear the Insults of my Fortune ; but I have rais'd myself, by elevated Faith, as far above Despair, as Reason lifts me from the Brute.

D. Lew.

D. Lew. Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young Man talk so finely, when he is almost famish'd ?

Lou. What were you saying, Cousin ?

Hon. I wou'd have said, Madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddest Thought: let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aside.*] *Jaques!* [*Whispers.*] What was't you ask'd me, Cousin ?

Hon. The Reason of your Aversion to Don Manuel ? you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his Love.

Hon. But why, pray ? You know 'tis honourable, and so is his Family ; nor is his Fortune less : I should think, the more desirable, because his Courage and his Conduct on the Seas have rais'd it ; nay, with all this, he's extremely modest too.

Lou. Therefore, I might hate him.

Hon. For his Modesty ?

Lou. Is any thing so sleepy, so flat, and insupportable, as a modest Lover ?

Hon. Wou'd you bear Impudence in a Lover ?

Lou. I don't know ; it's more tolerable in the Man, than the Woman ; and there must be Impudence on the one Side, before they can both come to a right Understanding.

Hon. Why, what will you have him do ?

Lou. That's a very home Question, Cousin ; but, if I lik'd him, I could tell you.

Hon. Suppose you did like him ?

Lou. Then I would not tell you.

Hon. Why ?

Lou. 'Cause I should have more Discretion.

Hon. Bless me ! sure you would not do any thing you would be asham'd to tell ?

Lou. That's true ; but if one shou'd, you know, 'twou'd be silly to tell. No Woman would be fond of Shame, sure.

Hon. But there's no avoiding it in a shameful Action.

Lou. Don't be so positive.

Hon.

44 LOVE makes a MAN ; or,

Hon. All your Friends would shun you, point at you.

Lou. And yet you see there's a World of Friendship and good Breeding among all the Women of Quality.

Hon. Suppose there be ?

Lou. Why then, I suppose, that a great many of them are mightily hurry'd in the Care of their Reputation.

Hon. So you conclude, that a Woman doing an ill Thing, does herself no Harm, while her Reputation's safe.

Lou. It does not do her so much Harm ; and, of two Evils, I'm always for chusing the least.

Hon. What need you chuse either ?

Lou. Because I have a vast Fortune in my own Hands, and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

Hon. Why won't you marry then ?

Lou. Because then I must only do as my Husband has a mind to ; and I hate to be govern'd : On my Soul, I would not marry, to be an *English* Wife ; not but the dear Jolting of a Hackney Coach, and an easy Husband, are strange Temptations ; but from the cold Comfort of a fine Coach with Springs, and a dull Husband with none, good Lord deliver me : But then, the Insolence of ours is insupportable, because the nasty Law gives 'em a Power over us, which Nature never design'd 'em. For my part, I had rather be in Love all Days of my Life, than marry.

Hon. That is, you had rather bear the Disease, than have the Cure.

Lou. Marriage is indeed a Cure for Love ; but Love's a Disease I wou'd never be cur'd of ; therefore, no more Physick, dear Cousin ; no more Husbands — I hate your bitter Draughts — Not but I'm afraid I am a little Feverish — You'll think me mad.

Hon. What's the Matter ?

Lou. Did you observe those Strangers that have walk'd by us.

Hon. Not much ; but what of them ?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their Talk ?

Hon. I think I did ; one of 'em, the younger, seem'd concern'd for a lost Mistress.

Lou.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, his Looks, as well as Words, speaking an inward Grief, that could not flow from every common Passion: I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. ——— Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are Strangers, I believe in some necessity; and since they seem not born to beg Relief, to offer it unask'd, would add some Merit to the Charity.

Hot. Consider.

Lou. I hate it ——— Sir ——— Sir ———

D. Lew. Would you speak with me, Madam?

Lou. If you please, with your Friend ——— not to interrupt you, Sir.

Car. Your Pleasure, Lady?

Lou. You seem a Stranger, Sir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in Want: Pardon my Freedom ——— if I have err'd, as freely tell me so; if not, as Earnest of your better Fortune, this Trifle sues for your Acceptance.

D. Lew. Take it, Boy.

Car. A Bounty so unmerited, and from an Hand unknown, fills me with Surprise and Wonder: But give me Leave, in Honesty, to warn you, Lady, of a too heedless Purchase; for if you mean it as the Bribe to any Evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. How affably he talks! how chaste! how innocent his Thoughts! he must be won! ——— [*Aside.*] ——— You are too scrupulous; I have no hard Designs upon your Honesty ——— only this ——— Be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observ'd, farewell. *Jaques!* ——— Will you walk, Cousin? ——— [*Whispers Jaques.*] ——— and bring me Word immediately ——— I am going Home. [*Exe. Lou. and Hon.*]

D. Lew. Let's see, Oddheart! follow her, Man ——— why, 'tis all Gold!

Car.

46 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Car. Dispose it as you please.

D. Lew. I'll first have a better Title to't.—No, 'tis all thine, Boy—I hold an hundred Pistoles she's some great Fortune in Love with you—I say, follow her—since you have lost one Wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has dispossefs'd her of my Person; but her firm Title to my Heart, not all the subtle Arts or Laws of Love can shake or violate.

D. Lew. Prithee follow her now! methinks I'd fain see thee in Bed with some body before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in Thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, Sir, with mine, in Search of *Angelina's* Fortune.

D. Lew. Well, dear *Charles*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE the Street. Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. You heard what the Sailor said, Brother, such a Ship has put in here, and such Persons were taken in it. Therefore my Advice is, immediately to get a Warrant from the Government to search and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be chous'd of my Daughter; I shall expect her, Sir; if not, I'll take my Course; I know the Law. [Walks about.

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark Wit, Brother; but if you know any Course better than a Warrant to search for her, in the Name of Wisdom, take it; if not, here's my Oath, and yours, and—how now, where's *Clody*,?—oh, here he comes—

Enter Clodio, searching his Pockets.

How now! What's the Matter, Boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the Matter?

[Louder.

Clo. The best Joint in Christendom.

Ant. *Clody*!

Clo.

Clo. Sir, I have lost my Snuff-box.

Ant. Pshaw, a Trifle; get thee another, Man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had — besides, I dare not shew my Face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her Grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second Thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have search'd all my Pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris* — I'll go to *Paris*, split me. [*Afide.*

Cha. To *Paris*! Why you don't suppose my Daughter's there, Sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, Sir: but I am sure they make the best Joints in *Europe* there.

Cha. Joints! — my Son-in-law that shou'd have been, seems strangely alter'd for the worse. But come, let's to the Governor.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd, Faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky Thought; I'll offer thirty Pistoles to the Finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure Compliment to the Favours of *Madam la Duchesse de* — *Mum.* I'll do't, Faith.

Ant. Come along, *Clody.* [*Exe. Ant. and Charino.*

Clo. Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you presently; my poor pretty Box! Ah, Plague o' my Sea-Voyage.

Enter a Servant hastily with a Flambeau.

Serv. By your Leave, Sir, my Master's coming; pray, Sir, clear the Way.

Clo. Ha! why thou art pert, my Love; prithee, who is thy Master, Child!

Serv. The valiant *Don Duart*, Sir; Nephew to the Governor of *Lisbon.*

Clo. Well, Child, and what? does he eat every Man he meets?

Serv. No, Sir, but he challenges every Man that takes the Wall of him, and always sends me before, to clear the Way.

Clo.

48 LOVE makes a MAN; or;

Clo. Ha ! a pretty harmless Humour that ? Is this he, Child ?—You may look as terrible as you please, I must banter you, split me, [*Aside.*

Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.

D. Du. Do you know me, Sir ?

Clo. Hey ! ho ! [*Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.*

D. Du. Do you know me, Sir ?

Clo. You did not see my Snuff-box, Sir, did you ?

D. Du. Sir, in *Lisbon* no Man asks me a Question cover'd. [*Strikes off Clod.'s Hat.*] Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, Sir.—Hi ! hi ! I like you mightily—you are not a Bully, Sir ?

D. Du. You are saucy, Friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a Way I have, after I'm affronted—Thou art really the most extraordinary—umph—that ever I met with ! Now, Sir, do you know me, split me ?

D. Du. Know thee ! take that, Peasant !

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*]

Clo. I can't, upon my Soul, Sir ; *Allons !* now we shall come to a right Understanding. [*They fight.*]

Serv. Help ! Murder ! help !

Clo. *Allons !* to our better Acquaintance, Sir ; A, hah ! [*D. Du. falls.*] he has it ! Never push'd better in my Life, never in my Life, split me.

Serv. O ! my Master's kill'd ! help ho ! Murder ! help !

Clo. Hey ! why Faith, Child, that's very true as thou say'st, and so the Devil take the Hindmost.

[*Exit Clodio.*]

Enter Officers.

1st Off. How now ! Who's that cries Murder ?

Serv. O, my Master's murder'd ; some of you follow me, this Way he took ! let's after him—help ! Murder ! help ! [*Exit.*]

2d Off. 'Tis Don Duart.

1st Off. So, Pride has got a Fall ; he has paid for't now ;

now ; you have met with your Match, Faith, Sir. Come, let's carry the Body to the good Lady his Sister *Donna Elvira* ; you pursue the Murderer, I'll warrant him some civil Gentleman ; ye need not make too much Haste, for if he does 'scape, 'tis no great Matter——
Come along. *[Exeunt with the Body.]*

Enter Carlos and Don Lewis, followed at some Distance by Jaques, and Bravoës, with a Chair.

D. Lew. Come along, *Charles*, I'm sure 'tis she by their Description ; and if that brawny Dog, the Captain, has plaid her no foul Play, she shan't want Ransom, if all my Estate can purchase it.

Car. Now Fortune guide us. *[Exeunt.]*

Jaques. That's he, the tallest——besure you spare his Person——only force him into this Chair, and carry him as directed.

1st Bra. What must be done with the old Fellow ?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how——Follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the Corner.

A Noise of Follow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other Side.

Clø. Ah ! Pox of their Noses ! the Dogs have smelt me out ! What shall I do ? If they take me, I shall be hang'd, split me !——Ha ! a Door open ! Faith I'll in at a venture. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Bravoës with Carlos in a Chair, some haling in Don Lewis.

D. Lew. O my poor Boy *Charles* !——*Charles* !——help ! Murder !

1st Bra. Hold your Peace, Fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. Lew. Sir, I will not hold my Peace ; Dogs ! Rogues ! Villains ! Help ! Murder !

C

1st Bra.

50 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

1st Bra. Nay, then by your Leave, old Gentleman.
— So, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw! ¹ [They gag him, and carry
him Head and Heels. Exeunt.

SCENE a Chamber, Elvira and her Servants with
Lights.

Elv. Is not my Brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not seen him, Madam.

Elv. Go and seek him; go all of ye every where—
I'll not rest 'till you return; take away your Lights too;
for my Devotions are written in my Heart, and I shall
read 'em without a Taper, [Exeunt Servants.

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Clo. Ah! poor Clody! what will become of thee? thy
Condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—Follow'd
behind! stop't before! and beset on both Sides! Ah!
Pox o' my Wit! I must be bantering, must I? But let
me see! where am I! an odd sort of an House this—
all the Doors open, and no body in't! no Noise! no
Whisper! no Dog stirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a Woman's Voice.

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? Stephano!
Julia!

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the Lady of the House; she can't see
my unfortunate Face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a
grave Speech, tell her my Case, and beg her Protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young Gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a Man of most ill Manners,
to press thus boldly to my private Chamber. Whither
wou'd you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious Madam, hear me; I am a Stranger
most unfortunate, and my Distress has made me rudely
press for your Protection: If you refuse it, Madam, I
am undone for ever by——I say, Madam, I am utterly
undone! 'Twas coming, Faith!

[Aside.

Elv.

Elv. Alas ! his Fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, Sir ?

Clo. An Outcry of Officers ; the Law's at my Heels, Madam, tho' Justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other ?

Clo. Being provok'd, Madam, by the Insolence of my Enemy, in my own Defence, I just now left him dead in the Street. I am a very young Man, Madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange Country, methinks ; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender Charity protects me—Gad, I have a rare Tongue, I have a rare Tongue, Faith !

[*Aside.*

Elv. Poor Wretch, I pity him !

Clo. Madam, your House is now my only Sanctuary, my Altar ; therefore I beg you, upon my Knees, Madam, take pity of a poor bleeding Victim.

Elv. Are you a *Castilian* ?

Clo. No, Madam, I was born in—in—in—What d'ye call 'um—in—

Elv. Nay, I ask not with Purpose to betray you ; were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the Nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such Distress, I yet would give you my Protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, Madam ? am I safe ?

Elv. Safe as my Power, my Word, or Vow can make you : Enter that Door, which leads you to a Closet ; should the Officers come, as you expect, they owe such Reverence to my Lodgings, they'll search no further than my Leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, Madam, you can persuade 'em ?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you ; away !

Clo. The Breath of Gods, and Eloquence of Angels, go along with you.

[*Exit.*

Elv. Alas ! who knows but that the Charity I afford this Stranger, perhaps my Brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of. How he trembles ! I hear his Breath come short, hither. Be of Comfort, Sir, once more I give you my solemn Promise for your Safety.

Enter Servant and Officers, with Don Duart's Body.

Serv. Here, bring in the Body — O! Madam, my Master's kill'd.

Elv. What say'st thou?

Serv. Your Brother, Madam, my Master, young *Don Duart's* dead; he just now quarrell'd with a Gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the Street.

Elv. Ah me!

1st Off. We are inform'd, Madam, that the Murderer was seen to enter this House, which made us press into it to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Serv. Help, ho, my Lady faints.

1st Off. Give her Air, she'll recover. [*Clodio peeps in.*]

Cl. Hey! — why, what the Devil! am I safer than I would be now? — Exactly — I have nick'd the House to an Hair — Just so I did at *Paris* too, when I took a Lodging at a Bailiff's that had three Writs against me — This damn'd Closet too has ne'er a Chimney to creep out at — Ah! poor *Clody*! wou'd thou wert fairly in a Storm at Sea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [*Retires.*]

Elv. Stand off, my Sorrows will have Way; O my unhappy Brother! such an End as this thy haughty Mind did long since prophesy! and to increase my Misery, thy wretched Sister wilfully must make a Breach of what she has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd. Revenge and Justice both stand knocking at my Heart, but hospitable Faith has barr'd their Entrance: If I shou'd give 'em Way, I am forsworn; if not, am impious to a Brother's Memory. Is there no Means? no middle Path of Safety left? must I protect my Brother's Murderer? or break a solemn Vow, on which another's Life depends?

Enter Governor and Servants.

Gov. Where's this unhappy Sight? — Alas! he's gone past all Recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter Evil of the two,

two, and keep the solemn Vow to which just Heaven was Witness : The Wounds of Perjury never can be cur'd, but Justice may again overtake the Murderer, when no rash Vows protect him.

Gov. Take Comfort, Niece.

Elv. O forbear ; search for the Murderer, and remove the Body at your Discretion, Sir, to be inter'd, while I shut out the offensive Day, and here in Solitude indulge my Sorrow ; therefore I beg my nearest Friends, and you, my Lord, for some few Days, to spare your charitable Visits.

Gov. I grieve for your Misfortune, Niece ; but since you'll have it so, we take our Leaves ; farewell — Bring forth the Body. [*Exit.*

Clo. Hey ! what, are they gone away without me ? and by her Contrivance too — Gadso !

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given Means of Life, to let thee see with what Religion I have kept my Vow, come fearless forth, while Night's thy Friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not Love, the Devil's in't. [*Aside.*

Elv. Fly with thy utmost Speed, where I may never see thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her Modesty. [*Aside.*

Elv. And let that charitable Faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy Crime by Penitence.

Clo. Poor Soul ! I may find a better Way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the Door now, farewell for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what wou'd I give to see you again ? — All in good Time, Child —



A C T IV.

Enter Don Duart in his Night-Gown, Surgeon, and Servants.

D. Du. ¶ ¶ ¶ A Y I venture yet Abroad, Sir ?

¶ M ¶
¶ ¶ ¶

Surg. With Safety, Sir, your Wound was never dangerous ; tho' from your great Loss of Blood, you seem'd awhile without Signs of Life.

D. Du. Sir, do you know if the Gentleman that wounded me be in Custody ?

Surg. He was never taken, Sir, nor known, that I could hear of.

D. Du. I am sorry for't ; for could I find him, which now shall be my earnest Care, I would with real Services acknowledge him my best of Friends, in having proved so fortunate an Enemy ; he has bestow'd on me a second Life, which, from a clearer Insight of myself, will teach me now to use it better too. How does my Sister seem to bear my Fortune ?

Surg. I never knew the Loss of any Friend lamented with more Sorrow ; she suffers none to visit her, nor is she acquainted with your Recovery.

D. Du. I would not have her yet, nor any of my Friends ; no Moisture sooner dries, than Women's Tears ; and tho' I am apt to think my Sister honest in her Sorrow, yet knowing her a Woman, still I am resolv'd to make a further Trial of her Virtue.

Surg. Sir, you may command my Secrecy.

D. Du. I thank you, Sir, 'twill oblige me — Boy !

Serv. Sir.

D. Du. Do you think you know again the Gentleman that fought me ?

Serv.

Serv. I believe I may, Sir

D. Du. I'd have you suddenly inquire him out; he seem'd, by his Report, of *France*, or *England*: if so, you'll probably find him in some lewd House or other.

Serv. Rather at Church, Sir; for no body will suspect him there.

D. Du. Seek him every where; come, Sir, I wait for you. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to Louisa's House.

Don Manuel and Angelina..

D. Man. Now, Madam, let my hard Fortune teach you a little to endure your own. You see with what severe Neglect she still receives my humble Love; nothing I say, or do, has any Weight or Motion in her Thoughts for me.

Ang. You are too diffident of your Fortune; I wou'd not have an honest Mind despair; she seem'd, indeed, a little careless of you—you gave her no Offence, I'm confident. See, here she comes; take heed how you displease her by an impatient Stay—Pray go, in the mean time I'll think of you—in leed I will.

D. Man. I am yours for ever—— [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Louisa and Jaques, Servants waiting.

Lou. Were they both seiz'd?

Jaq. Both, Madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your Ladyship Notice.

Lou. You know my Orders; when they are enter'd, bar all the Doors, and on your Lives let every one be mute, as I directed—I must retire awhile. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bravoos, who let Carlos out of the Chair, while others throw down Don Lewis gagg'd and bound.

Car. So, Gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you—but now pray let me know my Crime? Why have you
C 4 brought

56 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

brought me hither? where am I? if in Prison, lock in my Face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.

[*Jaques holds up his Lanthorn, nods, and Exit with the rest.*
You seem to know me, Sir——All dumb, and vanish'd;
my Fortune's humourous, she sports with me.

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

Car. What's here! a Fellow Prisoner! Who are you!

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

Car. Do you speak no other Language?

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw! aw!

[*Louder.*

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. *Lew.* Oh!

[*Sighing.*

Car. Poor Wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he cou'd.

Re enter Jaques and Servants with Lights, who release Dan Lewis.

Sure they think I walk in my Sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D. *Lew.* Sir, your most humble Servant; and now my Tongue's at Liberty, pray, will you do me the Favour to shew me the Way home again?

What a Pox, are you all dumb? —— [*Exeunt mute.*

Well, Sir, and pray what are—— *Charles!* ah! my dear Boy! [*Kisses him.*

Car. My Uncle! nay then my Fortune has not quite forsaken me! How came you hither, Sir!

D. *Lew.* Faith, like a Corpse into Church, Boy, with my Heels foremost; but prithee how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the Men that seiz'd us; they forc'd me into a Chair, and brought me.

D. *Lew.* Well, but a Pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we must wait their Pleasure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my Reason, not my Conscience; that's still at rest, fearless of any Danger.

D. *Lew.* The Sons of Whores won't speak neither. Hey Day! what's to be done now?

Enter

Enter Jaques, and Servants, with a Banquet, Wine, and Lights.

Car. More Riddles yet! I dream sure.

[Jaques compliments D. Lewis to take his Chair.

D. Lew. For me? Sir, your most humble Servant:

[Sits.] Charles! sit down, Boy.

Ha! ha! ha! a Parcel of silly dumb Dogs! Is this all the Business? Puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to Supper, without being brought Neck and Heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. Lew. Never trouble thy Head, prithee; Pox of Questions: fall to, Man——Delicate Food truly——

Here——Dumb! prithee give's a Glas of Wine, to wet the Way a little: Come, *Charles*, here's, here's —— honest Dumb's Health to thee: *[Drinks.]* Dumb's a very honest Fellow, Faith. *[Claps Jaques on the Head.*

Car. What Harmony's this?

[A Flourish.

D. Lew. Rare Musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.

[Musick here.

Mighty fine, truly——I have not made an heartier Meal a great while.

[Here Jaques offers a Night-Gown and Cap to Don Lewis.

Well, and what's to do now, Lad? for me, Boy? Odsso! we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, Faith; (for I was just thinking to go Home, but that I had ne'er a Lodging:) Nay, I always said honest Dumb knew how to make his Friends welcome——Well, but it's Time enough yet, shan't we crack a Bottle first? *Charles* is melancholy. *[Jaques shakes his Head.*

What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carry'd——Sir, your humble Servant: *[Puts on the Gown.]* Well, *Charles*, good Night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer! I'd give a Pistole tho', to know what this will come to!——Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in Amazement——Why am I busy'd thus in Trifles, having so many nearer Thoughts that

wound my Peace—Ha, more Musick? I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[*A Song here; which ended, D. Lewis appears above.*]

D. Lew. So! at last I have grop'd out a Window, that will let me into the Secret; now if any foul Play should happen, I am pretty near the Street too, and can bawl out Murder to the Watch——
But Mum! the Door opens!

Enter Louisa.

Hey! ah! what dull Rogues were we not to suspect this before! —— Dumb's a fly Dog; 'tis she, Faith——tum, dum, dum —— here will be fine Work presently, toll, dum, di, dum —— Now I shall see what Mettle my Boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amaz'd, Sir.

Car. Your Pardon, Lady, if I confess it raises much my Wonder, why a Stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such Floods of Courtesy; for, if I mistake not, once this Day before, I've tasted of your Bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, Sir.

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me only from a soft Compassion of my Fortune, you could not think but such Humanity might, on the slightest Hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I cou'd not trust you to my Fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you—beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor Thanks were offer'd in too plain a Dress, (as I confess, I'm little practis'd in the Rules of grac'd Behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fy! you are too modest——how cou'd you charge yourself with such a Thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your Nature to be rude——at least to our Sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other Side; for there may happen Times, when what the World calls
Rude.

Rudeness, a Woman might be brought to pardon ; Seasons, when even Modesty were Ignorance ——— Pray be seated, Sir — nay, I'll have it so ——— I say, sometimes too much Respect (pray be nearer, Sir,) were most offensive : Suppose a Woman were reduc'd to offer Love, her Pains of Shame are insupportable : and shou'd she call that Lover rude, who, kindly conscious of her Wishes, bravely resolves to take, and saves her Modesty the Guilt of giving ? Suppose yourself the Man so lov'd, where cou'd you find, at such a Time, Excuses for your Modesty ?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my Eyes wou'd tell her ; if not, I shou'd not easily believe ; at least, in Manners, wou'd not seem to understand her.

Lou. Alas ! you have too poor a Sense of Woman's Love. Think you we have no Invention ? You wou'd not understand her ! how wou'd you avoid it ? when ev'n her slightest Look would speak too plain for that Excuse : if not, she'd still proceed — Thus gently steal your Hand, and sigh, and press it to her Heart, and then look wishing in your Eyes 'till Love himself shot forth, and wak'd you to Compassion.

Car. Amazing ! can she be the Creature she describes ?

Lou. O ! they have such subtle Ways to steal into a Lover's Heart ; nay, if she's resolute, not all your Strength of Modesty can guard you ; she'd press you still with plainer, stronger Proofs ; her Life, her Fortune shou'd be yours : For where a Woman loves, such Gifts as these are Trifles ; thus, like the lazy Minutes, wou'd she steal 'em on, which once but past, are quite forgotten.

[Gives him Jewels.]

Car. Is't possible ! can there be such a Woman ?

Lou. Fy ! I cou'd chide you now ; you wou'd not sure be thought so slow of Apprehension !

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my Sex, and tell you plain ——— I cannot speak it ——— yet you must know — But tell me, must I needs blush to own a Passion that's

60 *LOVE makes a MAN; or,*

that's so tender of you? I am this Creature so reduc'd for you, and all you've seen suppos'd was natural, all but the soft Result of growing Love——Why are you still thus fix'd, and silent? what is't you fear?

Car. Monstrous! *[Aside, and rising.]*

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your Beauty; tho' I confess you fair to a Perfection, compleat in all that may engage the Eye: But when that Beauty fades (as Time leaves none unvisited) what Charm shall then secure my Love? Your Riches? no——an honest Mind's above the Bribes of Fortune: For tho' distress'd, a Stranger, and in Want, I thus return 'em thankless: Be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good Men will adore you, and when your Beauty and your Fortune are no more, will still deliver down your Name rever'd to Ages: But while you thus enslave your generous Reason to so intemperate a Folly, your very Nature seems inverted: Cou'd you but one Moment calmly lay it by, you'd find such a vile Indignity to your Sex, as Modesty could never pardon.

Lou. If I appear too free a Lover, and talk beyond the usual Courage of my Sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, soft'ning Wretch, that you would have me: My Wishes shall be dumb, unless my Eyes may speak 'em; or if I dare to touch your Hand, it shall be gently trembling, and unperceiv'd as Air; nay, fix'd, and silent, as your Shade, I'll watch whole Winter Nights content, and listening to your Slumbers: Is this Intemperance? for Pity speak, for I confess your hard Reproofs have struck upon my Heart! O! say you will be mine, and make your own Conditions. If you suspect my Temper, bind me by the most sacred Tye, and let my Love, my Person, and my Fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! consider yet, if even this Humility be not the Offspring of your first unruly Passion: But since at least it carries something a better Claim to my Concern, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in Love.

Lou. Impossible! O! why?

Car. Because my Love, my Vows, and Faith, are
given

given to another: Therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my Fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you.

Car. You must! I cannot with my Reason—Pray let me pass! Why do you thus hang upon my Arm, and strain your Eyes, as if they had Power to hold me?

Lou. Ungrateful! will you go? Take heed! for you have prov'd I am not Mistress of my Temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this Threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away.

[Exit Carlos.

Lou. O Torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I thrown off my Pride for this? O! insupportable! — If I am not reveng'd, may all the — well.

[Walks disorder'd.

D. Lew. What a Pox, are all these fine Things come to nothing then? — Poor Soul! she's in great Heat truly—Ah! silly Rogue!—now could I find in my Heart to put her into good Humour again—I have a great Mind, Faith—Odd! she's a Hummer!—A strange Mind, I ha'n't had such a Mind a great while—Hey!—ay! I'll do't, Faith—if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! [As he is getting from the

Balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the Stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the Gallery.

Lou. Are all the Doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd, Madam.

Lou. Put out all your Lights too, and on your Lives let no one ask or answer him any Question: But be you still near to observe him.

[Exit Jaques.

Ah!

[Don Lewis drops down.

D. Lew. Odso! my Back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above fifty, Madam.

Lou.

62 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Lou. Whence come you? What's your Business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest Dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, Sir? I have no Time to fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, Sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate Piece of Work truly; but not finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, Sir.

D. Lew. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are Times, do you see, when even Modesty is Ignorance, (pray be seated, Madam — nay, I'll have it so) ah!

[Sits down and mimicks her Behaviour to Carlos.

Lou. Confusion! have I expos'd myself to this Wretch too! — had Witnesses to my Folly! — nay, I deserve it.

[Stands mute.

D. Lew. So! so! I shall bring her to Terms presently — you have a World of pretty Jewels here, Madam — ay, these now — these are a Couple of fine large Stones truly; but where a Woman loves, such Gifts as these are Trifles.

[Mimicks again.

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter Servants and Bravoes.

D. Lew. Hey!

[Rising.

Serv. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

D. Lew. I don't like her Looks, Faith.

[Aside.

Lou. Here, take this Fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd Neck and Heels, and lock'd into a Garret; away with him.

D. Lew. Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! Dumb! stand by me Dumb! A Pox of my finishing, Aw! aw!

[They gag him, and carry him off.

Lou. The Insolence of this Fool was more provoking than the other's Scorn; but I shall yet find Ways to measure my Revenge.

[Exit Louisa.

Re-enter

Re-enter Carlos in the Dark.

Car. What can this evil Woman mean me? the Doors all barr'd! the Lights put out! the Servants mute, and she with Fury in her Eyes now shot regardless by me: I wou'd the worst wou'd shew itself. Ha! yonder's a Light, I'll follow it, and provoke my Fortune. [*Exit.*]

The SCENE changes to another Room.

Angelina, with a Light.

Ang. I cannot like this House; for now, as going to my Rest, my Ears were 'larm'd with the Cries of one that call'd for Help: I've seen strange Faces too, that carry Guilt and Terror in their Looks; and yet the Officer that plac'd me here, appear'd of honest Thoughts—What can this mean! No Matter what, since nothing, but the Loss of him I love, can worse befall me! ——— Hark, what Noise! is the Door fast? Ah!

[*Going to shut it.*]

Re-enter Carlos; and Jaques listening.

Car. Ha! another Lady! and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her Surprise, she is not of the other's Counsel—Pardon this Intrusion, Lady, I am a Stranger, and distress'd, be not dismay'd: I have no ill Designs, unless to beg your charitable Assistance be offensive.

Ang. Ha! that Voice! [*Amaz'd.*]

Car. Save me, ye Powers! and give me Strength to bear this insupportable Surprise of rushing Joy.

Ang. My Carlos——oh!

Car. 'Tis she! my long lost Love, my living *Angelina*. [*Embraces her.*]

Jaq. Say you so, Sir! this shall to my Lady.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, lest Fate again should part us.

Car. —

64 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Car. 'Twas Death indeed to part, but from so hard a Separation, thus again to meet, is Life restor'd ; it draws whole Years to Hours, and we grow old with Joy in Moments.

Ang. O ! I were happy, blest'd above my Sex, cou'd but my plain Simplicity of Love deserve your kind Endearments.

Car. Is't possible ! thou Miracle of Goodness, that thou canst thus forget the Misery, the Want, the Ruin my unhappy Love has brought thee to ? Trust me, that stormy Thought has clouded ev'n the very Joy I had to see thee.

Enter Jaques and Louisa at a Distance.

Jaq. They are there ; from hence your Ladyship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. *[Exit Jaques, and Lou. listens.]*

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus : For my Sake don't despond ; for while you seem in Hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. O ! thou engaging Softness ! thy Courage has reviv'd me ; no, we'll not despair ; the Guardian Power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now, with less Expence of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha ! so near acquainted ——— *[Behind.]*

Car. And yet our Safety bids us part this Moment. How came you hither ?

Ang. The Officer that made me Captive, prov'd a worthy Man, and plac'd me here, as a Companion to the Lady of this Dwelling.

Car. Ha ! to what End ?

Ang. He said, to be the Advocate of his successful Love ; for he confess'd he woo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't possible ? Is there a Wretch so curs'd among Mankind, to be her honourable Lover ?

Lou. So! *[In Anger.]*

Car. Take heed, my Love, avoid her as a Disease to Modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car.

Car. Oh ! I have a shameful Tale to tell thee of her Intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy Loathing.

Lou. Insolent ! — well !

Ang. You amaze me ; pray what is it ?

Car. This is no Time to tell ; I had forgot my Danger : Let it suffice, the Doors are barr'd against me ; now, this Moment I am a Prisoner to her Fury ; if thou canst help me to any Means of Safety, or Escape, ask me no Questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me ; but here, through my Apartment, leads a Passage to the Garden, at the lower End you'll find a Mount ; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you : But can't you say when I may hope again to see you ?

Car. About an Hour hence walking in the Garden, ready for your Escape ; for if I live, I'll come provided with the Means to make it sure — Now I dare thank thee, Fortune.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me ; 'till when, may Heav'n support thy Innocence.

Ang. Follow me —

[*Exeunt hastily.*]

Lou. Are you so nimble, Sir ? Who waits there ?
[*Enter Jaques.*] Run, take Help, and stop the Stranger ; he is now making his Escape through the Garden ; fly.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Love and Revenge, like Vipers, gnaw upon my Quiet, and I must change their Food, or leave my Being ; though I cou'd bear ev'n the low Contempt he has thrown on me, cou'd it but woo him to the least Return of Love ; but I would bear again ten thousand Racks, rather than confess this Dotage ; No, if I forego a second Time that dear Support, my Pride, may I become as miserable as that Wretch that destin'd Fool he doats on. Ha ! she is return'd ! yonder she passes ; with what assur'd Contentment in her Looks ! — how pleas'd the Thing is — strangely impudent — sure ! the ugly Creature thinks I won't strangle her.

Now, have you brought him ?

[*Enter Jaques.*]

Jaq.

66 LOVE *make a MAN*; or,

Jaq. Madam, we made what Haste we cou'd, but the Gentleman reach'd the Mount before us, and escap'd over the Garden Wall.

Lou. Escap'd, Villain! durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your Ladyship had call'd me a little sooner, we had taken him.

Who the Devil is this Stranger? [*Aside.*]

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own Servants,— Well, 'tis no matter, bid the Bravoes stay, I have Directions for 'em: go. [*Exit Jaques.*]

He has not left me hopeless yet; an Hour hence he has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his Word, (as I've an odious Cause to fear he will) he yet, at least in my Revenge, shall prove me Woman. [*Exit Lou.*]

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter D. Duart disguis'd, with a Servant.

D. Du. Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, Sir, at an House of civil Recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I would not willingly mistake—— I'll observe him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honest Fellow, to crack one healing Bottle, I think I shall finish the Day as smartly as the *Grand Seigneur*—— Hold, let me see, what has my hasty Refreshment cost me here; —umb—umb—umb [*Counts his Money*] seven Pistoles by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy Income this Jade must have in a Week, if she's thus paid by the Hour?

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me. [*Exit Servant.*]
Your Servant, Sir.

Clo. . . . Sir——your humble Servant.

D. Du. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Sir; but when you know my Business——

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a Bottle, I shall be proud of your

your Acquaintance ; and if I don't do your Business before we part, I'll knock under the Table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, Sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand ; we'll have a Bottle here. Sir. ———
Hey, Madona ? [Calls at the Door.

D. Du. A very frank humour'd Gentleman ; I'll know him farther——I presume, Sir, you are not of Portugal ?

Clo. No, Sir,——I am a kind of a——what d'ye call'um——a Sort of a Here——and——therian ; I am a Stranger no where.

D. Du. Have you travell'd far, Sir ?

Clo. My Tour of Europe, or so, Sir ;——dangled about a little ; I came this Summer from the Jubilee.

D. Du. Did you make any Stay there, Sir ?

Clo. No, Sir, I only call'd in there at the Salvation-Office, just bought an Annuity of Indulgences for Life ; got an Assurance for my Soul ; lay with a Nun, flux'd ; and so came home again.

Enter Servant with Wine.

So ! so ! here's the Wine ! Come ! Sir, to our better Acquaintance——Faith, I like you mightily——
Allons ! Baisés donc ! [Kisses, drinks.

Morbleu ! ce n'est pas Mauvais ! Allons encore hey ! Vive L'amour ! Quand Iris, &c. [Sings.

D. Du. I find, Sir, you have taken a Taste of all the Countries you have travell'd through ; but I presume your chief Amusement has lain among the Ladies : You far'd well in France, I hope.

Clo. Yes Faith, as far as my Pocket wou'd go : The Devil a Stroke without it : No Money, no Mademoiselle ; No Ducat, no Dutchess ; no Pistole, no Princess——By the Way, let me tell you, Sir, your Lisbonites are held up at a pretty smart Rate too——I was forc'd to come down to the Tune of seven Pistoles here—a Man may keep a Pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride Post,

Post, split me : But, a Pox on 'em, it's no Wonder the Jades are so saucy in a Country where there are so many Swarms of unmarried Friars, Monks, and brawny Jesuits : The Game may well be scarce, Faith, where there are so many canonical Poachers. Now, Sir, in little *England*, where your Gowns and Cassocks are honestly marry'd, your right Women are as cheap as *Mackrel*—Gad, Sir, I have taken you a fasting Velvet Scarf out of the Side-box there, and the Jade has jump'd at a Beef-Stake and a Bottle; nay, sometimes at Coach-hire, and a single Glas of Cinamon—Seven Pistoles ! unconscionable ! Odsheart, in *London* now, for half the Sum, a Man might have pick'd up the three first Rows of the Middle Gallery.

D. Du. I find, Sir, you know *England* then.

Clo. Ay, Sir, and every Woman there that's worth knowing, from honest *Betty Sands*, to the Countess of *Ogletown* : Yes, Sir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the Side-box, Sir, and behind the Scenes ; ay, and the Green-Room, and all the Girls and Women-Actresses there, Sir—Sir, I was a whole Winter there the particular Favourite of the giggling Party——Come, Sir, if you please, here's Miss *Riggle*'s Health to you.

D. Du. Pray, Sir, how came you so well acquainted there ?

Clo. Why, Sir, I first introduc'd myself with a single Pinch of *Bergamot* ; the next Night I presented 'em a Box full ; next Day came to Rehearsal : in a Week I desir'd 'em to use my Name whenever they pleas'd, for what the Chocolate-House afforded—upon this, I was chosen *Valentine*, if I don't mistake, to about eleven of 'em ; and in three Days more, I think, it cost me fifty Guineas in Gloves, Knots, Heads, Fans, Muffs, Coffee, Tea, Snuff-boxes, Orangerie, and Chocolate.

D. Du. But pray, Sir, were you as intimate at both Play-houses ?

Clo. No, stretch 'em ! at the New-House they are so us'd to be Queens and Princesses, and are so often in their Airs-Royal, forsooth, that I'gad ! there's no reaching one of their Copper-tails there, without a long Pole, or a Settlement, split me.

D. Du.

D. Du. But I wonder, Sir, that in a Country so fam'd for handsome Women, the Men are so generally blam'd for their scandalous Usage of 'em.

Clo. O damn'd scandalous, Sir, — they use their Mistresses as bad as their Wives, Faith : I tell you what, Sir, I knew a Citizen's Daughter there, that ran away with a Lord, who in the first six Months of her Preferment, never stirr'd out, but she made the Ladies cry at her Equipage ; and about eight Months after, I think, one Morning reeling pretty early into a certain House in the *Savoy*, I found the self-same, cast-off, solitary Lady, in a Room with bare Walls, dressing her dear, pretty Head there, in the corner Bit of a Looking-Glass, prudently supported by a Quartern Brandy-pot, upon the Head of an Oyster-barrel.

D. Du. I find few Mistresses make their Fortunes there ; but, pray, Sir, among all your Adventures, has no particular Lady's Merit encourag'd you to advance your own Marriage ?

Clo. Sir, I have been so near Marriage, that my Wedding-Day has been come, but it was never over yet ; split me.

D. Du. How so, Sir ?

Clo. Why, the Priest, the Bride, and the Dinner, were all ready dress'd, Faith ; but before I could fall to, my elder Brother, Sir, comes me in with a damn'd long Stride, and a sharp Stomach — says a short Grace, and — whip'd her up like an Oyster.

D. Du. You had ill Fortune, Sir.

Clo. Sir, Fortune is not much in my Debt, for you must know, Sir, tho' I lost my Wife, I have escaped hanging since here in *Lisbon*.

D. Du. That I know you have ; be not amaz'd, Sir.

Clo. Hey ! what the Devil ! have I been all this while treating an Officer, that has a Warrant against me — Pray, Sir, if it be no Offence — may I beg the Favour to know who you are ?

D. Du. Let it suffice, I own myself your Friend — I am your Debtor, Sir ; you fought a Gentleman they call *Don Duart* — I knew him well ; he was a proud insulting

sulting Fellow, and my mortal Foe : but you kill'd him, and I thank you ; nay, I saw you do it fairly too ; and for the Action, I desire you will command my Sword or Fortune.

Clo. Pray, Sir——is there no Joke in all this ?

D. Du. There, Sir, the little All I'm Master of, may serve at present to convince you of my Sincerity : I ask for no Return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther Service.

[*Gives him a Purse.*]

Clo. Sir, your Health——I'll give you Information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, Sir, do you know the Gentleman's Sister that I fought with ? that is, do you know what Reputation, what Fortune she has ?

D. Du. I know her Fortune to be worth above twelve thousand Pistoles ; her Reputation yet unsully'd : But pray, Sir, why may you ask this ?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, Sir——twelve thousand Pistoles, you say !

D. Du. I speak the least, Sir.

Clo. Why, this very Lady, after I had kill'd her Brother, gave me the Protection of her House ; hid me in her Closet, while the Officers that brought in the dead Body came to search for me ; and, as soon as their Backs were turn'd, poor Soul ! hurry'd me out at a private Door, with Tears in her Eyes, Faith ! Now, Sir, what think you ? Is not this Hint broad enough for a Man to make Love upon ?

D. Du. Confusion !

Clo. Look you, Sir, now, if you dare, give me a Proof of your Friendship ; will you do me the Favour to carry a Letter to her ?

D. Du. Let me consider, Sir —— Death and Fire ! is all her Height of Sorrow but dissembled then ?——A Prostitute, ev'n to the Man suppos'd my Murderer ! If it be true, the Consequence is soon resolv'd —— but this requires my farther Search —— May I depend on this for Truth, Sir ?

Clo. Why, Sir, you don't suppose I'd banter a Lady of her Quality ?

D. Du. Damnation ! Well, Sir ! I'll take your Letter ! but first let me be well acquainted with my Errand.

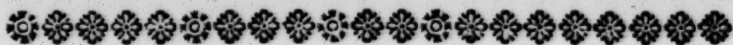
Clo.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this Moment ; if you please, we'll step into the House here, and finish the Business over another Bottle.

D. Du. With all my Heart.

Clo. *Allons ! Entres.*

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V.

*Elvira is discover'd alone in Mourning, a Lamp by her.
Don Duart enters behind, disguis'd.*

D. Du. **T**HUS far I am pass'd unknown to any of the Servants — now for the Proof of what I fear — Ha ! yonder she is — This close Retirement, those sable Colours, the solemn Silence that attends her, no Friends admitted, nor ev'n the Day to visit her : These seem to speak a real Sorrow ; if not, the Counterfeit is deep indeed — I'll fathom it — Madam —

Elv. Who's there ? another Murderer ! where are my Servants ? will nothing but my Sorrows wait upon me ?

D. Du. Your Pardon, Lady ; I have no evil Meaning ; this Letter will inform you of my Business, and excuse this rude Intrusion.

Elv. For me ! whence comes it, Sir ?

D. Du. The Contents, Madam, will explain to you — She seems amaz'd ! looks almost thro' the Letter — I should suspect the Stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such convincing Circumstances — Ha ! she pauses ! S'death ! a Smile too — I fear her now !

Elv. My Prayers are heard ; Justice at length has overta'en the Murderer : His vow'd Protection having been strictly paid, I now unperjur'd may revenge my Brother's Blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair Occasion : But 'twere not safe to shew my Thought ; therefore to be just, I must dissemble. [*Aside.*]

I ask your Pardon for my Rudeness, Sir ; upon your Friend's Account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better Welcome.

D. Du.

D. Du. So ! then she's damn'd, I find. [*Aside.*] But I'll have more, and bring 'em Face to Face. My Friend, Madam, thought his Visits would be unseasonable, before the sad Solemnity of your Brother's Funeral.

Elv. A needful Fear ! My Brother, Sir ! Alas, I owe your Friend my Thanks, for having eas'd our Family of so scandalous a Burthen ! A riotous, unmanner'd Fellow ; I blush to speak of him.

D. Du. O ! Patience ! Patience ! [*Aside.*

Elv. Pray, let him know, his Absence was the real Cause of this mistaken Mourning : 'Tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my Brother's Death ; but Womens Hearts and Tongues, you know, must not always hold Alliance ; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her ? [*Aside.*

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine — to-morrow ! 'tis an Age ! I'll make him mine to-night — I'll write to him this Minute — Can you have Patience, Sir, 'till I prepare a Letter for you ?

D. Du. You may command me, Madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately — will you walk this Way, Sir ?

D. Du. Madam, I wait on you — Revenge and Daggers ! [*Exeunt.*

The S C E N E Louisa's House.

Louisa and Jaques.

Lou. Is the Lady seiz'd ?

Jaq. Yes, Madam, and half-dead with the Fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed : When the Stranger's taken, bring me immediate Notice : 'tis near his Time, away. [*Exit Jaques.*

Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this Usage, sat me down alone content, and found a secret Pleasure in complaining ; but to be slighted for a Girl, a sickly, poor, unthinking Wretch, incapable of Love ! that ! that stabs home ! 'Tis Poison to my Thoughts,

Thoughts, and swells 'em to Revenge ! My Rival ! no !
she shall never triumph ! Hark ! what Noise ! they have
him sure ! How now !

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the Gentleman is taken,
Lou. Bring him in — Revenge, I thank thee now.

Enter Bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.

So, Sir ! you are return'd, it seems ; you can love then !
You have an Heart, I find, tho' not for me ! Perhaps
you came to seek a worthier Mistress here ; 'twould be
uncharitable to disappoint your Love—I'll help your
Search : If she be here, besure she's safe ! — Open
that Door there.

*Enter more Bravoes with Angelina, an Handkerchief on
her Neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.*

Now, Sir, is this the Lady ?

Car. My Angelina ! Oh !

Ang. O miserable Meeting !

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me
from your Arms ! now scorn my Love, my Person, and
my Fortune ! now let your squeamish Virtue fly me as a
Disease to Modesty ! and tell her now your shameful
Tale of my Intemperance !

Car. O ! Cruelty of Fate ! that could betray such In-
nocence ?

Lou. What, not a Word to soften yet thy obstinate
Aversion ! thou wretched Fool, thus to provoke thy
Ruin — End her. *[To the Bravoes.]*

Car. O ! hold ! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to use my Pity —
S'death ! I could laugh to see thy strange Stupidity of
Love — On one Condition yet she lives an Hour, but
if refus'd —

D

Car.

74 *LOVE makes a MAN; or,*

Car. Name not a Refusal, be it Danger, Death, or Tortures, any thing that Life can do to save her.

Lou. Nay, if you are so over-willing.

Car. Speak, and I obey you.

Lou. Now then, this Moment kneel and curse her.

Car. Preserve her, Heav'n, and snatch her from the Jaws of gaping Danger. [*Kneeling.*] O! may the watchful Eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er Innocence distress'd, look nearly to her; or if some Miracle alone can save her, the ever waking Sun, in his eternal Progress, never saw so fair an Object to employ it on.

Lou. Presuming Fool! were I inclin'd to save her Life, (which, by my Hopes of Peace, I do not mean) canst thou believe this insolent Concern for her to my Face would not provoke my Vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my Rashness, I was to blame indeed; but Passion has transported both of us; Love made me as heedless of her Safety, as wild Revenge has you, ev'n of your neglected Soul.

Lou. What, dost thou think to preach me from my Purpose?

Car. That were too vain an Hope; tho' I've a piteous Cause that might bespeak, without a Tongue, the Mercy of a human Heart: But if Revenge alone can save your Fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the Offence, be mine the Punishment; but spare the innocent, the gentle Maid; she ne'er intended yet a Thought against your Peace; I have deserv'd your Anger, nay, and justly too; for I confess I ought to have given you a milder Treatment; but to atone the Crime, rip up my Breast, and in my Heart you'll read the unhappy Cause of my Neglect and Rudeness.

Lou. How he disarms my Anger! But must my Rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with such abhorr'd Ingratitude: be Witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my Preserver!

Car. For Pity, yet resolve, and force your Temper to a Moment's Pause: Do not debase your generous Revenge with Cruelty; that every common Wretch can take;

take ; the savage Brutes can suck their Fellow-Creatures Blood, and tear their Bodies down ; but greater human Souls have more Pride to curb, and bow the stubborn Mind of what they hate ; and such Revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you ; see at your Feet my humbled Scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile Slave, that falls below your last Contempt, and trembling begs for Mercy.

Lou. He buries my Revenge in Blushes.

Ang. O! generous Proof of the most faithful Love !

Car. Think what a glorious Triumph it would be, that when your swoln Resentment, wild Revenge, and Indignation, all stood ready, waiting for the Word, you call'd your forceful Reason to your Aid, resolv'd, and took that Tyrant Passion Captive to your gentle Pity : O ! 'twere such a God-like Instance of your Virtue, as might atone, if possible, ev'n Crimes to come : Revenge, like this, can never give you that continu'd Peace of Mind, which Mercy may : Compassion has a thousand secret Charms : Think you 'twere no Delight of Thought, to heal the Wounds of bleeding Lovers, to make two poor afflicted Wretches happy, whose highest Crime is loving well and faithfully ? Were it no soothing Joy, no secret Pride, to raise 'em from the last Despair, to Hope ? to Life and Love restor'd ? Now, on my Heart, I read a struggling Pity in your Eye ! O cherish it, and spare our Innocence ! Perhaps, the Story of our chaste Affections, once compleat, may live a fair Example to succeeding Times, for which Posterity shall stand indebted to your Virtue.

Lou. Release the Lady — go. [*Exeunt Bravoes.*
And now farewell my Follies, and my mistaken Love ; for I confess, the fair Example of your mutual Faith, your Tendernefs, Humility, and Tears, have quite subdu'd my Soul ; at once have conquer'd and reform'd me : O ! you have given me such an Image of the contentful Peace, th' unshaken Quiet of an honest Mind, that now I taste more solid Joy, being but the Instrument of your united virtuous Love, than all my late false Hopes propos'd even in the last Indulgence of my blind Desire : Now

6 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

love long and happily; forgive my Follies past, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their Hands.*]

Car. O! providential Care of Innocence distress'd!

Ang. O! Miracle of rewarded Love!

Car. What shall I say? I scarce have yet the Power of Thought amidst this Hurry of transporting Joy! My *Angelina!* do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have a thousand Things to say, to ask, to weep, and hear of thee — But first let's kneel and pay our Thanks to Heaven, and this our kind Preserver; to whose most happy Change, we owe even all our Lives to come, which cheerful Gratitude can pay.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a Confusion. [*Raises 'em.*] But if you dare trust me with the Story of your Love's Distress, as far as my Fortune can, command it freely to supply your present Wants, or any future Means propos'd to give you lasting Happiness.

Car. Eternal Rounds of never-ending Peace reward your wond'rous Bounty; and when you know the Story of our Fortune, as we shall soon find due Occasion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deserve your Pity and Assistance. — But I have been too busy in my Joy, I almost had forgot my friendly Uncle, the ancient Gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you dispos'd of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe — who waits there?

[*Enter Jaques.*]
Release the Gentleman above, and tell him that his Friends desire him.

[*Exit Jaques.*]
You'll pardon, Sir, the Treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my Folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incens'd me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his Humour gives Offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques bowing to him.

D. Lew. Prithee, honest Dumb, don't be so ceremonious! A Pox on thee, I tell thee: it's very well as it is, (only my Jaws ache a little:) But as long as we're all

all Friends, it's no great matter—My dear *Charles* !
I must buss thee, Faith !——Madam, your humble
Servant—I beg your Pardon, dy'e see—you under-
stand me. [*Exit Jaques.*]

Lou. I hope we are all Friends, Sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, Madam—I am an honest
old Fellow, Faith ; tho' now and then I am a little odd
too.

Car. Here's a Stranger, Uncle.

D. Lew. What ! my little Blossom ! my Gilliflower !
my Rose ! my Pink ! my Tulip ! Faith, I must smell
thee. [*Salutes Angelina.*] Od ! she's a delicate Nofegay !
I must have her touz'd a little—*Charles* ! you must
gather to-night ; I can stay no longer——Well, Faith !
I am heartily joy'd to see thee, Child.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, and wish I may deserve your
Love : Our Fortune, once again, is kind ; but how it
comes about——

D. Lew. Does not signify three pence ; when Fortune
pays me a Visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which
Way she came——I tell you, I am glad to see you.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to
wait upon your Ladyship.

Lou. At this late Hour ! What can his Business be ?
Desire his Lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, Madam, this unseasonable Visit.

Lou. Your Lordship does me Honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my Business will excuse it :
Some Strangers here below, upon their offer'd Oaths,
demanded my Authority to search your House for a lost
young Lady, to whom the one of'em affirms himself the
Father : But the Respect I owe your Ladyship made
me refuse their Search, 'till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they——Now, Madam, your Pro-
tection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concern'd ! wou'd you avoid 'em ?

Car. No, we must be found ; let 'em have Entrance :
We have an honest Cause, and would provoke it's Trial.

Lou. Conduct the Gentlemen without. [*Exit Jaques.*
My Lord, I'll answer for their Honesty ; and, as they
are Strangers, where the Law's severe, must beg you'd
favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may command me, Madam ; tho' there's
no great Fear ; for having heard the most that they cou'd
urge against 'em, I found in their Complaints, more
Spleen and Humour, than any just Appearance of a real
Injury.

Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, and Clodio.

Cha. I'll have Justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, Brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand Justice.

D. Man. That's the Lady, Sir, I told you of.

Clod. Ah ! that's she, my Lord, I am Witness.

Car. My Father ! Sir, your Pardon, and your Blessing.

Ant. Why truly, *Charles*, I begin to be a little re-
concil'd to the Matter ; I wish you well, tho' I can't
join you together ; for my Friend and Brother here is
very obstinate, and will admit of no Satisfaction : But
however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his Teeth.

Cha. This is all Contrivance ! Roguery ! I am abus'd !
I say, deliver my Daughter——she is an Heiress, Sir ;
and to detain her, is a Rape in Law, Sir, and I'll have
you all hang'd ; therefore no more Delays, Sir ; for I
tell you before-hand, I am a wise Man, and 'tis impos-
sible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, Brother ; and when
you learn more Wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, Brother, this is mere Malice, when you
know in your own Conscience, I have ten times your
Understanding ; for you see I'm quite of another Opini-
on : And so once more, my Lord, I demand Justice
against that Ravisher.

Gov. Does your Daughter, Sir, complain of any
Violence ?

Cha.

Cha. Your Lordship knows young Girls never complain when the Violence is over ; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. [*To Charino kneeling.*] Sir, you are my Father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my Affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the Bounds of Honour, and of Virtue ; let me conjure you, by the chaste Love my Mother bore you, when she preferr'd, to her mikaken Parents Choice, her being yours without a Dowry, not to bestow my Person, where those Affections ne'er can follow——I cannot love that Gentleman more than a Sister ought ; but here my Heart's subdu'd, ev'n to the last Compliance with my Fortune : He, Sir, has nobly woo'd and won me ; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, Sir, be persuaded ; your Daughter has made an honourable and happy Choice ; this Severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cha. My Lord, I don't want Advice ; I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own Opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, here's a Stranger without enquires for your Lordship, and for a Gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

Clo. Hey ! *Ab, mon cher' Amy !*

Enter Don Duart disguis'd.

Well, what News, my Dear, has she answer'd my Letter

D. Du. There, Sir——This to your Lordship.

[*Gives him a Letter, and whispers.*]

Gov. Marry'd to-night, and to this Gentleman, say'st thou ? I'm amaz'd.

Don. He is her Choice, my Lord.

Clo. reading the Letter.——Um——um——Charms——
——rrefistable——excuse——so soon——Passion——Blushes——
——Consent——Provision——Children——Settlement——
——Marriage——If this is not plain the Devil's in't.
——Hold, here's more, Faith——[*Reads to himself.*]

80 *LOVE makes a MAN; or,*

D. Man. How shall I requite this Goodness?

[*To Louisa.*

Lou. I owe you more than I have Leisure now to pay: Press me not too far, least I should offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours when long withheld, sometimes grow tasteless; over-fasting often palls the Appetite.

D. Man. The Appetite of Love, like mine, can never die; it would be ever tasting and unsated.

[*They seem to talk apart.*

Gov. 'Tis very sudden—but give my Service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Soul! I'll be with her presently; and, Faith, since I have made my own Fortune, I'll e'en patch up my Brother's too. Hark you, my dear Dad that shou'd ha' been—this Business is all at an End—for, look you, I find your Daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the Truth, so am I Faith! If my Brother has a Mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me—And now, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you will do me the Honour to grace mine and the Lady *Elvira's* Wedding, such homely Entertainment as my poor House affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. Lew. Thy House! ha! ha! well said, Puppy!

Clo. Ha! old *Topsy*!

Cha. What dost thou mean, Man? [*To Clodio.*

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, Sir; I have myself an Invitation from the Lady's own Hand, that confirms it: I know her Fortune well, and am surpris'd at it.

Ang. Bless'd News! This seems a forward Step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my Lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my Design is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, Brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young Rogue has rudely turn'd Tail upon your Daughter, I'll fill up the Blank with *Charles's* Name, and let the rest of the Settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll first see this Wedding, and then give you my final Resolution.

Clo.

Clo. Come, Ladies, if you please, my Friend will shew you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This Wedding's an odd Thing!

D. Lew. Ha! ha! if it should be a Lie now. [*Exeant.*]

The SCENE changes to Elvira's Apartment.

Elvira alone, with Clodio's Letter in her Hand.

Elv. At how severe a Price do Women purchase an unspotted Fame! when ev'n the justest Title can't assure Possession: When we reflect upon the insolent and daily Wrongs, which Men and Scandal throw upon our Actions, 'twere enough to make a modest Mind despair: If we are fair and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forsaken: Nothing we do or think on, be the Motive e'er so just, or generous, but still the Malice or the Guilt of Men, interprets to our Shame: Why should this Stranger else, this wretched Stranger, whose forfeit Life I rashly sav'd, presume from that mistaken Charity, to tempt me with his Love.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Hark! what Musick's that?

[*Flourish.*]

Serv. Madam, the Gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; are the Officers ready?

Serv. Yes, Madam, and know your Ladyship's Orders.

Elv. Conduct the Company. Now Justice shall uncloud my Fame, and see my Brother's Death reveng'd.

Enter Hautboys playing, Clodio singing; D. Duart, Governor, D. Manuel, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lewis.

Clo. Well, Madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nick'd your Man, Faith; I'm always critical—to a Minute; you'll never stay for me. Ladies and Gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the Honour of being better acquainted here—My Lord—

Gov.

Gov. Give you Joy, Madam.

Clo. Nay, Madam, I have brought you some near Relations of my own too—This Don *Antonio*, who will shortly have the Honour to call you Daughter.

Ant. The young Rogue has made a pretty Choice, Faith.

Clo. This Don *Charino*, who was very near having the Honour of calling me Son. This my elder Brother—and this my noble Uncle, Don *Cholerick*—*Snapsborto de Testy*.

D. Lew. Puppy.

Clo. Peevish.

D. Lew. Madam, I wish you Joy with all my Heart ; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this Gentleman, because, in a Day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking ; those that know him, generally give him the Title of *Don Dismallo Thicksullo de Half-witto*.

Clo. Well said, Nuncle, ha, ha.

D. Du. Are you provided of a Priest, Sir ?

Clo. Ay, ay, Pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. Du. So wou'd I, I want the Cue to act this Justice on my Honour ; yet I cannot read the Folly in her Looks. [*Afide*.

Gov. You have surpris'd us, Madam, by this sudden Marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprise you more, my Lord.

D. Du. Sir, don't you think your Bride looks melancholy ?

Clo. Ay, poor Fool ! she's modest—but I have a Cure for that—Well, my Princess, why that demure Look now ?

Elv. I was thinking, Sir—

Clo. I know what you think of—You don't think at all—You don't know what to think—you neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste—You han't the right use of one of your Senses—In short, you have it. Now, my Princess, have not I nick'd it ?

Elv.

Elv. I am sorry, Sir, you know so little of yourself, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no occasion yet — Within there — seize him. [*Several Officers rush in, who seize Clodio and bind him.*]

D. Du. Ha !

Gov. What can this mean ?

Clo. Gad me ! what, is my Dear in her Frolicks already ?

Elv. And now, my Lord, your Justice on that Murderer.

Gov. How ! Madam !

Clo. That Bitch, my Fortune !

D. Lew. Madam, upon my Knees, I beg you, don't carry the Jest too far, but if there be any real Hopes of his having an Halter, let's know it in three Words, that I may be sure atonce for ever, that no earthly Thing, but a Reprieve, can save him. [*Apart to Elvira.*]

Ant. Pray, Madam, who accuses him ?

Elv. His own Confession, Sir.

Cha. Of Murder, say you, Madam !

Elv. The Murder of my Brother.

Gov. Where was that Confession made ?

Elv. After the Fact was done, my Lord, this Man, pursu'd by Justice, took Shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my Protection ; he seem'd indeed a Stranger, and his Complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my Brother's Death, promis'd, by a rash and solemn Vow, I wou'd conceal him : Which Vow Heav'n can witness with what Distraction in my Thoughts I strictly kept, and paid ; but he alas ! mistaking this my hospitable Charity, for the Effects of a most vile preposterous Love, proceeds upon his Error, and in his Letter here addresses me for Marriage ; which, I once having paid my Vow, answer'd in such prevailing Terms,
upon

84 *LOVE makes a MAN; or,*

upon his Folly, as now have unprotected, drawn him into the Hands of Justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my Revenge. [*Aside.*]

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy—the Puppy will be hang'd.

Gov. Give me leave, Madam. to ask you yet some farther Questions.

Clo. Ay—I shall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis Time to take care of my Daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my Friend *Clody* is dispos'd of—and so, without Compliment, do ye see, Children—Heav'n bless you together.

[*Joins Car. and Ang. Hands.*]

Car. This, Sir, is a Time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well, Brother, I thank you, however; *Charles* is an honest Lad, and well deserves her; but poor *Clody's* ill Fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. Lew. Why, you wou'd be positive, though you know, Brother, I always told you, *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd; I must plague him a little, because the Dog has been pert with me—*Clody!* how dost thou do? Ha! why, you are ty'd!

Clo. I hate this old Fellow, split me.

D. Lew. Thou hast really made a damn'd Blunder here, Child, to invite so many People to a Marriage-Knot, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left Ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him die.

D. Lew. Well, my Dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have Occasion for a Nosegay, a Pair of white Gloves, and a Coffin: Look you, take you no Care about the Surgeons, you shall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the Body off with a wet Finger—Tho' methinks I'd fain see the Inside of the Puppy too.

Clo. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. Lew. Well, I won't trouble you any more now, Child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may
come

come to the Tree, and sing a Stave or two with thee —
Nay, I'll rise on Purpose, — tho' you will hardly suffer
before twelve o'Clock neither — ay, just about Twelve —
about Twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Clo. O! Curse consume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, Madam, the Fact appears too plain.

D. Lew. Yes, yes, he'll suffer.

[*Aside.*

Gov. What says the Gentleman? Do you confess the Fact, Sir?

Clo. Will it do me any good, my Lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in Malice.

Clo. Why then, to confess the Truth, my Lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my Fault, split me.

Elv. Now, my Lord, your Justice.

D. Du. Hold, Madam, that remains in me to give;
For know, your Brother lives, and happy in the Proof
of such a Sister's Virtue.

[*Discovers himself.*

Elv. My Brother! O! let my Wonder speak my Joy!

Clo. Hey! [Clodio and his Friends seem surpris'd.

Gov. Don Duart! living and well! how came this strange Recovery?

D. Du. My Body's Health the Surgeon has restor'd:
But here's the true Physician of my Mind: The hot dis-
temper'd Blood, which lately render'd me offensive to
Mankind, his just resenting Sword let forth, which gave
me Leisure to reflect upon my Follies past, and, by Re-
flection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed a happy Change.

Gov. Release the Gentleman.

Clo. Here, *Testy*, prithee do so much as untye this a little.

D. Lew. Why, so I will, Sirrah; I find thou hast done a mettled Thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your Pardon for the Wrong I have done you, Sir, and blush to think how much I owe you for a Brother thus restor'd.

Clo.

86 LOVE makes a MAN; or,

Clo. Madam, your very humble Servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. Du. We are indeed his Debtors both; and, Sister, there's but one Way now of being grateful: For my Sake, give him such Returns of Love, as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with Modesty can answer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it Impudence in me to wish myself well with your Sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your Friendship.

D. Du. This Modesty commends you, Sir.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a Man of Honour, and if the Lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a Fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my Brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my Birth-right, I'm ready still to put my Words into Performance.

D. Lew. Nay then, since I find the Rogue's no longer like to be an Enemy to *Charles*, as far as a few Acres go, I'll be his Friend too.

D. Du. Sister!

Elv. This is no Trifle, Brother; allow me a convenient Time to think, and if the Gentleman continues to deserve your Friendship, he shall not much complain I am his Enemy.

D. Lew. So! now it will be a Wedding again, Faith.

D. Man. And if this kind Example could prevail on you —

Lou. If it could not, your Merit has sufficient Power: From this Moment, I am yours for ever.

D. Man. Which way shall I be grateful?

Clo. Nay then, strike up again, Boys — and, with the Lady's Leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a Dance à la Mode de Angleterre. [They dance.]

D. Lew. So! so! bravely done of all Sides; and now *Charles*, we'll e'en toast our Noses over a chirping Bottle, and laugh at our past Fortune.

Car. Come, my *Angelina*!
Our Bark, at length, has found a quiet Harbour,

And

And the distressful Voyage of our Loves,
Ends not alone in Safety, but Reward.
Now we unlade our Freight of Happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my Share's deriv'd:
For all my former Search in deep Philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere Dream of Life:
But Love, in one soft Moment, taught me more
Than all the Volumes of the Learn'd cou'd reach;
Gave me the Proof when Nature's Birth began,
To what great End th' E T E R N A L form'd a M A N.

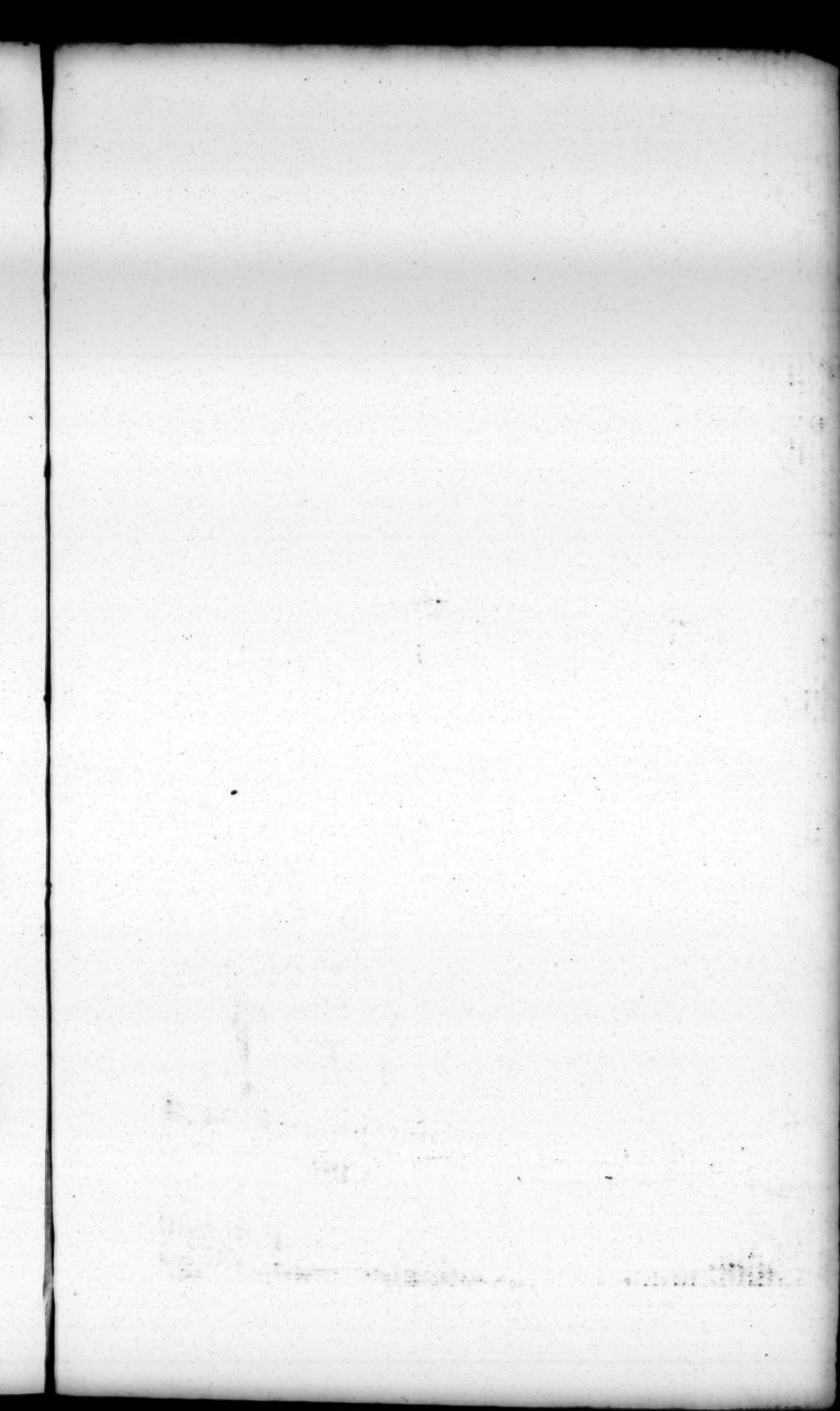


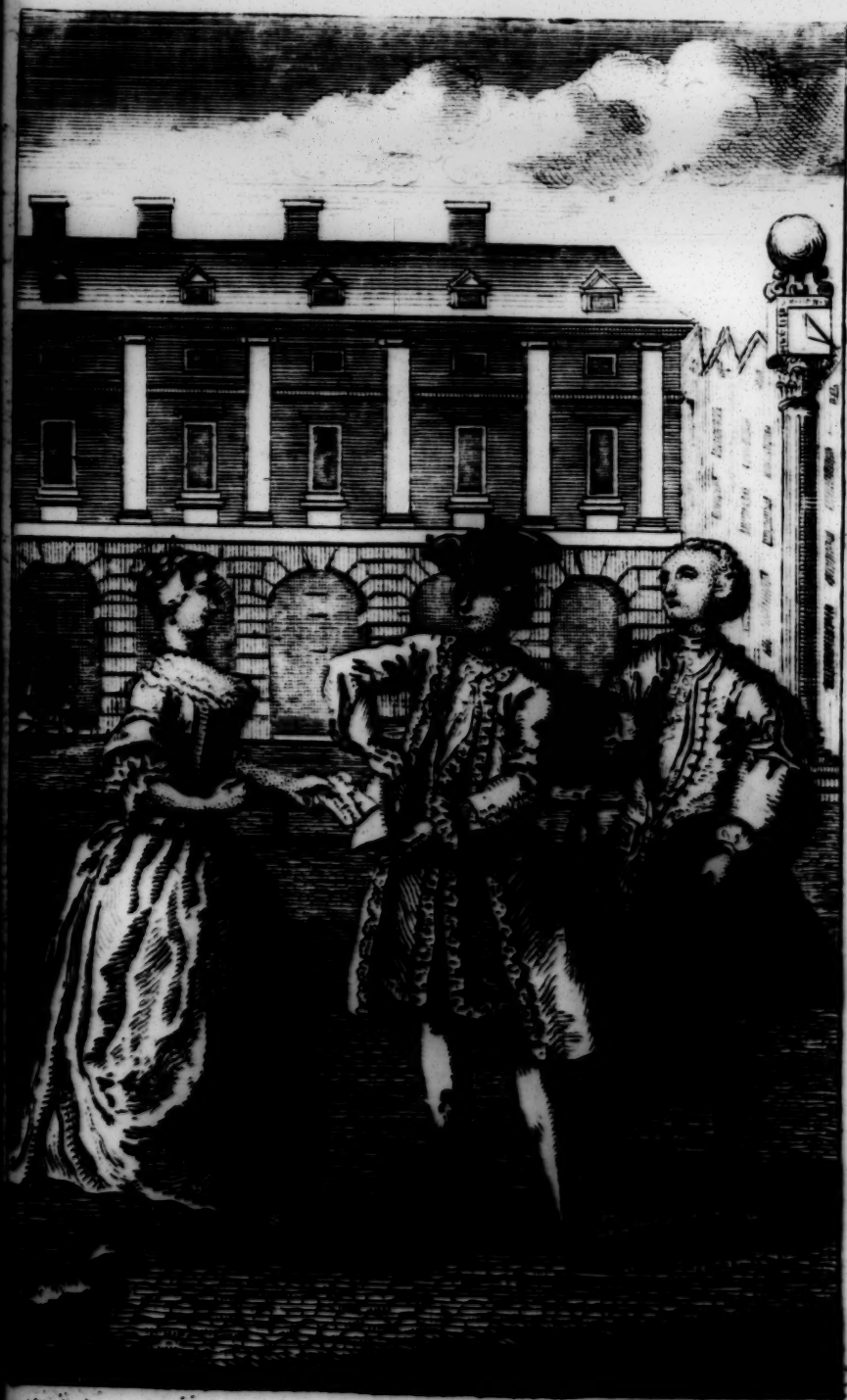


EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue's a Tax on Authors laid,
And full as much unwillingly is paid.
Good Lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet,
Coin has been always easier rais'd, than Wit.
(I fear we'd made but very poor Campaigns,
Had Funds been levy'd from the grumbling Brains.)
Beside, to what poor Purpose should we plead,
When you have once resolv'd a Play shall bleed?
But then again, a Wretch, in any Case,
Has Leave to say why Sentence should not pass.
First, let your Censure from pure Judgment flow,
And mix with that, some Grains of Mercy too;
On some your Praise like wanton Lovers you bestow.
Thus have you known a Woman plainly Fair,
At first scarce worth your two Days Pains or Care;
Without a Charm, but being young and new:
(You thought five Guineas far beyond her Due.)
But when pursu'd by some gay leading Lover,
Then every Day her Eyes new Charms discover;
'Till at the last, by Crouds of Beaus admir'd,
Sh' has rais'd her Price, to what her Heart desir'd,
New Gowns and Petticoats, which her Airs requir'd.
So Miss, and Poet too, when once cry'd up,
Believe their Reputation at the Top;
And know, that while the liking Fit has seiz'd you,
She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.
How can you bear a Sense of Love so gross,
To let mere Fashion on your Taste impose?
Your Taste refin'd, might add to your Delight;
Poets from you are taught to raise their Flight;
For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.

F I N I S.





J. Basire Sculp.

THE
LYING LOVER:

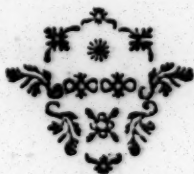
OR, THE
LADIES FRIENDSHIP.

A
C O M E D Y.

By Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Hæc nôsse salus est adolescentulis. Ter.

The SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, and W. NICOLL.
MDCCLXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OLD Bookwit.
Young Bookwit.

Loveemore.

Frederick.

Latine.

Storm.

Charcoal.



Captain Griffin.

Mr. Wilks.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Toms.

Mr. Cibber.

Mr. Pinkethman.

Mr. Bullock.

W O M E N.

Penelope.

Victoria.

Betty.

Lettice.

Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Oldfield.

Mrs. Cox.

Mrs. Lucas.

Constables, Watch, Turnkey, Cookmaid, and several
Goal-birds.

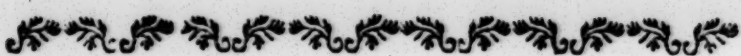
SCENE, LONDON.



P R O L O G U E.

*ALL the commanding Powers that awe Mankind
Are in a trembling Poet's Audience join'd,
Where such bright Galaxies of Beauty sit,
And at their Feet assembled Men of Wit:
Our Author therefore owns his deep Despair
To entertain the Learned or the Fair;
Yet hopes that both will so much be his Friends;
To pardon what he does, for what h'intends;
He aims to make the coming Action move
On the dread Laws of Friendship and of Love;
Sure then he'll find but very few severe,
Since there's of both so many Objects here.
He offers no gross Vices to your Sight,
Those too much Horror raise for just Delight;
And to detain th' attentive knowing Ear,
Pleasure must still have something that's severe.
If then you find our Author treads the Stage,
With just regard to a reforming Age;
He hopes, he humbly hopes, you'll think there's due
Mercy to him, for Justice done to you.*

/



EPILOGUE.

*OUR too advent'rous Author soar'd To-night
Above the little Praise, Mirth to excite,
And chose with Pity to chastise Delight.
For Laughter's a distorted Passion, born
Of sudden Self-Esteem, and sudden Scorn;
Which when 'tis o'er, the Men in Pleasure wise,
Both him that mov'd it, and themselves, despise:
While generous Pity of a painted Wee
Makes us ourselves both more approve and know.
What is that Truth within, which Nature gave
For Man, to Man, e'er Fortune made a Slave?
Sure it descends from that dread Power alone
Who levels Thunder from his awful Throze,
And shakes both Worlds—yet hears the Wretched
groan.* }

*'Tis what the ancient Sage could ne'er define,
Wonder'd—and call'd; Part human, Part divine:
'Tis that pure Joy, which guardian Angels know,
When timely they assist their Care below;
When they the Good protect, the Ill oppose;
'Tis what our Sovereign feels, when she bestows,
Which gives her glorious Cause such high Success,
That only on the Stage you see Distress.*

THE

THE
LYING LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.

LATINE.

BUT have you utterly left *Oxford*?
Y. Book. For ever, Sir, for ever; my father has given me leave to come to town, and I don't question but will let my return be in my own choice—But, *Jack*, you know we were talking in *Maudline* walks last week of the necessity, in intrigues, of a faithful, yet a prating servant—We agreed therefore to cast lots who should be the other's footman for the present expedition—Fortune, that's always blind, gave me the superiority.

Lat. She shall be call'd no more so, for that one action: and I am, Sir, in a literal sense, your very humble servant—

Y. Book. Begin then the duty of an useful valet, and flatter me egregiously—Has the fellow fitted me? How is my manner? my mien? Do I move freely? Have I kicked off the trammels of a gown? Or does not the tail on't seem still tuck'd under my arm, where my hat is? with pert jirk forward, and little hitch in my gait like a scholattick beau?—This wig, I fear looks like a cap.

Lat. No, faith, it looks like a cap and gown too? tho' at the same time you look as if you ne'er had worn either—

Y. Book. But my sword—does it hang careless?—do I look bold, negligent, and erect? that is, do I look as if I could kill a man without being out of humour?

I horribly mistrust myself—Am I military enough in my air? I fancy people see I understand *Greek*. Don't I pore a little in my visage?—Hav't I a down bookish lour? a wise sadness?—I don't look gay enough and unthinking, I fancy.

Lat. I protest you wrong yourself:—You look very brisk, and very ignorant.

Y. Book. Oh he—I am afraid you flatter me.

Lat. I don't indeed—I'll be hang'd if my tutor would know either of us—But, good master, to what use do you design to put the noble arts and sciences he taught us—The conduct of our lives, the government of our passions, were his daily talk to us, good man?

Y. Book. Good man? Why I'll obey his precepts, but abridge 'em—For as he used to advise me, I'll contract my thoughts—as I'll tell you, *Jack*—For the passions, I'll turn them all into that one dear passion, love; and when that's the only torture of my heart, I'll give that tortured heart quite away, deny there's any such thing as pain, and turn *Stout* a shorter way than e'er thy tutor taught thee—This is the new philosophy, you Rogue you——

Lat. But you would not in earnest be thought wholly illiterate?

Y. Book. No: for as when I walk, I'd have you know by my motion I can dance; so when I speak I'd have you see I read—yet would ordinarily neither cut capers, nor talk sentences—But you prate as if I came to town to get an employment;—No; hang business—hang care, let it live and prosper among the men—I'll ne'er go near the solemn ugly things again—I'll keep company with none but Ladies—bright Ladies—Oh *London! London!* Oh Woman! Woman! I am come where thou livest, where thou shinest.

Lat. Hey-day! why, were there no women in *Oxford*?

Y. Book. No, no; why, do you think a bed-maker's a woman?

Lat. Yes, and thought you knew it.

Y. Book. No, no, 'tis no such thing—As he that is not honest or brave is no man; so she that is not witty or fair is no woman—No, no, *Jack*—to come up to that
high

high name, and object of desire—She must be gay and chaste, she must at once attract, and banish you—I don't know how to express myself—but a woman methinks is a being between us and angels—She has something in her that at the same gives awe and invitation; and I swear to you I was never out on't yet—But I always judged of men, as I observed they judged of women: there is nothing shews a man so much as the object of his affections—But what do you stare at so considerately?

Lat. Faith, Sir, I am wondering at you—how 'tis possible you could be so janty a town-spark in a moment, and have so easy a behaviour—I look methinks to you, as if I were really your footman—

Y. Book. Why, if you're serious in what you say—I owe it wholly to the indulgence of an excellent father, in whose company I was always free, and unconstrain'd—But what's this to ladies, *Jack*, to ladies—I was going to tell you I had study'd 'em, and know how to make my approaches to 'em by contemplating their frame, their inmost temper—I don't ground my hopes on the scandalous tales and opinions your wild fellows have of 'em—Fellows that are but mere bodies—Machines—which at best can but move gracefully—No, I draw my pretences from philosophy, from nature—

Lat. You'll give us by and by a lecture over your mistress: you can dissect her.

Y. Book. That I can indeed, and have so accurately observed on woman, that I can know her mind by her eye, as well as her doctor shall her health by her pulse—I can read approbation through a glance of disdain—Can see when the Soul is divided by a sparkling tear that twinkles and betrays the heart; a sparkling tear's the dress and livery of love—Of love made up of hope, and fear, of joy and grief—

Lat. But what have the wars to do with all this? Why must you needs commence soldier all of a sudden?

Y. Book. Weren't not a taking compliment with my college face and phrase t'accost a lady—Madam, I bring your ladyship a learned heart, one newly come from the University—If you want definitions, axioms, and arguments, I am an able school-man—I have read *Aristotle* twice over, compared his jarring commentators too, examined all the famous peripateticks, know where the

Scotids and the Nominals differ: This certainly must needs enchant a Lady.

Lat. This is too much on th' other side.

Y. Book. The name of a soldier bids you better welcome: 'Tis valour and feats done in the field a man should be cried up for—nor is't so hard to atchieve.

Lat. The fame of it, you mean—

Y. Book. Yes; and that will serve—'Tis but looking big, bragging with an easy grace, and confidently muttering up an hundred hard names they understand not: Thunder out *Villeroi*, *Catinat*, and *Boufflers*; speak of strange towns and castles, whose barbarous names, the harsher they're to the ear, the rarer and more taking—Still running over lines, trenches, outworks, counterescarps, and forts, citadels, mines, countermines, pickeering, pioneers, centinels, parades, and others, without sense or order, that matters not, the women are amaz'd, they admire to hear you rap 'em out so readily; and many a one that went no farther for't, retailing handsomely some warlike terms, passes for a brave fellow—Don't stand gaping, but live and learn, my lad—I can tell thee ten thousand arts, to make thee known and valued in these regions of wit and gallantry, the park; the playhouse—

Lat. Now you put me in mind where we are—What have we to do here thus early—now there's no company?

Y. Book. Oh! Sir, I have put on so much of the soldier with my red coat, that I came here to observe the ground I am to engage upon—Here must I act, I know, some lover's part, and therefore came to view this pleasant walk—I privately rambled to town last *November*—Here, ay here—I stood and gaz'd at high Mall, till I forget 'twas winter, so many pretty she's marched by me—Oh! to see the dear things trip, trip along, and breathe so short, nipt with the season—I saw the very air not without force leave their dear lips.—Oh! they were intolerably handsome.

Lat. You'll see, perhaps, such to-day—but how to come at 'em—

Y. Book. Ay, there's it, how to come at 'em—

Lat. Are you generous?

Y. Book. I think I am no niggard

Lat.

Lat. You must entertain them high, and bribe al about 'em. They talk of *Ovid*, and his art of loving, be liberal and you outdo his precepts—The art of love, fir, is the art of giving—Be free to women, they'll be free to you; not ev'ry open handed fellow hits it neither. Some give by lap-fuls, and yet ne'er oblige. The manner you know of doing a thing is more than the thing itself—Some drop a jewel, which would have been refused if bluntly offered.

Y. Book. Some lose at play what they design a present.

Lat. Right—the skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of yourself, 'tis done with so much ease; but a liberal blockhead presents his mistress as he'd give an alms.

Y. Book. Leave such blockheads to their deserved ill fortune—Tell me if thou know'st these ladies?

Lat. No, not I, fir, they are above an academick converse many degrees—I've seen ten thousand verses writ in the University on wenches not fit to be either of their handmaids—I never spoke to such a fine thing as either in all my whole life—I'm downright asleep o'sudden—I must fall back, and glad it is my place to do so: yet I can get you intelligence perhaps—I'll to the footman.

Y. Book. Do you think he'll tell?—

Lat. He would not to you perhaps—but to a brother footman—Do you but listen at the entrance of the mall at noon, and you'll have all the Ladies characters in town among the lacqueys—You know all fame begins from our domesticks:—

Y. Book. That was a wise man's observation—Follow him, and know what you can. *Exit Latine.*

Enter Penelope, Victoria, Simon and Lettice.

Pen. A walk round would be too much for us—we'll keep the Mall—But to our talk—I must confess I have terrors when I think of marrying *Lovemore*: he is indeed a man of an honest character—he has my good opinion, but love does not always follow that—he is so wise a fellow, always so precisely in the right, so observing and so jealous—he's blameless indeed, but not to be commended: what good he has, has no grace in't: he's one of those who's never highly mov'd, except to anger—Give me a man that has agreeable faults, rather than offensive virtues.

Vic. Offer five virtues, madam!

Pen. Yes—I don't know how—there's a sort of virtue, or prudence, or what you'll call it, that we can but just approve. That does not win us—*Lowemore* wants that fire—that conversation-spirit I would have. They say he's learn'd as well as discreet, but I'm no judge of that: I'm sure he's no woman's scholar; his wisdom he should turn into wit, and his learning into poetry or humour.

Vic. Well, I'm not so much of your mind, I like a sober passion.

Pen. A sober passion! you took me up just now when I said an offensive virtue——Bless me;

[*stumbling almost to a fall.*]

Y. Book. [*catching her*] How much am I indebted to an accident that favours me with an occasion of this small service! for 'tis to me a happiness beyond expression thus to kiss your hand.

Pen. The occasion, methinks, is not so obliging, nor the happiness you mention, worth that name, sir.

Y. Book. 'Tis true, madam, I owe it all to fortune, neither your kindness nor my industry had any share in't: thus am I still as wretched as I was, for this happiness I so much prize had doubtless been refus'd by want of merit.

Pen. 'T has very soon you see lost what you valued in it: but I find you and I, sir, have a different sense; for in my opinion we enjoy with most pleasure, what we attain with least merit—Merit is a claim, and may pretend justly to favour; when without it what's conferr'd is more unexpected, and therefore more pleasing.

Y. Book. You talk very well, madam, of an happiness you can't possibly be acquainted with, the enjoying without desert. But indeed you have done me a very singular good office, in letting me know myself very much qualify'd for felicity.

Vic. I swear he's a very pretty fellow, and how readily the thing talks—I begin to pity *Lowemore*, but I begin to hate *Penelope*. How he looks! he looks at her!

Y. Book. But judge, madam, what the condition of a passionate man must be, that can approach the hand only of her he dies for, when her heart is inaccessible.

Pen. 'Tis very well the heart lies not so easily to be seized

seized as the hand—I find—pray, sir—I don't know what there is in this very odd fellow, I'm not angry, tho' he's downright rude.—But I must——

Y. Book. But your heart, madam, your heart—

[*pressingly.*]

Pen. You seem'd, sir, I must confess, to have shewn a ready civility when I'd like to fall just now, for which I cou'd not but thank you, and permit you to say what you pleas'd on that occasion—But your heart, madam; 'tis a sure sign, sir, you know not me—Or if you are what indeed you seem—a gentleman—sure you forget yourself, or rather you talk by memory, a form or cant which you mistake for something that's gallant.

Y. Book. Madam, I very humbly beg your pardon, if I press'd too far, and too abruptly—I forgot indeed that I broke through decencies, and that tho' you have been long a familiar to me, I am a stranger to you.

Pen. Pray, familiar stranger, what can you mean? I never saw you before this instant, nor you me, I believe.

Y. Book. Perhaps not that you know of, madam.—For your humility, it seems, makes you so little sensible of your own perfection, that you o'erlook your conquest; nor have you e'er observ'd me, tho' I hover day and night about your lodging, haunt you from place to place, at balls, in the park, at church—I gave you all the serenades you've had, yet never till this minute cou'd I find you, and this minute an unfortunate one—But this is always my luck, when I am out of the field.

Mrs. You've travel'd then, and seen the wars, sir?

Y. Book. I—madam—I—All that I know of the matter is, that *Lewis* the fourteenth mortally hates me. They talk of French gold—What heaps have I refus'd!—yet to be generous even to an enemy, I must allow that prince has reason for his rancour to me.—There has not been a skirmish, siege, or battle since I bore arms, I made not one in: no, nor the least advantage got over the enemy but I had my share, tho' perhaps not all my share o'th' glory—you've seen my name, tho' you don't know it, often in the *Gazette*.

Pen. I never read news.

Enter

Enter Latine.

Lat. What tale's he telling now, tro?

Y. Book. You've never heard, I suppose, of such names as *Rurmond*, *Keyser-waert*, and *Liege*: nor read of an *English* gentleman left dead by his precipitancy upon a parapet at *Venlo*.—I was thought so indeed, when the first account came away.—Every man has his failings—Rashness is my Fault.

Lat. Don't you remember a certain place call'd *Oxford* among your towns, Sir?

Y. Book. Shaw, away—Oh!—oh! I beg your pardon, ladies; this fellow knows I was shot in my left arm, and cannot bear the least touch, yet will still be rushing on me.

Lat. He has a lye, I think, in every joint. [*Aside.*

Pen. Do you bear any commission, Sir?

Y. Book. There's an intimate of mine, a general officer, who has often said, *Tom*, if you wou'd't but stick to any one application, thou might'st be any thing—'tis my misfortune, madam, to have a mind too extensive. I began last summer's campaign with the renowned prince *Eugene*, but was forced to fly into *Holland* for a duel with that rough captain of the *Hussars*, *Paul Diack*—they talk of a regiment for me—but those things—besides it will oblige me to attend it, and then I can't follow honour where-e'er she's busiest, but must be confined to one nation—when indeed 'tis rather my way of serving with such of our allies as most want me.

Pen. But I see you soldiers never enjoy such a thing as rest—you but come home in winter to turn your valour on the ladies, 'tis but just a change of your warfare.

Y. Book. I had immediately return'd to *Holland*, but your beauties at my arrival here disarm'd me, madam, made me a man of peace, or rais'd a civil war within me rather.—You took me prisoner at first sight, and to your charms I yielded up an heart, till then unconquer'd. Martial delights (once best and dearest to me) vanish'd before you in a moment, and all my thoughts grew bent to please and serve you.

Let. *Lowmore's* in the walk, madam, he'll be in a fit.

Y. Book. Rob me o'th' sudden thus of all my Happinesses! yet e'er you quite forsake me, authorize my passion, licence my innocent flames, and give me leave to love such charming sweetness.

Pen. He that will love, and knows what 'tis to love, will ask no leave of any but himself. [*Ex. Ladies.*]

Y. Book. Follow 'em, *Jack*.

Lat. I know as much of 'em already as needs. The footman was in his talking vein—the handsomer of the two, says he, I serve, and she lives in the Garden.

Y. Book. What Garden?

Lat. Covent-Garden: The other lies there too. I did not stay to ask her name, but I shall meet him again, I took particular notice of the livery.

Y. Book. Ne'er trouble thyself to know which is which, my heart and my good genius tell me, 'tis she, that pretty she I talk'd to.

Lat. If, with respect to your worship's opinion, I might presume to be of a contrary one, I should think the other the handsomer now.

Y. Book. What the dumb thing! the picture—No, love is the union of minds, and she that engages mine must be very well able to express her own. But I suppose some scolding landlady has made you so enamour'd with silence. But here are two o'the dearest of my old comrades, they seem amaz'd at something by their action.

Enter Lovemore and Frederick.

Fred. How! a collation on the water, and music too?

Love. Yes, music and a collation.

Fred. Last night?

Love. Last night too.

Fred. An handsome treat?

Love. A very noble one.

Fred. Who gave it?

Love. That I'm yet to learn.

Y. Book. How happy am I to meet you here!

Love. When I embrace you thus—no happiness can equal mine. [*saluting.*]

Y. Book. I thrust myself intrudingly upon you; but you'll pardon a man overjoy'd to see you.

Love. Where you're always welcome, you never can intrude.

Y. Book. What were you talking of?

Love.

Love. Of an entertainment.

Y. Book. Given by some lover?

Love. As we suppose.

Y. Book. That circumstance deserves my curiosity; pray go on, and let me share the story.

Love. Some ladies had the fiddles last night.

Y. Book. Upon the wa^{er} too methought you said?

Love. Yes, 'twas upon the water.

Y. Book. Water often feeds the flame.

Love. Sometimes.

Y. Book. And by night too?

Love. Yes, last night.

Y. Book. He chose his time well——The lady is handsome?

Love. In most mens eyes she is.

Y. Book. And the musick?

Love. Good, as we hear.

Y. Book. Some banquet follow'd?

Love. A sumptuous one, they say.

Y. Book. And neither of you all the while know who gave this treat? ha, ha.

Love. D'ye laugh at it?

Y. Book. How can I chuse, to see you thus admire a slight divertisement I gave myself?

Love. You?

Y. Book. Ev'n I——

Love. Why have you got a mistress here already?

Y. Book. I should be sorry else: I've been in town this month or more, though for some reasons I appear but a little yet by day, i' th' dark o' th' evening I peep out, and *incognito* make some visits. Thus have I spent my time but ill, were not——

Lar. Do you know what you say, sir?—Don't lay it on so thick.——

Y. Book. Nay, you must be sure to take care to be in the way as soon as they land, to shew up stairs—I beg pardon, I was giving my fellow some directions about receiving some women of quality that sup with me to-night *incog.*—But you're my dearest friends, and shall hear all——

Fred. to Love. How luckily your rival discovers himself.

Y. Book. I took five barges, and the fairest kept for my

my company; the other four, I fill'd with music of all sorts, and of all sorts the best; in the first were fiddles, in the next theorbo, lutes, and voices.

Flutes and such pastoral instruments i'th' third,
Loud musick from the fourth did pierce the air.
Each consort vy'd by turns,
Which with most melody thou'd charm our ears.
The fifth the largest of 'em all, was neatly hung,
Not with dull tapeltry, but with green boughs,
Curiosity interlac'd to let in air,
And every branch with jessamines, and orange posies deck'd.

In this the feast was kept.

Hither with five other ladies I led her whose beauty alone governs my destiny. Supper was serv'd up straight; I will not trouble you with our bill of fare, what dishes were best lik'd, what sauces most commended; 'tis enough I tell you this delicious feast was of six courses, twelve dishes to a course.

Lat. That's indeed enough of all conscience. [*Aside.*

Love. Oh the torture of jealousy! [*Aside.*] But, sir, how seem'd the lady to receive this entertainment? we must know that.

Y. Book. Oh! that was the height on't—She, I warrant you, was quite negligent of all this matter. You know their way. They must not seem to like—No, I warrant it would not so much as smile to make the fellow vain, and believe he had power to move delight in her—ha, ha!

Love. But how then?

Y. Book. Why you must know my honour grew poetick—I pull'd off my sword-knot, and with that bound up a coronet of ivy, laurel, and flowers; with that round my temples, and a plate of richest fruits in my hand, on one knee I presented her with it as a *cornucopia*, an offering from her humble iſwain of all his harvest—to her the *Ceres* of our genial feast, and rural mirth—she smil'd—the ladies clapp'd their hands, and all our musick struck sympathetick rapture at my happiness; while gentle winds, the river, air, echo'd the harmony in notes more soft than they receiv'd it. Methought all nature seem'd to die for love like me. To all my heart and every pulse beat time—Oh the pleasures of success u
love

love! ha, *Love*! ha! what, hast thou got a good office lately—You're afraid I should make some request. Pry'thee ben't so shy, I have nothing to ask but of my mistress; what's the matter?

Love. I only attend, sir, I only attend—

Y. Book. Then I'll go on. As soon as we had supp'd, the fire-works play'd. Squibs of all sorts were dard'd through the skies, whose spreading fires made a new day. A flaming deluge seem'd to fall from Heaven, and with such violence attack'd the waves, you wou'd have thought the fiery element had left his sphere, to ruin his moist enemy. Their contest done, we landed, danc'd till day, which hasty *Sel* disturb'd us with too soon. Had he ta'en our advice, or fear'd my anger, he might in *Thetis's* lap have slept as long as at *Alcmena's* labour he's reported: but steering not as we wou'd have prescrib'd, he put a period to our envy'd mirth.

Love. Trust me you tell us wonders, and with a grace as rare as the feast itself, which all our summer's mirth can't equal.

Y. Book. My mistress took me o'th' sudden—I had not a day's warning.

Love. The treat was costly tho', and finely order'd.

Y. Book. I was forc'd to take up with this trifle. He that wants time can't do as he wou'd.

Love. Farewel, we shall meet again at more leisure.

Y. Book. Number me among your creatures.

Love. Oh jealousy! thou rack, jealousy!

Fred. What reason have you to feel it? the circumstances of the feast nothing agree—

Love. In this time and place they do; the rest is nothing. [Ex. *Fred. and Love.*]

Lat. May I speak now, sir, without offence?

Y. Book. 'Tis in your choice now to speak or not, but before company you'll spoil all.

Lat. Do you walk abroad and talk in your sleep? or do you use to tell your dreams for current truth?

Y. Book. Dull brain!

Lat. Why you beat out mine with your battles, your fire-works, your musick, and your feasts. You've found an excellent way to go to your wars, and yet keep out of danger:—then you feast your mistress at the cheapest rate

rate that ever I knew ! Why d'ye make 'em believe you ha' been here these fix weeks ?

Y. Book. My passion has the more growth, and I the better ground to make love.

Lat. You'd make one believe fine things, that wou'd but harken to you—But this lady might soon have found you out—

Y. Book. Some acquaintance I have got however ; this is making love, scholar, and at the best rate too.

Lat. To speak truth, I'm hardly come to myself yet, your great supper lies on my stomach still. I defy *Pontack* to have prepar'd a better o'th' sudden. Your enchanted castles, where strangers found strange tables, strangely furnished with strange cats, were but six-penny ordinaries to the fifth barge ; you were an excellent man to write romances, for having feasts and battles at command, your *Quixote* in a trice would over-run the world ; revelling and skirmishing cost you nothing ; then you vary your scene with so much ease, and shift from court to camp with such facility—

Y. Book. I love thus to outvie a news-monger ; and as soon as I perceive a fellow thinks his story will surprise—I choke him with a stranger, and stop his mouth with an *extempore* wonder : didst thou but know what a pleasure 'tis to cram their own news down their throats again !—

Lat. 'Tis fine but may prove dangerous sport, and may involve us in a peck of troubles : pry'thee, *Tom*, consider that I am of quality to be kick'd or can'd by this L—

Y. Book. Hush, hush, call it not lying ; as for my waging war, it is but just I snatch and steal from fortune that fame which she denies me opportunity to deserve—My father has cramp'd me in a college, while all the world has been in action. Then as to my lying to my mistress, 'tis but what all the lovers of liberty do.—Call it not by that coarse name a lye. 'Tis wit, 'tis fable, allegory, fiction, hyperbole,—or be it what you call it, the world's made up almost of nothing else. What are all the grave faces you meet in publick ? — mere silent lyes, dark solemn fronts, by which they wou'd disguise vain empty silly noddles.—But after all, to be serious, since I am resolv'd honestly to love, I don't care how artfully I obtain the woman I pitch upon.

upon.—Besides, did you ever know any of them acknowledged they lov'd as soon as they lov'd—No, they'll let a man dwell upon his knees—whom they languish to receive into their arms—They're no fair enemy—therefore 'tis but just, that

*We use all arts the fair to undermine,
And learn with gallantry to hide design.* [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter old Bookwit, Penelope, and Lettice.

O. B. **M**istress Penelope, I have your father's leave to wait upon you, madam, and talk to you this morning; nay to talk to you of marriage.

Pen. To talk to me of marriage, sir?

O. Book. Yes, madam, in behalf of my son Tom Bookwit.

Pen. Nay, there may perhaps be something said to that. [Aside.]

O. Book. I sent for him from Oxford with that design, he came to town but yesterday; and if a father can judge, he brings from a college the mien and air of a court—I love my son entirely, and hope, madam, you take my thoughts as to you, to be no want of respect to you.

Pen. 'Twere want of sense, sir, to do that.

O. Book. If I can remember my style to my mistress of old, I'll ease Tom's way, and raise her expectation of my son. [aside.] Madam, had I my hat, my feather, pantaloons, and jerkin on, as when I woo'd your humble servant's mother, I would deliver you his errand. I married her just such a young thing as you: her complexion was charming, but not indeed with all your sweetness.

Pen. Oh! sir!

O. Book. Her neck, and bosom were the softest pillows, her shape was not of that nice sort; some young women suffer in shapes of their mother's making, by spare diet, straight lacing, and constant chiding. But 'twas the work of nature, free, unconstrain'd, healthy
and

and—But her charms had not all that emanation which yours have.

Pen. Oh fie! fie!

O. Book. Not those thousand thousand graces, that soft army of loves and zephyrs, millions of airy beings that attend around you, and appear only to the second sight of lovers.

Pen. O fie! Pray, good Sir, you'll leave nothing for your son to say.

O. Book. I did not think I had such a memory. I find the women are now certainly daughters of the women before 'em.—Flattery still does it. [*Aside.*] Tom is my only son, and I extremely desirous to have him settled.—I own I think him of much merit.

Pen. He would derogate from his birth, were he not much a gentleman. But to receive a man in the character of a pretender at first sight——

O. Book. I'll walk him by and by before your window, where your own eyes shall judge—I think there's nothing above his pretences but yourself; but when one of so many excellent qualities bestows herself, it must be condescension.—You shall not answer—Farewel, daughter: we are but too apt to believe what we wish——

[*Exit O. Book.*]

Pen. 'Tis as you said, *Lettice*, *Old Bookwit* came to propose his son.

Lett. I overheard the old Gentleman talk of it last night.—But, Madam, you han't heard the song that was made on you.—Oh 'tis mighty pretty, the Gentleman is dying for you, he says it, pure pure verses.

Pen. Whoever writ 'em, he's not the first Poet I have made. They may talk, and say Nature makes a Poet, but I say Love makes a Poet. Don't you see elder brothers, who are by nature born above wit, shall fall in love, and write verses—nay, and pretty good ones, considering they can tagg 'em to settlements: but let's see.

To CELIA's Spinnet.

Reading. *Thou soft machine that does her hands obey,
Tell her my grief in thy harmonious lay.*

Poor man——

*To shun my moan to thee she'll fly.
To her touch be sure reply,
And, if she removes it, die.*

The

The device is just and truly poetical.

Know thy bliss—Ay, ay, there I come in.

Know thy bliss, with rapture shake,

Tremble o'er all thy numerous make;

Speak in melting sounds my tears,

Speak, my joys, my hopes, my fears,

Which all depend upon me:

Thus force her, when from me she'd fly,

By her own hand, like me, to die.

Well, certainly nothing touches the heart of woman so much as poetry. I suppose the master is in the next room, 'tis his hour, desire him to walk in. 'Twill make one's ears tingle, a song o' one's self.

[Here the song is performed to a spinet.]

Well, dost think, *Lettice*, my grave lover writ this fine thing—say'st thou?

Lett. No, Madam.—Nobody writes songs on those they are sure of.

Pen. Sure of me! the insolent!

Lett. Nay, I know no more than that he said he'd turn me away as soon as he had married you.

Pen. 'Tis like enough.—That's the common practice of your jealous-headed fellows.—Well, I have a good mind to dress myself anew, put on my best looks, and send for him to dismiss him.—I know he loves me.

Lett. I never knew him shew it but by his jealousy.

Pen. As you say, a jealous fellow love?—'tis all mistake, 'tis only for himself he has desires; nor cares what the object of his wishes suffers, so he himself has satisfaction—No, he has a gluttony, an hunger for me.

Lett. An hunger for you! I protest, Madam, if you'd let me be his cook, and make you ready, I'd poison him. But I'm glad *Simon* disobey'd you, and told the Gentleman's servant who you were, and your lodging—

Pen. Did the rogue do so?—Call him hither.

Lett. *Simon*, why *Simon*.

Enter Simon.

Pen. Sirrah, I find I must at last turn you off, you saucy fellow, don't stand staring and dodging with your feet, and wearing out your livery hat with squeezing for an excuse, but answer me, and that presently.

Sim. I will, Madam, as soon as you ask me a question.

Pen.

Pen. Not afore them—Mr. *Pert* don't you know you told the gentleman's footman in the park who I was, against my constant order, when I walk early. Come, firrah, tell all that passed between you.

Sim. Why, madam, the gentleman's gentleman came up to me very civilly, and said his master was in discourse with my lady he supposed—Then he fell into talk about vails—about profits in a service ; at last, after a deal of discourse between us——

Pen. Come, without this preamble,—what he ask'd you, impertinence,—tell that, do——

Sim. He ask'd about you, and Madam *Victoria*.—I said, the handsomest of the two is my Lady.

Pen. Speak on boldly, *Simon* ; I'm never angry at a servant that speaks truth.

Sim. He told me he should be very proud of my acquaintance ; indeed, madam, the man was very well-spoken, and shewed a great deal of respect for me, on your ladyship's account—He is a mighty well-spoken man, and said, he found I was a smart Gentleman—said he'd come again.

Pen. Go, you have done your business.
Go down,

[*Exit.*

Lett. Well, after all, madam, I did not think that Gentleman displeased you.

Pen. Had young *Bookwit* his mien and conversation, how easily would he exclude *Lovemore* !

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Lovemore* is coming up, madam.

Pen. He has not heard sure of this new proposal.

Lett. 'Tis possible he may, and come to rant or upbraid your ladyship ; I wonder you endure him on these occasions.

Pen. I'll rack his very heart-strings. He shall know all that man e'er suffered for his native mistress, woman.

Lett. His father, madam, has been so long coming out of *Suffolk*.—There are strange tricks in the world, but 'tis not my place to speak——

Pen. However, his father may come at last ; I will not wholly lose him ; as bad as he is, he's better than no husband at all—Stay in the room, I'll talk to you as if he were not present——

Enter

Enter Lovemore.

Love. Ah! *Penelope!* inconstant! fickle *Penelope!*

Pen. But, *Lettice*, you don't tell me what the gentleman said; now there's no body here you may speak——

Love. Now there's no body here?——Then I am a thing, an utensil——I am no body, I have no essence that I am sensible of——I think 'twill be so soon——This ingrate,——this perjur'd!

Pen. Tell me, I say,—how the match happened to break off;

Love. This is downright abuse.——What! don't you see me, madam?

Lett. He had the folly, upon her being commonly civil to him, to talk of directing her affairs before his time: in the first place, he thought it but necessary her maid, her faithful servant *Mrs. Betty*, should be remov'd.

Love. Her faithful servant *Mrs. Betty!*——Her betrayer, her whisperer, *Mrs. Lettice.*——Madam, would you but hear me—I will be heard——

Pen. Pr'ythee stop, *Lettice*, and see what noise is that without.

Love. The noise is here, madam; 'tis I that make what you call noise——'Tis I that claim aloud my right, and speak to all the world the wrongs I suffer.

Pen. Cooling herbs well sleep'd—a good anodyne at night, made of juice of hellebore, with very thin diet, may be of use in these cases.

[Both looking at him as disturb'd.]

Love. Cases!—What cases? I shall downright run mad with this damn'd usage. Am I a jest?

Lett. A jest!—no faith, this is far from a merry madness—Ha! ha! ha!

Love. Harky'e *Lettice*—I'll downright box you——Hold your tongue, gipsy——

Lett. Dear madam, save me—go you to him——

Pen. Let him take you.—Bless me—how he stares,——take her.

Lett. Take her }

Pen. Take her }

[Running round each other.]

Love. Very fine——No, madam, your gallant, your spark last night; your fine dancer, entertainer, shall take you——He that was your swain, and you, I warrant, a fantastick nymph of the flood, or forest; ha! ha! ha! to be out all night with a young fellow.—Oh! that makes

ha! to be out all night with a young fellow—Oh! that makes you change your countenance, does it so?—Fine lady—You wonder how I came to know—why chuse a discreeter the next time—he told me all himself—swoon—die for shame at hearing of these words,—do—

Pen. I am indeed downright ashamed for him that speaks 'em; whence this insolence, if not from utter distraction, under this roof?

Love. Oh! the ingrate! —Have not I, madam, two long years, two ages, with humblest resignation depended on your smiles; and shall I suffer one of yesterday's—to treat you, to dance all night with you?

Pen. Speak softly—my father's coming down.

Love. Thy father's coming down! faithless!—thou hast no father. But to cross me by night upon the water!

Pen. Well, by night upon the water—What then?

Low. Yes, all night.

Pen. What of that?

Love. Without blushing when you hear of it?

Pen. Blush for what!—What do you drive at?

Love. Can you then coldly ask what 'tis I mean, thou reveller, thou rambler; a fine young lady with your midnight frolicks! But what do I pretend to?—I know not how with bended knees to call you *Ceres*,—make you an offering of summer fruits, and deify your vanity;—Thou art no goddess, thou art a very woman, with all the guile—Your barges! your treats! your fireworks!

Pen. What means the insolent! You grow insufferable.

Love. Oh *Penelope*! that look, that disdainful look has pierc'd my soul, and ebb'd my rage to penitence and sorrow—I own my fault—I am too rash—

Pen. Th' imaginary enemies you raise are but mere forms of your sickly brain—so I think, and scorn 'em. A diffident, an humorous and ungenerous man, who without grounds calls me inconstant, shall surely find me so: She will be very happy that takes a constant man with twenty thousand humours.

Low. Is it a fault my life's bound up in thee,
That all my powers change with thy looks,

That my eyes glote on thee when thou'rt present,
And ake and roll for light when thou'rt absent?

Pen. A little ill usage, I see, improves a lover
strangely; I never heard him speak so well in my life
before. [*Aside.*]

Low. Of you I am not jealous;
'Tis my own indefert that gives me fears,
And tendernefs forms dangers where they're not;
I doubt and envy all things that approach thee:
Not a fond mother of a long wish'd for only child be-
holds with such kind terrors her infant offspring as I
do her I love. She thinks it's food, if she's not by,
unwholesome; and all the ambient air made up
of fevers and of quartan agues, except she shrouds
it in her arms.—Such is my unpitied anxious care
for you, and can I see another ———

Pen. What other?

Low. Nay, if you make a secret of your meeting,—
there's all that I suspect in't.—Another?—Young
Bookwit is another.

Pen. I never saw his face.—Young *Bookwit*

Low. What! not tho' he solicited a glance, with
symphonies of charming note, with sumptuous dishes!
—Not when the flying meteors from the earth made a
new day!—not see him!—Oh! that was hard,—
that was unkind, not one look for all this gallantry!
—But love is blind,—You can be all night with the
son, all day with the father, and never see either.—
His father was here this morning; seek not to excuse,
—I know your arts, and see their aim too—Go, go,
take your *Bookwit*,—Forget your lover as he must now
you. [*Going.*]

Hen. Hear but three words.

Low. What shall they be?

Pen. Prithee hear me.

Low. No, no, your father's coming down.

Pen. He is not coming, nor can he overhear us.
There's time and privacy enough to disabuse you.

Low. I'll hear nothing unless you will be married,
unless you give me as a present earnest of your self
three kisses, and your word for ever.

Pen. To give way to my satisfaction then—and be
friends

friends again, you wou'd, Mr. *Lovemore*, have three Kisses——

Low. Three kisses, your faith, and hand.

Pen. Nothing else ; will you be so contented ?

Low. I'll expect higher terms, if you accept not these——Quickly then.

Pen. Well then, No, my father's coming ? ha, ha, ha.

Low. Laugh at my sufferings !—slight my anger. Is this your base requital of my love ; Revenge, revenge,—I'll print on thy favourite in his heart's blood my revenge. Our swords—our swords shall dispute our pretences, rather than he enjoy what my long services entitle me to, which is to do myself right for what he intends an injury ; tho' perhaps what we shall dispute for is better lost.

Pen. Mr. *Lovemore*, you have taken very great liberties ; you say I have injured you in regard to another.—Is your opinion then of what you say you will dispute for, such as you just now said——better lost.

Low. Look you, madam,—so—therefore—as to that—this is such—for that it—You don't consider what you said to me——

Pen. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Low. You shall by all that's——You shall repent this.

[*Flings out.*]

Pen. This is all we have for't, a little dominion before hand——These are the creatures that are born to rule us, who creep, who flatter, and servilely beseech your favour ; which obtain'd, they grow sullen, proud and insolent ; pry into the gift, the manner of bestowing, with all the little arts th' ungrateful use to hide, or kill their sense and conscience of a benefit——

Lett. Ay, ay, madam, 'tis so——I had a sweetheart once, a lady's butler, to whom I gave a lock of my hair ; and the villain, when we quarrell'd told me half of 'em were grey.

Pen. Ha ! ha ! ha ! the ingrate——the faithless, as *Lovemore* says——

Lett. And yet, Madam, the rogue stole a letter out of a book to ask me for it—as my next suitor found out.

Pen. However, I am sure 'tis in my fate to be subject to one of them very suddenly.

Lett. Ah ! madam ! the gentleman this morning—

Pen. The fellow's very well, and I am mightily mistaken if my cousin *Victoria* did not think so——

Lett. And so do you heartily. [Aside.

Pen. Yet I wish I had seen this young *Bookwit* before *Love-more* came to-day.——

Lett. I'll tell you how, madam—*Victoria* has ne'er a lover, and is your entire friend—Now madam, suppose you got her to write a letter to this young gentleman in her own name——You meet him under that name *incognito* ; then if an accident should happen, both you and she may be safe, and puzzle the truth : you never writ to him, she never met him——

Pen. A lucky thought—step to her immediately—I'll come to her, or she to me.

Lett. I fly, I fly—— [Exit

Pen. This is indeed a lucky hint of the wench, in which I have another drift too—Now shall I sift my friend *Victoria*, and perfectly understand whether she likes that agreeable young fellow ; for if her reserv'd humour easily falls in with this design on *Bookwit*, she's certainly smitten with the other, and suspects me to be so too—What is this dear, this sudden intruder love, that *Victoria*'s long and faithful friendship, *Love-more*'s anxious and constant passion, both vanish before it in a moment ?—Why are our hearts so accessible at our eyes :—My dear——

Enter *Victoria*.

Victoria. Dear *Pen.* I ran to you—well, what is't ?

Pen. Set chairs and the *Bohea* tea, and leave us. [Exit. *Lett.*] Dear *Victoria*—you have always been my most intimate bosom-friend—your wary carriage and circumspection have often been a safety against errors to me—I must confess it. [Filling her tea.

Victoria. But, my dear, why this preface to me ?—To the matter——

Pen. You know all that has pass'd between me and Mr. *Love-more*.

Victoria. I have always approv'd him, and do now more than ever—For 'tis not a mien and air, that makes that worthy creature, a kind husband : But——

Pen. True, but here was old *Bookwit* this morning, with

with my father's authority to talk to me of the subject of love.

Vic. Nay, madam, if so, and you can resolve to obey your father,—I contend not for *Love* more; for tho' the young men of this age are so very vicious, so expensive both of their health and fortune——

Pen. How zealous she is to put me out of her way! False creature! [*Aside.*]—But, my dear friend, you don't take me—Your friendship out-runs my explanation—'Twas for his son at *Oxford* he came to me—he is to talk with him before the door that I may view him—by and by——

Vic. Nay, as one must obey their parents wholly—I think a raw young man that never saw the town, is better than an old one that has run through all its vices—I congratulate your good fortune—There's a great estate—and he knows nothing, just come to town—The furniture and the horse-cloaths will be all your own device for the wedding; and the horses, when and where you please—He knows no better——

Pen. But one shall be so long teaching a raw creature a manner——

Vic. Never let him have one—'twill make him like himself, and think of making advances elsewhere: You'd better have him a booby—How could I think of the old fellow for you—Look you, *Pen.* old age has its infirmities, and 'tis a sad prospect for an honest young woman to be sure of being a nurse, and never of being a mother——

Pen. Oh! that I had but your prudence? But, my dear, I have a request to make to you, and that is, that you would write him an assignation this evening in the park—I'll obey the appointment, and converse with him under that disguise! for the old people will clap up a match before I know any thing of the real man—And if one don't know one's husband, how can one manage him? that is to say, obey him?

Vic. Oh! pray my dear, do you think I don't understand—Oh! and there's another thing—A scholar makes the best husband in the world.

Pen. Because they are the most knowing——

Vic. No, because they are the least knowing—But I'll go immediately and obey your commands—I wish

you heartily well, my dear, in this matter. [*Kisses her.*

Pen. I thank you, dearest—I don't doubt it indeed.

Vi&. Where are you going now, my dear—Oh! fie! this is not like a friend---Do I use you so, dear madam?

Pen. Nay, indeed madam, I must wait on you——

Vi&. Indeed you shan't—Indeed you shan't.

[*Pen. follows.*

Pen. Well, madam, will you promise then to be as free with me?—Thus does the hope to work me out of my lover, by being made my confidant—But that baseness has been too fashionable to pass any more—I have not trusted her—the cunning creature—I begin to hate her so—I'll never be a minute from her. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Bookwit, Young Bookwit and Latine.

O. Book. Well, *Tom*, where have you saunter'd about since I saw you? Is not the town mightily increas'd since you were in it?

Y. Book. Ay, indeed, I need not have been so impatient to have left *Oxford*; had I staid a year longer, they had builded to me.

O. Book. But I don't observe you affected much with the alterations——Where have you been?

Y. Book. No faith, the *New-Exchange* has taken up all my curiosity.

O. Book. Oh! but, son, you must not go to places to stare at women. Did you buy any thing?

Y. Book. Some baubles—But my choice was so distracted among the pretty merchants and their dealers, I knew not where to run first—One little lisping rogue, ribbandths, gloveths, tippeths, Sir, cries another, will you buy a fine sword-knot? then a third pretty voice and curt'sie—Does not your lady want hoods, scarfs, fine green silk stockings—I went by as if I had been in a seraglio, a living gallery of beauties—staring from side to side; I bowing, they laughing—so made my escape, and brought your son and heir safe to you, through all these darts and glances—to which indeed my breast is not impregnable---But I wonder whence I had this amorous inclination——

O. Book. Whoever you had it from, firrah, 'tis your business to correct it—by fixing it upon a proper object—But, *Tom*, you know I am always glad to hear you talk with the gaiety before me, that you do elsewhere

where—But I have now something of consequence (that sudden serious look was so like me) [*Aside.*] What I am going to say now, I tell you, is extraordinary---

Y. Book. I could not indeed help some seeming extravagancies I have been forc'd to—But——

O. Book. I do not grudge you your expences, I was not going to speak on't—for I decay, and so do my desires, while yours grow still upon you—Therefore what may be spar'd from mine, I heartily give you to supply yours—'Tis but the just order of things—I scorn to hoard what I only now can gaze at, while your youth and person want those entertainments you may become and taste—All your pleasures are mine also—In you my youth and gayer years methinks I feel repeated.

Y. Book. Then what can give you, sir, uneasiness?

O. Book. Your affectation of a soldier's dress, makes me think you bent upon a dangerous, tho' noble course. That you'll expose a life, that is dearer to your father than your self, to daily hazards; I therefore have resolved to settle thee, and chosen a young lady, witty, prudent, rich and fair——

Y. Book. Oh, *Victoria*! [*Aside*] You cannot move too slowly in such a business.

O. Book. Nay, 'tis no sudden thing—Her father and I have been old acquaintance, and I was so confident of her worth, and your compliance, that I can't with honour disengage myself.

Y. Book. How, Sir! when honour calls me to the field, where I may perpetuate your name by some brave exploit——

O. Book. You may do it much better, *Tom*, at home by a brave boy—Come, come, it must be so——

Y. Book. What shall I do for some invention? [*Aside.*

O. Book. Let it be so, dear *Tom*, it must be so.

Y. Book. What if it be impossible?

O. Book. Impossible! as how?

Y. Book. Upon my knees I beg your pardon, Sir; I am——

O. Book. What!——

Y. Book. At *Oxford*——

O. Book. What art thou at *Oxford*? Rise and tell me.

Y. Book. Why I am married there, since you needs must know.

O. Book.

O. Book. Married without my consent !

Y. Book. There was a force upon me ; you'll easily get all annull'd if you desire it :—It was the cross'est, mo'tt unhappy accident—Yet indeed she is an excellent creature !

Lat. How could he conceal this all this while from me ?—But I remember he us'd to be out of college whole nights we knew not where. [*Aside.*

Penelope and Victoria at the window.

Pen. The very man we met this morning ; and I employ my rival to write to him ! how confidently she stares at the fellow, and observes his action !

Vict. Betty, do you see with what intent, and with what fire in her eyes *Penelope* gazes yonder ?—But take you that letter and give it when the old gentleman's gone.—Goodness ! —how concern'd she seems ! Well, some women !— [*Ex. Ladies from above.*

O. Book. Let that pass, since the business is irrevocable——What is her name ?

Y. Book. *Matilda*, and her father's *Newton*.

O. Book. They're names I never heard before ; but go on.

Y. Book. This lady, Sir, I saw in a publick Assembly ; at the first sight she made me her's for ever. From that instant I languish'd—nor had vital heat out of her presence—The sun to me shed influence in vain, —he rose and set both unobserv'd, nor was to any living this human life so much a dream as me : All this she observ'd, but not untouch'd observed. She shew'd a noble gratitude to a noble passion ; favours I soon received, but severely modest ones.

Lat. Oh ! that's presuppos'd, you to be sure wou'd ne'er desire any other. [*Aside.*

Y. Book. We had contriv'd to meet o'nights. The sweetest hours of love ; and there was I One evening in her lodging——'Twas as I remember, Yes, 'twas on the second of *December*. That's the very night I was caught——

Lat. 'Tis strange, a fellow of his wit to be trepan'd into a marriage—— [*Aside.*

Y. Book. Her father supp'd abroad that night, which made us think ourselves secure—But coming home by
acci-

accident sooner than we expected, we heard him at the door—How did that noise surprize us! She hid me behind the bed, then lets him in.

O. Book. I tremble for the poor young lady —
Pray go on——How did she recover herself?

Y. Book. She fell into the prettiest artful little tales to divert him, and hide her discomposure—which he interrupted by telling her she must be married suddenly to one proposed to him that evening —— This was to me daggers.

O. Book. But she!

Y. Book. She by general answers in that case managed it so well, that he was going down, when instantly my watch in my pocket struck ten—He turns him short on his amazed daughter, asked where she had it—She cry'd her cousin *Martha* sent it out of the country to be mended for her—He said he would take care on't; she comes to me, but as I was a giving it her, the string was so entangled in the cock of a pistol I always had about me on those occasions, that my haste to disengage it fir'd it off—My mistress swoons away—The father ran out crying murder—I thought her dead, fear'd his return, which he soon did, with two boist'rous rogues, his sons, and his whole family of servants—I wou'd have made my escape, but they oppos'd me with drawn swords; I wounded both; but a lusty wench with a fireshovel at one blow struck down my sword, and broke it all to pieces——

O. Book. But still the poor young lady!

Y. Book. Here was I seiz'd—Mean time *Matilda* wakes from her trance—beholding me held like a ruffian, both her brothers bleeding—She was returning to it—What should I do? I saw the hoary father in the divided sorrow, for his son's lives, and daughter's honour, of both which he thought me the invader—She with pitying, dying, and reproaching looks beseech'd me—and taught me what I ow'd her constant love—I yielded, Sir, I own, I yielded to the just terror of their family resentment, and to my mistress's more dreadful upbraiding. Thus am I, Sir, the martyr of a honest passion——

O. Book. That I most blame is, that you conceal'd

it from your best friend—I'll instantly to *Penelope's* father, and make my apology—He is my friend. [*Exit.*]

Lat. This marriage strangely surpriz'd me——

Y. Book. Why, did you believe it too, as well as the old gentleman? why then I did ~~it~~ excellently——
ha! ha! ha!

Lat. What, the watch!—the pistol! lady swooning, her pitying, upbraiding looks! all chimera!

Y. Book. Nothing but downright wit, to keep my self safe for *Victoria*.

Lat. May I desire one favour?

Y. Book. What can I deny thee, my privado?

Lat. Only that you'd give me some little secret hint—when next you L—are going to be witty——
But to jumble particulars so readily! tis impossible you cou'd, I believe, at the beginning of your tale know the ending——yet——

Y. Book. These are gifts, child, mere gifts; 'tis not to be learnt—the skill of lying—Except humour, wit, invention, presence of mind, retention, memory, circumsppection, &c.—were to be attained by industry—
You must not hum, nor haw, nor blush for't——

Lat. Who have we got here?

Betty Entering.

Bet. May I be so bold as to crave the liberty to ask your name?

Y. Book. My bright hand-maid, my little she *Ganymede*—thou charming *Hebe*—You may ask me my name—for I won't tell it you—till you do—because I'd have the more words with you——

Bet. Are not you Mr. *Bookwit*?

Y. Book. The very same, my dear.

Bet. There then—He's a mighty pretty man.

[*Exit. Betty.*]

Y. Book. reading. You may wonder—this evening near *Rosamond's pond*, on the other side the Park. *Victoria*.
Oh the happiness! What is become of the girl?——
Oh! *Latine! Latine!* ask me fifty questions all at once!
What ails me? Why this joy?—Who is this from?
—Oh I could die methinks this moment, lest there should be in fate some future ill to dash my present joy--
Why, *Jack*, why dost not ask me what's the matter?

Lat.

Lat. If you'd but give me leave——

Y. Book. No, do not speak—Let me talk all, I fain would celebrate my fair one's praise, her every beauty! But the mind is too full to utter any thing that is articulate, and will give way to nothing but mere names and interjections—Oh!—*Victoria!*—*Victoria!*—*Victoria!*—Oh my *Victoria*—Read there.

Lat. Well, I own this is subscribed *Victoria*—But still I am afraid of mistakes.

Y. Book. No—Kneel down and ask forgiveness—You don't believe that she that would not speak to me would write—But after all raptures and extasies—pr'ythee step after the maid, learn what you can of her fortune, and so forth—Get interest to be admitted another time. [*Exit. Lat.*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sir, your servant.

Y. Book. Yours, Sir, have you business with me?

Fred. This paper speaks it.

Y. Book. reading. *Of a friend you've made me your mortal enemy—With your sword I expect satisfaction to-morrow morning at six in Hyde-park.* Lovemore.

Do you know the contents of this letter?

Fred. Yes, Sir, it is a challenge from Lovemore.

Y. Book. Are you to be his second?

Fred. I offer'd it, but he will meet you single.

Y. Book. The fewer the better cheer.

Fred. You're very pleasant, sir.

Y. Book. My good humour was ever challenge-proof—I will be very punctual. [*Exit Fred.*] I fall into business very fast—There, thou dear letter of love—be there, thou of hatred—There—Men of business must fort their papers—I fear he saw me put up two letters.

Enter Latine.

Oh, *Jack*, more adventures, another lady has writ.

Lat. Let's see it.

Y. Book. No, always tender of rep.—she is of quality—A gentleman usher came with it—I can't believe there's any thing in that old whim of being wrapt in one's mother's smock to be thus lucky—I suppose I

was used like other children—They clapp'd me on a skull-cap—swath'd me hard, play'd me in arms, and shew'd me *London*—But howe'er it comes about, I have strange luck with the women.

Lat. But let us see this letter.

Y. Book. reading. No, no—*A woman of condition to go so far—But indeed your passion—your wit—My page, at the back-stairs—Secrecy and your veracity.*——

Lat. There her ladyship has nick'd it—Pox, I'll be as humorous and frolick as you—You pert fellows are the only successful——

Y. Book. Well said, lad—and as *Mr. Bays* says, now the plot thickens upon us, we'll spend our time as gaily as the best of 'em—and all of it in love——

For since through all the race of men we find

Each to some darling passion is inclin'd,

Let love be still the bias of my mind.

[*Exeunt.* }

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Victoria and Betty.

Vi. **T**HIS was indeed, *Betty*, a very diverting accident, that I should be employ'd to write to her lover—Now I can't but think how angry my cousin *Pen* is—She frets, I warrant, at her very looking-glass, which us'd to be her comforter upon all occasions. Ha! ha! ha!

Bet. I would not be in poor *Mrs. Lettice's* place for all the world—Nothing to be sure can please to-day; did you mind how she nestled and fum'd inwardly to see your ladyship look so well?—Nay, indeed, madam, you were in high beauty——

Vi. Yet I must confess I was myself a little discompos'd——I was ashamed for my friend—And then to see her shew such a regard for a fellow——

Bet. But I swear, were I to have my will, you should be always angry at me—It gives your ladyship such a pretty fierceness, and quick spirit to your features—Not that you want it—yet it adds——

Vi. There are some people very unhappily pretend
to

to fire and life ; there's poor stupid insipid lady *Fad* has heard of the word spleen, and distaste, and sets up for being out of humour, with that unmeaning face of hers.

Bet. You're in a fine humour, madam——

Vic. Her ladyship's physician prescrib'd anger to her—upon which she comes in publick with her eyes staringly open—this she designs for vivacity, and gapes about like a wandring country lady—She pretends to be a remarker, and looks at every body—But alas she wants it here—and knows not that to see, is no more to look, than to go, is to walk—For you must know, *Betty*, every child can see—but 'tis an observing creature that can look—as every pretty girl can go, but 'tis a fine woman that walks.

Both. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Vic. But by the way there's Mrs. *Penelope*, methinks, does neither ; I have a kindness for her, but she has no gesture in the least—My dear——

Enter Penelope.

Pen. Well, my dear——

Bet. How civilly people of quality hate one another. [*Aside.*]

Pen. Well, my dear, were you not strangely surpriz'd to see that this young *Bookwit* should be the soldier we met this morning ?

Vic. The confident lying creature ? Indeed I wonder'd you'd suffer him to entertain you so long.

Pen. You must know, madam, he's married too at *Oxford*.

Vic. The ugly wretch ! I think him downright disagreeable——But perhaps this is a fetch of hers ; he had no married look. [*Aside.*]

Pen. Yet I am resolv'd to go to your assignation, if it be but to confront the coxcomb, and laugh at his lye——Such fellows should be made to know themselves, and that they're understood.

Vic. I'll wait upon you, my dear,——She's very prettily dress'd. [*Aside.*] But indeed, my dear, you shan't go with your hood so——It makes you look abominably, with your head so forward—There—[*displacing her head.*] That's something—You had before

fore a fearful, silly blushing look—Now you command all hearts——

Pen. Thank you, my dear——

Viola. Your servant, dearest——

Pen. But alas, Madam, who patch'd you to day ?—Let me see—It is the hardest thing in dress—I may say without vanity—I know a little of it—That so low on the cheek pulps the flesh too much——Hold still, my dear, I'll place it just by your eye——Now she downright squints. [*Aside.*

Viola. There's nothing like a sincere friend——for one is not a judge of one's self—I have a patch-box about me. Hold, my dear, that gives you a sedate air, that large one near your temples——

Pen. People, perhaps, don't mind these things——But if it be true as the poet finely sings, *That all the passions in the features are*, we may shew, or hide 'em, as we know how to affix these pretty artificial moles——

Viola. And so catch lovers, and puzzle physiognomy.

Pen. 'Tis true; then pray, my dear, let me put a little disdain in your face——for we'll plague this fop—There——that on your forehead does it.

Viola. Hold, my dear, I'll give indifference for him ; a patch just under the point of your lip exactly shews it—and that you're dumb to all applications.

Pen. You wish I would be.

[*Aside.*

Viola. There, my dear.

Pen. But, dear madam, your hair is not half powder'd——*Betty* bring the powder-box to your lady—It gives one a clean look (though your complexion does not want it) to enliven it.

Viola. Oh! fie, this from you! but I know you won't flatter me, you're too much my friend.

Pen. Now, madam, you shall see—— [*Powders her.*
Now she looks like a spright. [*Aside.*

Viola. Thank you, my dear, we'll take an hack——Our maids shall go with us—Come, my dear friend.

[*Ex. Arm in Arm.*

Betty. Pray madam *Lettice*, be pleased to go on.

Lett. Indeed madam, *Betty*, I must beg your pardon.

Betty. I am at home, dear madam *Lettice*——

Lett. Well, madam, this unkind——I don't use you with this ceremony——

[*Exeunt*
Enter.

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine after a flourish.

Y. Book. Victoria ! Victoria ! Victoria !

Lat. Make way, make way——By your leave——Stand by——Victoria !

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.

Y. Book. Well said, Jack——Let me see any of your sparks besides my self, keep such an equipage ! I don't question but in a little time I shall be a finer fop than the town has yet seen——All my lacqueys shall be linguists as thou art——While thus I ride immortal steeds——how my horses stare at me !——They see I am a very new sort of beau——

Lat. This is rare——The having this noise of musick——But won't it be reckon'd a disturbance——

*Y. Book. No, no, it is an usual gallantry here——But the vocal is an elegance hardly known before me here who am the founder of accomplished fools——of which I'll institute an order——All coxcombs of learning and parts shall after me be call'd *Book-wits*——A sect will soon be more numerous, and in more credit than your Aristotelians, Platonists and Academicks——*

Lat. Sir, 'twill be extraordinary, and you are really a wise person——You put your theory of philosophy into practice——'Tis not with you a dead letter——

Y. Book. Oh ! Sir, no : The design of learning is for the use of life——Therefore I'll settle a family very suddenly, and shew my literature in oeconomy——

Lat. As how, pray ?

*Y. Book. I'll have four Peripatetick footmen, two followers of *Aristippus* for *Valets de Chambre*, and an Epicurean cook——with an Hermetical chymist (who are good only at making fires) for my skullion, and then I think all is dispos'd——But methinks this fair one takes state upon her——But I am none of your languishers——I am not known in town, and if I misbehave, 'tis but being sent back to my small beer, and three half-penny commons——and I, like many another beau, only blaz'd and vanish'd——*

Lat. But you know I love musick immoderately——How do you dispose your entertainment ? let 'em begin——

Y. Book. Well, give me but leave——The fiddles will cer.

certainly attract the ladies, I mean the nymphs who have grotto's round this enchanted forest—In the first place, your intelligences that move this vehicle—How the fellows stare!

Chair. Good your honour speak to us in *English*—

Y. Book. Why then you chairmen—wherever I move, you are to follow me—For I mean to strut, shine through the dusk of the evening, and look as like a lazy town-fool as I can, to charm 'em—

Lat. But the musick—

Y. Book. But remember, ye sons of *Phæbus*, brethren of the string and lyre; that is to say, ye fidlers,—Let me have a flourish as I now direct—When I lift up my cane, let it be martial—If I but throw myself just forward on it, or raise it smoothly—Sigh all for love, to shew, as I think fit—That I would die, or fight for her you see me bow to—Well then strike up—

S O N G, by Mr. *Leveridge*.

I.

VENUS has left her Grecian isles,
 With all her gaudy train
 Of little loves, soft cares and smiles,
 In my larger breast to reign.

II.

Ye tender herds and list'ning deer,
 Forget your food, forget your fear,
 The bright Victoria will be here.

III.

The savages about me throng,
 Mould with the passion of my song,
 And think Victoria stays too long.

Y. Book. There's for you, *Jack*; is this not like a fine gentleman that writes for his own diversion?

Lat. And nobody's else.

Y. Book. Now I warrant one of your common sparks would have stamp'd, fretted, and cry'd, What the devil fool'd! jilted! abus'd! while I in metre, to shew you how well nothing at all may be made to run—

*The savages about me throng,
Mov'd with the passion of my song,
And think Victoria stays too long.*

Lat. I begin to be one of those savages.

Euter Victoria, Penelope, Lettice and Betty.

Viā. We had better have staid where we were, and listened to the charming echo, then have come in search of that liar.

Lat. Do you see yonder ?

Y. Book. [*Gives the sign and sings himself.*] Thus, madam, have I spent my time almost ever since I saw you, repeated your name to the woods, the dales, and echoing groves——

Pen. Pr'ythee observe him. Now he begins.

Y. Book. I had not time to carve your name on every tree, but that's a melancholy employment, not for those lovers who are favour'd with assignation——

Viā. Pr'ythee, cousin, do you talk to him in my name,---I'll be silent till I see farther.

Pen. The spring is now so forward, that it must indeed be attributed to your passion that you are not in the field.

Y. Book. You do me justice, madam, in that thought, for I am strangely pestered to be there. Well, the *French* are the most industrious people in the world—I had a letter from one of their generals, that shall be nameless (it came over by the way of *Holland*) with an offer of very great terms, if I would but barely send my opinion in the use of pikes—about which he tells me, their prince and generals have lately held a grand court martial.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lat. These cunning things keep still together to puzzle us—I'll alarm him. Sir, one word——

Viā. Come, come, we'll have no whispering, no messages at present. Some other ladies have sent, but they shan't have you from us.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. I hold myself oblig'd to be of the same humour ladies are in, Ha! ha! ha! Now pray do me the favour to tell me what I laugh'd at.

Pen.

Pen. Why you must know—Your talking of the *French* and war, put us in mind of a young coxcomb that came last night from *Oxford*, calls himself soldier, treats ladies, fights battles, raises jealousies with downright lyes of his own inventing; ha! ha! ha!

Y. Book. That must be an impudent young rascal certainly! ha! ha! ha!

Vic. Nay, this is beyond comparison——

Y. Book. I can't conceive how one of these sneaking Academicks could personate such a character: for we bred in camps, have a behaviour that shews we are us'd to act before crouds——

Pen. 'Tis certainly so—Nay he has been confronted with it, as plainly as I speak to you, and yet not blush'd for it, but carry'd it as if he knew not the man.

Y. Book. That may be, 'tis want of knowing themselves makes these coxcombs so confident.

Pen. The faithless! shameless! Well then, to see if possible such a one may be brought to that sense, I tell you, this worthy hero two days ago was in hanging-leeves at *Oxford*, and is called Mr. *Bookwit*. Ha! ha!

Y. Book. Well, was it not well enough carry'd?—Pho, I knew you well enough, and you knew me, before you writ to me for Mr. *Bookwit*'s son. But I fell into that way of talking purely to divert you.—I knew you a woman of wit and spirit, and that acting that part would at least shew I had fire in me, and wish'd myself what I would be half an age to serve and please you—Suffer in camps, all the vicissitudes of burning heats and sharp afflicting colds——

Vic. Look you, Sir, I shall tell Mrs *Matilda Newton*, your spouse at *Oxford*, what you are saying to another lady——

Pen. Pr'ythee cousin, never give your self the trouble to meddle in such a work—One hardly knows how to speak it to a gentleman, but don't touch the affair of so impudent a liar——

Y. Book. Ha! ha! ha! Why madam, have they told you of the marriage too? Well, I was hard put to it there. I had like to have been gravell'd, faith—You were more beholden to me for that, than any thing. Had it not been for that, they had marry'd

ry'd me to Mrs. *Penelope*, old *Getwell's* granddaughter; the great fortune. But I refus'd her for you—who are a greater—— [Aside.

Lat. Sir, sir, pray one word——

Pen. and *Vic.* Stand off, firrah.

Vic. You shan't come near him, none of your dumb signs.

Pen. Then you have refus'd *Penelope*, tho' a greater fortune. What could you dislike in her?

Y. Book. The whole woman—Her person, nor carriage please me. She is one of those women of condition, who do and say what they please with an assur'd air, and think that's enough, only to be call'd fine mistress such a one's manner——

Pen. This is not to be endur'd—I do assure you, Sir, Mrs. *Penelope* has refus'd your betters.

Y. Book. I don't much value my betters in her judgment—But am sorry to see you concern'd for her. When I have been at church, where I first saw you—I've seen the gay giddy thing in a gallery watching eyes to make curt'sies. She is indeed a very ceremonious church-woman, and never is guilty of a sin of omission to any lady of quality within eye-shot—in short, I don't like the woman, and wou'd go to *Tunis* or *Aleppo* for a wife, before I'd take her——

Vic. I cannot bear this of my friend: if you go on Sir, at this rate, *Tunis* or *Aleppo* are the properest places for you to shew your gallantry in, t'will never be received by any here—I hope she believes me. [Aside.

Pen. The lady's in the right on't, who can confide in a known common impostor?

Y. Book. Ah madam! how can you use a man that loves you, so unjustly?—But call me what you will, liar, cheat, impostor—do but add, your servant, and I am satisfied. I have indeed, madam, ran through many shifts in hopes to gain you—and could be contented to run through all the shapes in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, cou'd I but return to this on my bended knees, of my fair one's humblest servant.

Vic. Pr'ythee let us leave him—as you told me, I wonder you can suffer him to entertain you so long—Leave him, let him kneel to the trees, and call to the woods

woods if he will——Oh, I could brain him——How ugly he looks kneeling to her! [Aside.]

Pen. No, I'll stay to plague him more——But what opinion can I have of this sudden passion.——You hardly know me, I believe, or my circumstances!

Y. Book. No, no, not I——I don't know you, your mother was not alderman *Sterling's* daughter——your father Mr. *Philips* of *Grays-Inn*, who had an estate and never practis'd? you had not a brother kill'd at *London*? your sister *Diana* is not dead? nor you are not co-heiress with miss *Molly*,——No, madam, I don't know you, no, nor love you.

Pen. I wish I had taken her advice in going——He means her all this while. Pshaw this is downright fooling. Let's go, my dear, leave him to the woods, as you say. I wish 'twas full of bears. [Aside.]

Vict. No,——Now I'll stay to plague him.

Pen. No, you shan't stay——Sir, we have given ourselves the diversion to see you and confront you in your falsehoods; in which you have entangled your self to that degree, you know not even the woman you pretend to; and therefore, sir, I so far despise you, that if you should come after me with your fiddles——I have a porter——Ready to let you in. [Aside.]

Vict. I don't know how to threaten a gentleman in that manner: but I'm sure I shall never entertain any man that has disobligh'd my friend, while my name's *Victoria*! [Exeunt arm in arm.]

Lat. Master, methinks these ladies don't understand wit. They are very rough with you.

Y. Book. Ay, they were somewhat dull——But really *Victoria* discover'd herself at her going, methinks agreeably enough——

Lat. I believe they are irrecoverably lost. Pox on't, when I gave you so many signs to——

Y. Book. Well, hang th' king. Let's to the tavern, and in every glass name a new beauty; 'till I either forget, or am inspir'd with some new project to attain her.

*While in a lovely bowl I drown my care,
She'll cease to be, or I to think her, fair.*

[Exeunt.
A C T

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

SCENE, Covent Garden.

Enter Young Bookwit and Latine.

Y. Book. **T**HIS Roebuck-has almost done my business—*Rigby's* an honest fellow, and wou'd not poison us. The wine had good-humour, mirth and joy in't. My blood beats high and frolick? What says my dear lacquey? ha?

Lat. Why, sir, I say, sir, that I am in so noble, so exalted a condition, that I almost forget I am your honour's footman.

Y. Book. Do but your business well to-night——

Lat. Who says the tongue stutters, legs falter, and eyes fail with drink—'Tis false, my dear master, my tongue runs faster than ever—my legs so brisk and nimble, that I can't stand still; and my eyes are better then ever they were, for I see every thing double. But the letter, the letter, I warrant I give it her.

Y. Book. Here, here, *Jack*, take it.

Lat. Let's come nearer the lamp—This is the foul copy of it that 'tis wrap'd in—Let me judge—Now I'll be sedate——Let me read it again.

Y. Book. But you look curfedly fluster'd; they'll say you're drunk——Let's see, I must comb your wig a little.

Lat. I shall be kick'd for this letter here about the middle—You should not talk of joys too soon—You should write miserable a fortnight, or three weeks longer—I shall be kick'd.

Y. Book. What then? what then? A man of your philosophy must needs remember, the body's but the organ of the mind—kicks come under the topick of things without—What shall I do for powder for this smart bob? [*Combs out his own wig into Lat.*]

Lat. 'Tis no matter, sir, powder comes under the notion of things without.

Y. Book. Oh! but ladies are no philosophers; but

but as to being drubb'd (those stockings too) you must fix your imagination upon some other object, and you may by force of thought suspend your feeling. The body is but the instrument of the mind—and you may command an instrument.

Lat. No, sir, I'd have you to know, I'll save my carcase by mere dint of eloquence. You have no other orders?

Y. Book. No: but may persuasion, grace and elocution hang on thy lips. But if you can come in to *Victoria*, she and the wine you've drank will inspire you. Farewel. [Exit.

Lat. This is the enchanted castle which the lady fair inhabits. Ha! Mr. *Simon*, sir, I'm your most humble servant——My dear friend——

Enter Simon.

Sim. Your servant, good sir, my lady is with madam *Victoria* at cards—She'll lie here to-night—But all's ruin'd. They are both huge angry with your master. But *Lettice* having taken a fancy to you, Mr. *John*, spoke up rarely, that she did indeed.

Lat. Can't one come to the speech of her?

Sim. I was ordered to have a strict eye to the door, and let nobody in whatever—I don't care for going up, because she'll see I have made a cap of one of the finest napkins, for which she'll make a plaguy noise.

Lat. Nay, nay, you are exactly of my mind, I love to avoid anger.

Sim. You are a little disguis'd in drink tho', Mr. *John*—But I han't seen you, not I—Go strait up.—Mrs. *Lettice* is in the anti-chamber.

Lat. I thank you, dear friend. My master bids me upon these occasions—— [Gives him money.

Sim. I beg your pardon, good Mr *John*.

Lat. Look you, I am a servant as well as you, what do you mean Mr. *Simon*! Come, come, time's precious. When your lady's marry'd, all these vales will end.

Sim. Nay, I said behind your back, Mr. *John*, that you were very well spoken—Well, put up briskly. I'll stand your friend as much as one servant can to another, against all masters and mistresses whatever.

Lat. Thanks, good Mr. *Simon*.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE opens and discovers Lettice reading by a small candle, two large ones by her unlighted.

Lett. 'Tis a most sad thing, one dares not light a large candle, except company's coming in; and I scarce can read this piteous story—*Well in all these distresses and misfortunes, the faithful Argalus was renown'd all over the plains of Arca--Arca--Arcadia—for his loyal and true affection to his charming paramour, Parthenia--- Blessings on his heart for it—there's no such suitors now a-days—*[Weeping.]—But I hope they'll come together again at the end of the book, and marry, and have several children—Oh! blest me! A man here! [Turns over the leaves.] The gentleman's pretty man— [Aside.]

Enter Latine.

I wonder by what means, with what impudence, you could offer to come up stairs, at this time o'the night, and my lady in the next room—I protest I'll cry out. [In a low voice all.]

Lat. Dear Mrs. Lettice, my love to you— [Aloud.]

Lett. Hift! hift! I am methinks, however, loth to discover you, because servants must do as they are bid—for I know it was not to see me, but some message from your master you came about.

Lat. I offer'd to bring a letter from him, in hopes to see you, my dearest. I'll not give it at all, I don't care, my dearest. [Kisses her hand.]

Lett. Pho! pho! now you are rude, because you know one dare not discover you, you do what you will. How he kisses one's hand—I warrant he has kiss'd his betters. Pray did you never live in a lady's service?

Lat. No, nor do I value any of the sex but your dear self Mrs. Lettice—I would be discover'd. [Aside.] I'm in a rapture! in a flame!

Pen. Within. Who's there? [Voice within.]

Lett. Hift! hift! cou'd not you have forc'd a kiss quietly—Madam—Madam—Hold me fast—Shew the letter, my lady's coming—I tell you, sir, she will receive no message at all—Get you down stairs, you impudent! Hold me faster yet, she loves your master. [Softly aside to Latine.]

Enter

Enter Penelope and Victoria.

Pen. What can this mean ? What fellow's that has seiz'd the wench ?

Lett. Madam, madam, here's Mr. *Bookwit's* footman drunk, and has directly stole up stairs with some ill design, I fear on me—But has a letter from his master to your ladyship,

Pen. Call up the servants ; *Simon, William, Kate, Alse* ; I'll have the rascal well basted for his insolence——Serv'd just as his master deserves.

Lat. kneeling. Let not those lips, more sweet than labour of *Hyblean* bees, utter a sentence, as if a *Libyan* lioness on a mountain gave thee suck, and thou wert the obdurate offspring of a rock.

Vict. Hyblean ! Libyan ! obdurate ! Ridiculous—— The fellow has got his master's cant ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Pen. I'll put him out of it, I'll warrant you——What, will no one come up there ?

Enter Servants with Brooms, &c.

Lat. Oh ! for the force of eloquence to allay and reconcile the passion of this angry mansion—I had like to have said plain house, which had been against the laws of buskin, in which I would at present talk.

Pen. Did you ever hear any thing like this ? ha ! ha !

Mad. Madam, shall I beat him ?

Lat. Ah culinary fair, compose thy rage ; thou whose more skilful hand is still employed in offices for the support of nature, descend not from thyself, thou bright cookmaid—There I sunk again ! with heightened gusts and quickning tastes, by you what wou'd be labour else is made delight. Thou great robust, let not thy hand all red assault a life it should rather preserve.

Maid. Good madam, excuse me, I can't touch him——I have bowels for him. [*Weeping.*]

Simon. I wish I had his learning, I'll warrant he buys in every thing where he lives.

Lat. This, madam, this faithful paper tells you the passions of the tenderest heart that ever bled for cruel maid—Oh *Victoria* ! did you but hear his sighs, his restless hours !——how often he repeats *Victoria* !

Lett. Victoria ! Then I find this is none on't meant to my lady—Nor to me neither——The master and the man are both rogues. [*Aside.*]

Pen. Receive your seasonable epistle now at midnight!

Viz. He can't mean me—To you he all along address'd—Wou'd I could read it without her. [*Aside.*

Pen. To shew you I value neither author nor bearer of it—Kick the fellow down.

Lat. Nay madam, since matters must come to extremities, I'd rather have the honour of your ladyship's command, to be cudgel'd by your good family, than have it from my master. A disappointed lover in his rage will strike stone-walls, and things inanimate, much more a poor live footman. Therefore I must deliver my message---I'll read it to you ladies, for I see you are friends.

Pen. Away with him.

Lat. *If the sincerity of my intentions were not——*

Lett. Get out, false wretch.

Lat. *Demonstrable, in spite of——*

Maid. Take that——

Lat. *These accidents, in which I have been involv'd, I should not dare to tell you how alternately joys, raptures, extacies, miseries, doubts, and anxieties do attack a breast devoted to you.*

Whither shall injur'd virtue fly for shelter,

When love and honour suffer thus in me!

Oh! I could rage, call elements about me, spout cataracts——

Must I be drubb'd with broom-staves? [*Exit. Lat.*

Pen. Come in, my dear, again——The night is cold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lovemore and Frederick.

Love. It is so pleasant a night, that I will see you over the garden to your lodgings——

Fred. That compliment won't pass upon me——Your reason for sauntering this way is that 'tis near Penelope's.

Love. I come for her sake! No; should she write, beseech, kneel to me, I think I ne'er should value her more. No, I'll be no longer her tool, her jest; she shall not dally with a passion she deserves not—

C

Fred.

Fred. 'Twere very well, were this resolution in your power; but believe me, friend, one smile, one glance that were but doubtful, whether favourable, would conquer all your indignation.

Low. Faith, I'm afraid what you say is true.

Fred. Then strive not to be rationally mad, which you attempt, if you think you can at once be at your own command and at another's—Wou'd you be master of your self, and have a mistress?

Low. But I can rebel against that mistress.

Fred. Do if you can —Nay, I'm sure 'tis in your power, because to-morrow morning you are to fight a rival for her—because tho' you know she lies backwards, and you can't so much as see her chamber-window, you must needs walk hither. Well, I protest I'm of your mind; there is methinks now a particular amiable gloom about that house—Tho' perhaps to ordinary beholders it is exactly like the others.

Love. You are very witty, I must confess, at your friend's follies, Mr. *Frederick*.

Fred. I won't then any longer disturb your meditation, but e'en go home like a dull rogue as I am, and without love enough to any woman, or hatred enough to any man to keep me awake——fall fast asleep——I was going to wish you rest, but you are above all that——If it should rain, I'd advise you not to forget it does, but go into the *Piazza*. [*Exit.*]

Love. 'Tis very well, I'm deservedly laugh'd at. But the door opens —— *Bookwit's* footman! [*Latine crosses the stage.*] the master I suppose is there too: I'll watch for his coming out—The morning approaches too slowly——He shall not sleep to-night except it be for ever——Oh revenge! Oh jealousy!——

Enter young Bookwit, with a Bottle and Glass, singing.

Y. Book. *Since the day of poor man,
That little little span,
Tho' long it can't last,
For the future and past
Is spent with remorse and despair:*

With

*With such a full glass
Let that of life pass,
'Tis made up of trouble,
A storm tho' a bubble,
There's no bliss but forgetting your care.*

I wonder what's become of poor *Latine*, I wish he had a bumper of this—— [Drinks.]

Love. I have no patience to observe his insolent jollity ; how immoderately joyful my misery has made him ! *Bookwit* !

Y. Book. Lovemore ?

Love. What, sir ! are you diverting the thoughts of to-morrow morning's business with midnight riot ? Or is it an assignation keeps you out of bed thus late ?

Y. Book. An hour or two till morning is not much in either of our lives——Therefore I must tell you now, sir, I am ready for your message.

Love. That conscious light and stars are witnesses of——

Y. Book. I want no witnesses——I have a sword, as you bid me meet you. [They draw and fight.]

Love. You've done my business. [Falls.]

Y. Book. Then I've done what you desired me. But this is no place for me. [Exit.]

Enter Constable and Watchmen.

Const. Where, where was this clashing of swords ? so ho ! so ho ! you sir, what are you dead, speak friend, what are you afraid of ? If you are dead, the law can't take hold of you.

Watch. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Constable*, he ought by the law to be carried to the round-house for being dead at this time of night.

Const. Then away with him you three——And you, gentlemen, follow me, to find out who killed him. [Exeunt.]

Enter Simon.

Simon. What's the matter, good gentlemen, what's the matter ! Oh me ! ——Mr. *Lovemore* kill'd——Oh me !

me! my mind gives me that it must be about our young lady.

Watch. Does it so, sir? then you must stay with us.
[*Some hold Simon, whilst others carry Lovemore off.*]

Sim. I stay with you! Oh gemeni! Indeed I can't—They can't be without me at our house.

Watch. But they must, friend—Hark'e friend—I hope you will be hang'd. [*Whispers him.*]

Sim. I hang'd! pray sir, take care of your words; madam *Penelope's*, our young lady's servant hang'd! take care what you say.

Enter Latine.

Lat. Whither can this *Bookwit* be gone?

Simon. Oh! Mr. *John*, Mr. *Lovemore* is kill'd just now, since you went out of our house; and you and your master must have a hand in't.

Lat. How! *Lovemore* kill'd! [*They seize Latine.*]

Enter others with young Bookwit.

Y. Book. Hands off, dirty midnight rascals—let me go, or ———

Const. Sir, what were you running so fast for, there's a man killed in the Garden, and you're a fine gentleman, and it must be you—for good honest people only beat one another ———

Lat. Nay, nay, we are all in a fair way to be fine gentlemen, Mr. *Simon* and all——

Const. Hands off, rascals, you said just now——do you know what a constable is?

Y. Book. The greatest man in the parish when all the rest are asleep.

Const. Come, come—I find they are desperate fellows, we'll to the justice, and commit 'em immediately. I'll teach rascals to speak high-treason against a petty constable—— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Frederick, and Old Bookwit.

O. Book. You well may be surpriz'd at my waiting here

here for your coming home—But you'll pardon me, since it is to ease me of an anxiety that keeps me waking.

Fred. I shall be very glad if I am capable of doing that.

O. Book. You knew my *Tom* at *Oxford*—and I believe were not so hard a student, but you made some acquaintance in the town—Therefore pray tell me—do you know, Mr. *Newton* there? his family, descent, and fortune?

Fred. What *Newton*?

O. Book. I'll tell you, sir, what you young fellows take most notice of old ones for—A token that you needs must know him by—He's the father of the fair *Matilda*, your celebrated beauty of that town.

Fred. I assure you, sir, I never heard of the father or daughter, 'till this instant—therefore I'm confident there's no such beauty—

O. Book. Oh sir, I know your drift—you're tender of informing me for my son's sake!—He told me all himself—I know all the progress of his love with the young lady—How he was taken in the night in her bed-chamber by his pistol going off—the family disturbance that was rais'd upon't, which he compos'd by marrying—I know it all—

Fred. Is *Tom Bookwit* then marry'd at *Oxford*?

O. Book. He is indeed, sir, therefore our affairs are now so link'd, that 'twill be an ill office both to the *Newtons*, and to us, to conceal any thing from me that relates to them.

Fred. A man can't be said to conceal what he does not know—But it seems, it was Mr. *Bookwit* gave you this account himself.

O. Book. Yes, sir; I told you, sir, I had it from himself—

Fred. Then I'm sure there was nothing left out, he never tells a story by halves—

O. Book. Why then you think my son's a liar.

Fred. Oh fie, sir, but he enlivens a mere narration with variety of accidents—To be plain, his discourse gains him more applause than credit—You could not, I believe, have married your son to a less expensive lady

in *England*, than this *Mrs. Matilda*—I'll be sworn you'll avoid all the charge of gay dress, high play, and stately childbirth—you understand me, sir?

O. Book. I never could see any thing in my son, that's disingenuous, to put his aged father to this shame.

Fred. Never fret or grieve for't—He told *Lo-vemore* this morning, such a relation of his feasting ladies, and I know not what—that he has brought a tilt upon his hands, to-morrow morning—therefore keep him at home—I'll to his adversary, and so we'll convince him of a fault which has so ill (tho' not intended) consequences.

O. Book. You'll highly oblige me, sir: I'll trouble you no longer. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *Newgate.* *Young Bookwit, Latine, Simon, Storm, with the croud of jail-birds.*

Storm. I apprehend, sir, by *Mr. Turnkey* the gentleman there with a broken nose, that you're brought in for murder—I honour you, sir,—I don't question but 'twas done like a gentleman——

Y. Book. I hope it will appear so.

Storm. I come, I fear, sir, to your acquaintance with some prejudice, because you see me thus in irons——but affliction is the portion of the virtuous and the gallant——

Y. Book. It does not depress, sir, but manifest the brave.

Storm. Right, sir, I find you're noble—you may perhaps have heard of me—my name is *Storm*.—This person, my friend, who is called *Faggot*, and myself being exposed by an ungrateful world to feel its cruelty and contempt of ragged virtue—made war upon it—and in open day infested their high-road.

Y. Book. Your humble servant, gentlemen, I do conceive you—Your spirits could not stoop to barter on the change, to sneer in courts, to lye, to flatter, or to creep for bread. You therefore chose rather to prey like lions, than betray like crocodiles, or fawn like dogs—You took upon you to interrupt the commerce

merce of a cheating world—to unload the usurer of his anxious pelf, and save the thoughtless landed boy, he travell'd to undo—with a thousand such good actions, by which means you two are infamous, for what two millions of you had been glorious.

Storm. Right, sir,—I see you're knowing, sir, and learn'd in man. This gentleman Mr. *Charcoal* the chymist, was our secret correspondent, and as we never robb'd a poor man—so he never cheated a fool; but still impos'd on your most sprightly wits and genius—Fellows of fire, and metal, whose quick fancies and eager wishes form'd reasons for their undoing. He is a follower of the great *Raimundus Lullius*; the publick think to frighten him into their own purposes. But he'll leave the ungrateful world without the secret——

Char. You, know, sir, he that first asserted the Antipodes, dy'd for that knowledge! and I, sir, having found out the melioration of metals, the ignorant will needs call it coining—and I'm to be hang'd for't, would you think it?

Y. Book. When, pray, sir, are you to be immortal?

Char. On *Friday* next—I'm very unhappy our acquaintance is to be short—I'm very sorry your business is not over, sir, that if it must be, we might go together.

Y. Book. I'm highly obliged to you, sir.

Char. Yet let me tell you, sir, because by secret sympathy I'm yours—I must acquaint you, if you can obtain the favour of an opportunity and a crucible—I can shew projection——directly *Sol*, sir, *Sol*, sir, more bright than that high luminary the *Latins* call'd so—Wealth shall be yours—We'll turn each bar about us into golden ingots—Sir, can you lend me half a crown?

Y. Book. Oh, sir, a trifle between such old acquaintance.

Storm. You'll be indicted, sir, to-morrow—I would advise you, when your indictment's read—to one thing—that is—don't cavil at false *Latin*; but if by chance there should be a word of good, except to that, and puzzle the whole court.

Y. Book. Sir, I'm oblig'd——

Storm. I defy the world to say, I ever did an ill thing.

I love my friend—but there is always some little trifle given to prisoners, they call garnish; we of the road are above it, but o't'other side of the house, silly rascals that came voluntarily hither—Such as are in for fools, sign'd their own *mittimus*, in being bound for others, may perhaps want it : I'll be your faithful almoner.

T. Book. Oh, by all means, sir, [*Gives him money.*]

Storm. Pray sir, is that your footman ?

T. Book. He is my friend, sir.

Storm. Look you, sir, the only time to make use of a friend is in extremity——do you think you cou'd not hang him, and save your self; sir, my service to you, your own health.

Pris. Captain, your health. [*Gives it to the next prisoner.*]

2 Pris. Captain, your health.

Storm. But perhaps the captain likes brandy better. So-ho! Brandy there—[*drinks.*]—But you don't perhaps like these strong liquors—Cyder ho! Drink to him in it—Gentlemen all—But captain, I see you don't love cyder neither—You and I will be for claret then—Ah marry! I knew this would please [*drinks.*] you. [*drinks again.*] Faith we'll make an end on't, I'm glad you like it.

Turn. I'm sorry, captain *Storm*, to see you impose upon a gentleman, and put him to charge in his misfortune—If a petty-larceny fellow had done this——But one of the road.

Storm. I beg your pardon, sir, I don't question but the captain understands there is a fee to you for going to the keeper's side. [*Book. and Latine give him money*] [*Exeunt Turnkey, Simon following.*] Nay, nay, you must stay here.

Sim. Why I am *Simon*, madam *Penelope's* man.

Storm. 'Then madam *Penelope's* man must strip for garnish; indeed, master *Simon*, you must.

Sim. Thieves! thieves! thieves!

Storm. Thieves! thieves! Why you senseless dog, do you think there's thieves in *Newgate*? Away with him to the tap house. [*Pushes him off.*] We'll drink his coat off. Come my little chymist, thou shalt transmute this

this jacket into liquor, liquor that will make us forget the evil day—And while day is ours, let us be merry.

*For little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE E, Newgate.

SCENE opens, and discovers Bookwit on a couch asleep,
Latine looking on him.

Lat. **H**OW quietly he rests ! Oh that I could, by watching him, hanging thus over him, and feeling all his care, protract his sleep !
Oh sleep ! thou sweetest gift of heaven to man,
Still in thy downy arms embrace my friend,
Nor loose him from his inexistant trance
To sense of yesterday, and pain of being ;
In thee oppressors sooth their angry brow,
In thee th' oppress'd forget tyrannick pow'r,
In thee——
The wretch condemn'd is equal to his judge,
And the sad lover to his cruel fair ;
Nay, all the shining glories men pursue,
When thou art wanted, are but empty noise :
Who then wou'd court the pomp of guilty power,
When the mind sickens at the weary shew,
And flies to temporary death for ease ;
When half our life's cessation of our being——
He awakes——

How do I pity that returning life,
Which I could hazard thousand lives to save !

Y. Book. How heavily do I awake this morning !
Oh this senseless drinking ! To suffer a whole week's
pain for an hour's jollity—Methinks my senses are

burning round me—I have but interrupted hints of the last night—Ha! in a gaol; Oh! I remember, I remember: Oh *Love-more! Love-more!* I remember—

Lat. You must have patience, and bear it like a man.

Y. Book. Oh! Whither shall I run t'avoid myself? Why all these bars? These bolted iron gates? They're needless to secure me—Here, here's my rack, My gaol, my torture——

Oh! I can't bear it—I cannot bear the rushing Of new thoughts——

Fancy expands my senses to distraction,
And my soul stretches to that boundless space,
To which I've sent my wretched, wretched friend.

Oh! *Latine! Latine!* Is all our mirth and humour come to this?

Give me thy bosom, close in thy bosom hide me—
From thy eyes, I cannot bear their pity or reproach—

Lat. Dear *Bookwit*, how heartily I love you—I don't know what to say—But pray have patience.

Y. Book. If you can't bear my pain, that's but communicated by your pity—How shall I my proper inborn woe, my wounded mind?

Lat. In all assaults of fortune that should be serene,
Not in the power of accident or chance——

Y. Book. Words! words! all that is but mere talk;
Perhaps indeed to undeserv'd affliction
Reason and argument may give relief,
Or in the known vicissitudes of life,
We may feel comfort by our self-persuasion.
But oh! there is no talking away guilt:
This divine particle will ake for ever.

There is no help but whence I dare not ask;
When this material organ's indispos'd,
Juleps can cool, and anodynes give rest,
But nothing mix with this celestial drop,
But dew from that high heav'n of which 'tis part.

Lat. May that high heav'n compose your mind,
And reconcile you to your self.

Y. Book. How can I hope it!——
No——I must descend from man,
Grovel on earth, nor dare look up again!
Oh *Love-more! Love-more!* where is he now?

Oh?

Oh ! thinking, thinking, why didst thou not come
sooner,

Or, not now !——

My thoughts do so confuse me now——as my folly
and pleasures did before this fatal accident,—that I
cannot recollect whence *Love* more was provok'd to chal-
lenge me.

Lat. You know, dear *Book* wit, I fear'd some ill from
a careless way of talking—But, alas, I dreamt not of so
great——

Y. Book. Ay, there it was—He was naturally a little
jealous ! Heavens, do I say he was ! I talk'd to him
of ladies, treats, and he might possibly believe 'twas
where he had engaged—I remember his serious be-
haviour on that subject—Oh this unhappy tongue of
mine !

Thou lawless voluble destroying foe,
That still runn'st on, nor wait'st command of reason,
Oh ! I cou'd tear thee from me——

Lat. Did you not expostulate before the action ?

Y. Book. He wou'd have don't ; but I, flush'd with
the thoughts of duelling—press'd on—Thus for the
empty praise of fools, I'm solidly unhappy.

Lat. You take it too deeply——Your honour was
concern'd.

Y. Book. Honour ! the horrid application of that sa-
cred word to a revenge 'gainst friendship, law, and
reason, is a damn'd last shift of the damn'd envious foe
of human race. The routed fiend projected this but
since th' expansive glorious law from heav'n came down
—Forgive.

Enter Turnkey.

Turn. Gentlemen, I come to tell you that you have
the favour to be carried in chairs to your indictment,
to which you must go immediately.

Lat. We are ready, sir.

Y. Book. How shall I bear the eye-shot of the croud
in court ?

[*Excunt.*

S C E N E, Frederick's Lodgings.

Enter Lovemore in a Serjeant's Gown, and Frederick.

Love. Mankind is infinitely beholden to this noble styptick, that could produce such wonderful effects so suddenly: But tho' the wound was very slight, I'm weak by the effusion of so much blood——

Fred. Yet after all, you have not lost enough to cool your passion. Your heart still beats *Penelope, Penelope!* But in this disguise you have opportunity for observation; you'll see whether you ought still to value her or not: I'm glad you thought of being brought hither as soon as you came to your self; I expect old *Bookwit* every moment here——

Enter Old Bookwit.

There he is——

O. Book. Oh! Mr. *Frederick*—Too late, too late was our care: they met last night, and then the fatal act was done—You'll excuse sir, a father's sorrow——I can't speak much, but you may guess what I hope from you.

Fred. You may depend upon ingenuous usage in the prosecution; I'm going instantly to *Penelope's* with this learned gentleman, to know what she can say to this matter—I desir'd you in the note I sent you, to purchase the favour of your son's being brought thither, where he and you may be witnesses of what shall pass. I seek not his blood, nor would neglect a justice to my deceas'd friend.

O. Book. I believe my son and the rest are going thither ere this; and I desire this worthy serjeant's favour and advice—since we both mean the same thing, only to act with honour, if his life may be sav'd——

Love. I'll do what's just to the deceas'd and the survivor.

O. Book. I'll leave you, but will take care to come in just afore the criminals arrive——

[*Exit.*
Love.

Love. The poor old gentleman—Pr'ythee let's go, I long to see my lovely torment *Penelope*.

Fred. I'll but leave word within. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Penelope's Lodgings.*

Enter Penelope and Victoria.

Pen. It seems *Simon* lay out all night, and was carried away by the watch with some gentlemen in a quarrel.

Viç. I fancy the men who are always for shewing their valour, are like the women who are always talking of their chastity, because they are conscious of their defect in't.

Pen. Right—for we are not apt to raise arguments, but about what we think is disputable——

Viç. Ay, ay, they whose honour is a fore part, are more fearful of being touch'd, than they in whom 'tis only a tender one. But tell me honestly, *Penelope*, should poor *Lovemore* be in this rencounter, and that for your sake, wou'd it have no effect upon you in his favour?

Pen. I don't know how to answer you; but I find something in that reflection, which acquaints me 'tis very hard for one to know one's own heart. [Sighs.]

Viç. However, let your heart answer me one question more, as well as it can—Does it love me as well as ever it did?

Pen. Does not, madam, that question proceed from a change in your own?

Viç. It does, *Penelope*, I own it does—I had a long conflict with myself on my pillow, last night.

Pen. What were your thoughts there?

Viç. That I ow'd it to your friendship to acknowledge to you that all the pleasure I once had in you, is vanished—Ah *Penelope*! I'm sorry for every good quality you have——

Pen. Since you are so frank—I must confess to you something very like this—But however I envy'd that sprightly ingenious native beauty of yours; I see it now so much the figure of your mind, that I can conquer,

quer, I think I can, any inclination in myself that opposes the happiness of so sincere a friend——

Vic. Explain your self, my dear.

Pen. I'll discountenance this *Bookwit's* ambiguous addresses—And if *Lovemore* can forgive my late ill usage—I need say no more——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Frederick* below desires to see you, on some extraordinary business.

Vic. I have not time, my dearest friend, to applaud or thank you—but must run in—He comes from *Lovemore*——remember [Exit.

Pen. Let him come up——Now can't I for my life forbear a little tyranny.

Enter Frederick and Lovemore.

Pen. Good-morrow, sir ; I believe I know your business—you're officious for your friend—But I am deaf.

Fred. I know you are, and have been ; but I come only to do him a last office—He'll trouble you no more, but I must conjure you to read this, and inform this learned gentleman what you know of this misfortune.

Pen. Reading. *Your cruelty provok'd me to desire the favour of dying by Mr. Bookwit's hand, since he had taken from me more than life; in robbing me of you—farewel for ever—I direct Frederick not to give you this, 'till I am no more—Write in his blood !—'Till I am no more——*

Lovemore no more ! Thou shalt not be no more—Thou shalt live here for ever. Here thou dearest paper, mingle with my life's stream : Either the paper bleeds a-new, or my eyes weep blood—So let 'em do for ever——Oh, my *Lovemore* ! Did the vanity of a prating boy banish thy solid services and manly love ?

Fred. This is no reparation to him for his lost life, nor me for my lost friend—Yet when you please to receive 'em, I am obliged to deliver you some papers, wherein he has given you all the fortune he could bestow ; nor would revoke it, ev'n thus injur'd as he was.

Pen.

Pen. Curse on all wealth and fortune ! he, he is gone, who only deserv'd all, and whose worth I know too late.

Lov. Oh extasy ! why was I angry at her rejoicing at my sorrow, when hers to me is such a perfect bliss ? 'Tis barbarous not to discover my self ! [*To Fred.*

Fred. Do, and be us'd barbarously—But, madam, you must be compos'd ; your life for aught I know is at stake, for there is no such thing as accessaries in murder ; and it can be prov'd, you knew of *Lovemore's* threatening to fight *Bookwit*—You must either take your tryal yourself, or be Mr, *Bookwit's* witness.

Pen. I his witness !—No,—I'll swear any thing to hang him.

Fred. Ah, madam, you must consider yourself however—Pray, sir, read her indictment to her.

Lov. Reading. *That on the said third day of April, the said Penelope, of the parish of St. Martin's in the fields, spinster, without fear before her eyes, but by the instigation of the devil, through an evil pride of heart—*

Pen. 'Tis too true—— [*Weeping.*

Lov. Did contrive, abet, and consent to the death of John Lovemore, Esquire, of the age of twenty-eight years, or thereabouts.

Fred. I can't bear the mention of him without tears. He was the sincerest friend.

Lov. I think I have seen him——He was, I've heard, a man of honesty, but of something a disagreeable make.

Pen. Oh ! sir, you never saw him, if you think so——His person was as free as his mind was honest, nor had he imperfection, but his love of me. [*Weeps.*

Lov. I tremble, I shall disoblige her too much.

[*To Fred.*

Fred. You shan't discover yourself, you shall go thro' h r soul, now 'tis mov'd on our side—Win her now, or see my face no more—I'll not have my wine spoil'd every night, with your recitals of love, and asking advice, tho' you never mean to take it like a true lover.

Pen. When did that best of men expire, good Mr. *Frederick* ?

Fred. This morning : But should I speak the man-

ner. With a faint dying voice he call'd me to him—
I went in tenderness to take my long farewell—He in
a last effort of nature prest me to his breast, and with
the softest accent sigh'd in death, *Penelope*.

Pen. Oh the too generous man? Ungrateful I?
Curses on him first flatter'd with his tongue,
On her that first disssembled in her silence——
What miseries have they entail'd on life,
To bring in fraud and diffidence in love?
Simplicity's the dress of honest passion,
Then why our arts, why to a man enamour'd,
That at her feet effuses all his soul,
Must woman cold appear, false to herself and him?

Fred. Do you see there—You'd have spoke before
she consider'd that —— [Aside to Love.

Pen. Oh! cou'd I see him now, to press his livid lips,
And call him back to life with my complaints,
His eyes would glare upon my guilt with horror,
That us'd to glaze and melt in love before me——
Let mine for ever then be shut to joy,
To all that's bright and valuable in man!

I'll to his sacred ashes be a wife,
And to his memory devote my life. [Exit.

Love. This is worth dying for indeed—I'll follow her.

Fred. No, you shan't; let her go in—throw herself
upon her bed, and hug, and call her pillow *Love-more*.
'Tis but what you've done a thousand times for her.

Love. That's true too.

Fred. Let her contemplate on the mischief of her
vanity: she shall lament 'till her glass is of our
side—'Till its pretty nies be all blubber'd, its heart
must heave and pant with perfect anguish before 'twill
feel the sorrow of another's. Don't you know pride,
scorn, affectation, and a whole train of ills must be
sobb'd away, before a great beauty's mortified to pur-
pose.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Old Mr. Bookwit enquires for you here, Mr.
Frederick.

Fred. Pray let him come up.

Enter

Enter Old Bookwit.

Lev. What's the matter? you seem more discompos'd than you were at Mr. *Frederick's*; something still new.

O. Book. I saw the boy a coming in a chair, he looks so languid and distress'd, poor lad!—He has all his mother's softness, by nature of the sweetest disposition——Oh! gentlemen!—You know not what it is to be a father——To see my only child in that condition——My grief quickened at the sight of him; I thought I could have patience, 'till I saw him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There are two or three in chairs desire admittance by appointment.

O. Book. 'Tis right, sir.

Enter Bookwit, Latine, and Gaoler.

Oh my dear child, oh *Tom*! are all thy aged father's hopes then come to this, that he can't see thee his only son, but guarded by a gaoler?——Thy mother's happy, that liv'd not to see this day——Is all the nurture that she gave thy infancy—the erudition she bequeath'd thy youth, thus answered?——Oh, my son! my son!—rise and support thy father! I sink with tenderness, my child, come to my arms while thou art mine.

Y. Book. Oh best of fathers!

Let me not see your tears, don't double my afflictions by your woe——

There's consolation when a friend laments us, but when a parent grieves, the anguish is too native,

Too much our own to be called pity.

Oh! sir, consider, I was born to die——

'Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing;

Ages and generations pass away,

And with resistless force, like waves o'er waves,

Roll down th'irrevocable stream of time,

Into

Into the insatiate ocean for ever—Thus we are gone.
But the erroneous sense of man—'tis the lamented
That's at rest, but the survivor mourns——

All my sorrows vanish with that thought,
But heav'n grant my aged father patience.

O. Book. Oh child ! [Turning away.]

Y. Book. Do not torment yourself, you shall promise not to grieve——

What if they do upbraid you with my death——

Consider, sir, in death that our relation ceases,

Nor shall I want your care, or know your grief.

It matters not whether by law, or nature, 'tis I die.

What, won't my father hear me plead to him ?

Don't turn from me——

Yet don't look at me with your soul so full.

O. Book. Oh my child, my child—I cou'd hear thee ever.

'Twas that I lov'd thee, that I turn'd away.

To hear my son persuade me to resign him,

I can't, I can't. The grief is insupportable.

Y. Book. You make a coward of me with your anguish.

I grow an infant, scarce can weep with silence,

But let me keep some decency in my distress.

O. Book. If we might be apart——

[Looking at the company.]

But that's too much to hope.

Goal. No, no, we'll leave you to your selves,

[Exeunt.]

O. Book. I have too much upon me, child to speak——

And indeed have nothing to say, but to feed my eyes upon thee, e'er we part for ever, if tears would let me——When you have slept in your cradle, I have wak'd for you——and was it to this end——Oh child, you've broke your father's heart. [Swoons.]

Y. Book. Good heav'n forbid it—guard him and protect him.

He faints, he's cold, he's gone ; [Running to him.]

He's gone, and with his last breath call'd me parricide.

You've broke your father's heart ! Oh killing sound !

I'm all contagion, to pity me is death.

My

My griefs to all are mortal but my self.
 You've broke your father's heart ! If I did so,
 Why thus serene in death, thou smiling clay,
 Why that calm aspect to thy murderer ?
 Oh big unutterable grief ——— Merciful heaven !
 I don't deserve this ease of tears to melt
 With penitence ——— Oh sweet, sweet remorse,
 Now all my powers give way
 To my just sorrow, for the best of fathers, [Aloud.
 Thou venerable fountain of my life,
 Why don't I also die, deriv'd from thee ?
 Sure you are not gone ——— Is the way out of life
 Thus easy, which you so much fear'd in me ?
 [Takes him by the hand.
 Why stay I after ? but I deserve to stay,
 To feel the quick remembrance of my follies.
 Yet if my sighs, my tears, my anguish can atone——

*Re enter Frederick, Lovemore, Latine, Gaoler,
 Victoria, and Penelope.*

Fred. What is the matter ?—What ?——

Y. Book. Behold this sight, I am the guilty wretch——

Fred. Keep aside a little, sir, he only swoons, I hope ; I think he breathes—yes he returns—you must compose your self.

Lat. Poor *Bookwit*, how utterly he seems distress'd.

O. Book. I will be calm—resign to heav'n and hear you patiently.

Fred. You, sir, his favourite servant, pray speak honestly the truth of what you know, to this learned gentleman, who is council in this case.

Y. Book. Sir, he is not——

Lov. Pray, sir, give the servant leave first.

Lat. Know then, I am not what I seem, but a gentleman of a plentiful fortune. I am thus dress'd to carry on such gay pursuits as should offer in this town——Not to detain you, Mr. *Bookwit* sent me late last night, with a letter to one of these ladies——Coming from thence, as I cross'd, I saw *Lovemore* in the Garden ; he stopp'd me, and after some questions concerning my message to this house, to which he did
 not

not like my answers, he struck me ; we fought——
I left him dead upon the spot, of which this gentleman is guiltless——

O. Book. How ! was it you then, that kill'd Mr. Lovemore ?

Lat. 'Twas this unhappy hand gave him his death, but so provok'd——

Y. Book. Who could believe that any pleasing passion
Cou'd touch a breast loaded with guilt like mine ?
But all my mind is seiz'd with admiration
Of thy stupendous friendship——What then——
Could'st thou hold thy innocent hand up at a bar
With felons, to save thy friend ?
How shall I chide or praise thy brave imposture ?
Ah ! sir, believe him not—He cannot bear the loss of
me, whom he o'ervalues ; therefore with highest gallantry he offers a benefit which 'twere the meanest baseness to receive.

But death's more welcome than a life so purchas'd.

Lat. We all know you can talk, and gild things as you please, but the lady's servant knows I was taken near the body, when you——

Y. Book. Sir, do but hear me— [*Pushing away Lat.*

Lat. I'll easily convince you. [*Pushing away Book.*

Y. Book. Pray mind him not, his brain is touch'd——

Lat. I am the man, he was not near the place——

Low. I can hold out no longer——*Lovemore* still liveth to adore your noble friendship, and begs a share in't. Be not amaz'd ! but let me grasp you both, who in an age degenerate as this, have such transcendent virtue——

Y. Book. Oh *Lovemore ! Lovemore !* How shall I speak my joy at thy recovery——

I fail beneath the too ecitatick pleasure——

What help has human nature from its sorrows,

When our relief itself is such a burthen !

O. Book. Oh the best burthen upon earth ! I beg your pardon, sir,——I never was so taken with a man in my life at first sight. [*Kisses Love.*] Let me be known to you too.

[*To Lat.*

Lat. Sir, you do me honour——

O. Book. But you, ladies, are the first cause of the
many

many errors we have been in, and you only can extricate us with satisfaction——Such is the force of beauty——The wounds the sword gave this gentleman were slight, but you have transfix'd a vital and a noble part, his heart——Had I known his pretences, I had not interpos'd for my son——

Fred. Come, madam, no more of the cruel——Go on, *Love*more ; o' my conscience the man's afraid 'tis impudence to be alive again——You see him now, madam, now you may press his livid lips, and call him back to life with your complaints.

Love. I stand methinks, upon the brink of fate, in an ambiguous interval of life, and doubt t'accept of being 'till you smile. In every human incident besides, I am superior, and can chuse or leave, But in minutest things that touch my love, My bosom's seiz'd with anguish, or with transport.

Pen. You've shewn your passion to me with such honour, that if I am confus'd, I know I should not be, to say I approve it——For I know no rules should make me insensible of generous usage——My person and my mind are yours for ever.

Love. Then doubts and fears and anxious cares be gone.

All ye black thoughts that did corrode my breast ;
Here enter faith, and confidence, and love !
Love that can't live with jealousy, but dwells
With sacred marriage, truth, and mutual honour.
I knew not where you wou'd bestow your vows,
But never doubted of your faith when given.

[*Kissing her hand*

O. Book. You see, my son, how constancy's rewarded !

You have from nature every quality
To make you well become what fortune gave you :
But neither wit or beauty, wealth or courage,
Implicitly deserve the world's esteem,
They're only in their application, goods——
How cou'd you fight a man, you knew not why ?
You don't think that 'tis great, merely to dare ?
'Tis that a man is just he should be bold ;
Indeed you have err'd.

Love.

Lat. You give my friend, methinks, too much compunction for a little levity in his actions——when he's too severe in's own reflections on 'em.

Pen. Well, *Victoria*, you see I take your advice at last in choice of *Love-more*.

Vict. I congratulate your missing of the other.

Pen. I heartily believe you, my dear friend.

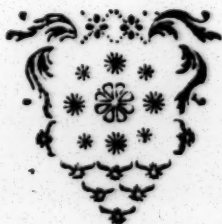
O. Book. But we best guide our actions by hopes of reward. Cou'd but my son have such a glorious prospect as this fair one, [*To Victoria*.] I doubt not but his future carriage wou' deserve her.

Vict. I believe I may safely promise to approve of all the truth he tells me.

Y. Book. You've promised then, to like all I shall say.

O. Book. These unexpected good events deserve our celebration with some mirth and fiddles.

Fred. I foresaw this happy turn, therefore have prepar'd em——Call in the dancers.



SONG.

S O N G,

By Mr. L E V E R I D G E.

I.

THE rolling years the joys restore,
Which happy, happy Britain knew,
When in a female age before
Beauty the sword of justice drew.

II.

Nymphs and fauns, and rural pow'rs,
Of crystal floods and shady bow'rs,
No more shall here preside :
The flowing wave and living green,
Owe only to their present queen
Their safety and their pride.

III.

United air, and pleasures bring,
Of tender note, and tuneful string.
All your arts devoted are
To move the innocent and fair :
While they receive the pleasing wound,
Echo repeats the dying sound.

1. *Book.* Since such deserv'd misfortunes they must
Who with gay falsehoods entertain the fair ;
Let all with this just maxim guide their youth,
There is no gallantry in love but truth.

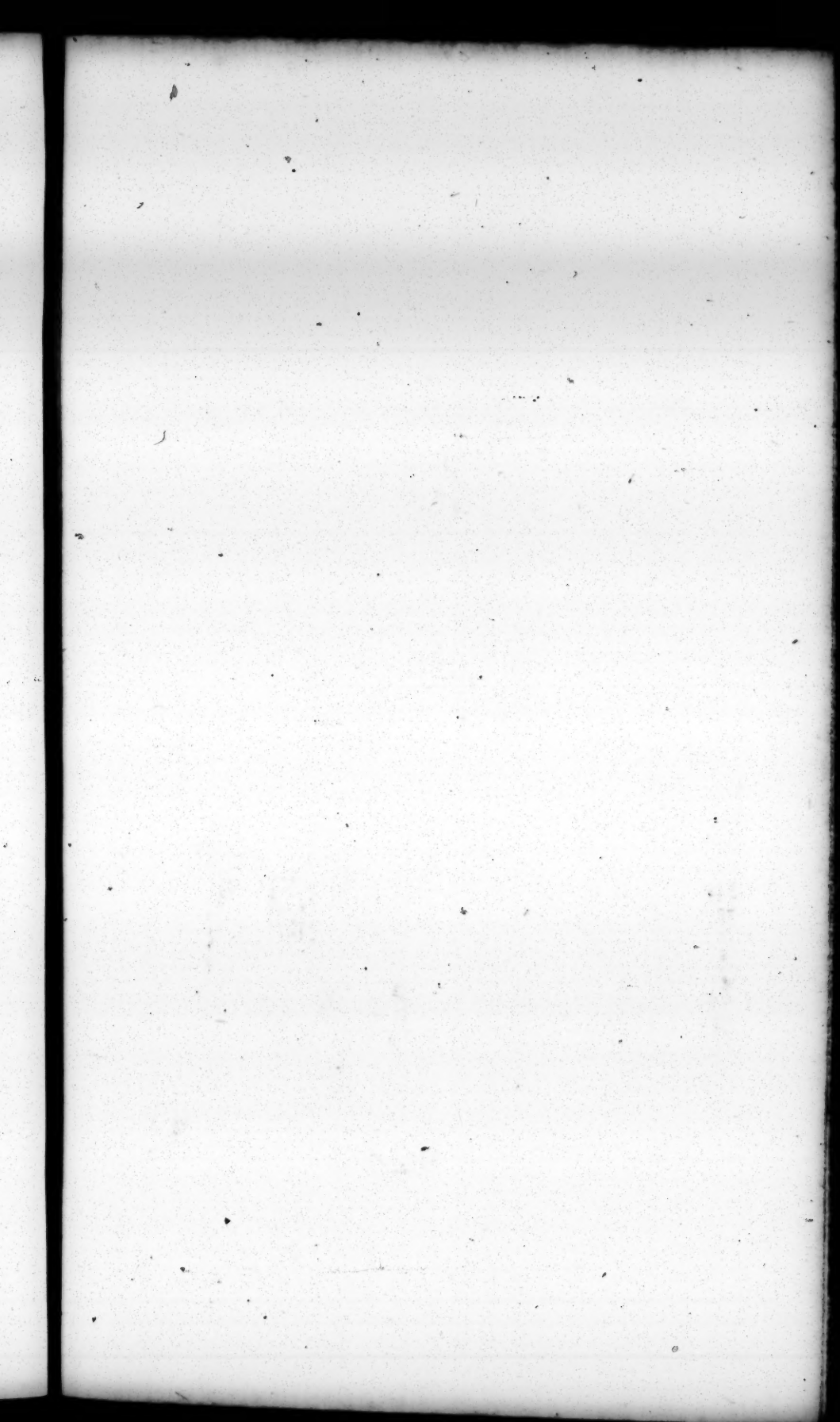
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[Exeunt.

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J. Flaxman inv. et del.

C. Grignion sculp.

The Old Bachelor.

THE
OLD BATCHELOR.
A
COMEDY.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.

*Quem tulit ad Scenam ventoso gloria Curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator, sedulus, inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit—— Horat. Epist. I. Lib. II.*



L O N D O N,
Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the Strand.

M D C C L I V.





PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

HOW this wile World is chang'd! In former Days,
Prologues were serious Speeches before Plays;
Grave solemn Things, as Graces are to Feasts;
Where Poets begg'd a Blessing from their Guests:
But now no more like Suppliants we come;
A Play makes War, and Prologue is the Drum;
Arm'd with keen Satire, and with pointed Wit,
We threaten you who do for Judges sit,
To save our Plays, or else we'll damn your Pit
But for your Comfort, it falls out to Day,
We've a young Author, and his first born Play;
So, standing only on his good Behaviour,
He's very civil, and intreats your Favour.
Not but the Man has Malice, would he show it,
But on my Conscience he's a bashful Poet;
You think that strange——no matter, he'll out grow it.
Well, I'm his Advocate——by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you,
He prays——O bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest Prologue as he wrote it!
Well, the deuce take me, if I han't forgot it.
O Lord, for Heaven's sake excuse the Play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to Day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then——but I'm in such Confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your Resolution. [Runs off.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Heartwell</i> , a surly old Bachelor, pretending to slight Women, secretly in Love with <i>Silvia</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Bellmour</i> , in Love with <i>Belinda</i> ,		
<i>Vainlove</i> , capricious in his Love, in Love with <i>Araminta</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Sharper</i> ,		
Sir <i>Joseph Wittol</i> ,		Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
Captain <i>Bluffe</i> ,		Mr. <i>Bowen</i> .
<i>Fondlewife</i> , a Banker,		Mr. <i>Haines</i> .
Setter, a Pimp,		Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
Servant to <i>Fondlewife</i> .		Mr. <i>Underhill</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Araminta</i> , in Love with <i>Vainlove</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Belinda</i> , her Cousin, an affected Lady, in Love with <i>Bellmour</i> ,		
<i>Lætitia</i> , Wife to <i>Fondlewife</i> ,		Mrs. <i>Mountfort</i> .
<i>Silvia</i> , <i>Vainlove</i> 's forsaken Mistress,		Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Lucy</i> , her Maid,		Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Betty</i> .		Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .
Boy and Footmen.		

SCENE, LONDON,

THE



THE
OLD BATCHELOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Bellmour and Vainlove meeting.

BELLMOUR.



Vainlove, and abroad so early ! good Mor-
row ; I thought a contemplative Lover
could no more have parted with his Bed
in a Morning, than he could have slept
in't.

Vain. Bellmour, good Morrow——

Why Truth on't is, these early Sallies are not usual to
me ; but Business, as you see, Sir—[*Shewing Letters.*]
And Business must be follow'd, or be lost.

Bell. Business !——And so must Time, my Friend,
be close pursued or lost. Business is the Rub of Life,
perverts our Aim, casts off the Bias, and leaves us wide
and short of the intended Mark.

Vain. Pleasure, I guess, you mean.

Bell. Ay, what else has Meaning ?

Vain. Oh the Wife will tell you——

Bell. More than they believe—Or understand.

Vain. How, how, *Ned*, a wise Man say more than he understands?

Bell. Ay, ay, Wisdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise Man, and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave Business to Idlers, and Wisdom to Fools; they have need of 'em: Wit, be my Faculty, and Pleasure, my Occupation; and let Father Time shake his Glass. Let low and earthly Souls grovel 'till they have work'd themselves six Foot deep into a Grave—Business is not my Element—I roll in a higher Orb, and dwell——

Vain. In Castles i'th' Air of thy own Building: That's thy Element, *Ned*—Well as high a Flier as you are, I have a Cure may make you stoop. [*Flings a Letter.*]

Bell. I marry Sir, I have a Hawk's Eye at a Woman's Hand—There's more Elegancy in the false Spelling of this Superscription [*Takes up the Letter*] than in all *Cicero*——Let me see——How now! *Dear perfidious Vain-love.* [*Reads.*]

Vain. Hold, hold, 'tis that's the wrong.

Bell. Nay let's see the Name (*Sylvia!*) how can'st thou be ungrateful to that Creature? She's extremely pretty and loves thee intirely—I have heard her breathe such Raptures about thee——

Vain. Ay, or any Body that she's about——

Bell. No faith, *Frank*, you wrong her; she has been just to you.

Vain. That's pleasant, by my troth from thee, who hast had her.

Bell. Never—Her Affections: 'Tis true by Heav'n, she own'd it to my Face; and blushing like the Virgin Morn when it disclos'd the Cheat, which, that trusty Bawd of Nature, Night had hid, confess'd her Soul was true to you, tho' I by Treachery had stol'n the Bliss——

Vain. So was true as Turtle—in Imagination, *Ned*, ha! Preach this Doctrine to Husbands, and the married Women will adore thee.

Bell. Why faith I think it will do well enough — If the Husband be out of the Way, for the Wife to shew her

her Fondness and Impatience of his Absence, by chusing a Lover as like him as she can, and what is unlike, she may help out with her own Fancy,

Vain. But is it not an Abuse to the Lover to be made a Blind of?

Bell. As you say the Abuse is to the Lover, not the Husband: For 'tis an Argument of her Zeal towards him, that she will enjoy him in Effigy.

Vain. It must be a very superstitious Country, where such Zeal passes for true Devotion. I doubt it will be damn'd by all our Protestant Husbands for flat Idolatry — But if you can make Alderman *Fondlewife* of your Persuasion, this Letter will be needless.

Bell. What, the old Banker with the handsome Wife?

Vain. Ay.

Bell. Let me see, *Latitia*! Oh 'tis a delicious Morsel. Dear *Frank*, thou art the truest Friend in the World.

Vain. Ay, am I not? To be continually starting of Hares for you to course. We were certainly cut out for one another; for my Temper quits an Amour, just where thine takes it up — But read that, it is an Appointment for me, this Evening; when *Fondlewife* will be gone out of Town, to meet the Master of a Ship, about the Return of a Venture which he's in danger of losing. Read, read.

Bell. reads. Hum, Hum — *Out of Town this Evening, and talks of sending for Mr. Spintext to keep me Company; but I'll take care he shall not be at home. Good! Spintext!* Oh the Fanatick one-ey'd Parson!

Vain. Ay.

Bell. reads. Hum, Hum — *That your Conversation will be much more agreeable, if you can counterfeit his Habit to blind the Servants. Very good! Then I must be disguised — With all my Heart — It adds a Gusto to an Amour; gives it the greater Resemblance of Theft; and among us lewd Mortals, the deeper the Sin the sweeter. Frank, I'm amaz'd at thy Good-nature —*

Vain. Faith I hate Love when 'tis forc'd upon a Man, as I do Wine — And this Business is none of my seeking; I only hapned to be once or twice, where *Latitia* was the handsomest Woman in Company, so conse-

quently apply'd myself to her— And it seems she has taken me at my Word— Had you been there, or any Body, 't had been the same.

Bell. I wish I may succeed as the same.

Vain. Never doubt it; for if the Spirit of Cuckoldom be once raised up in a Woman, the Devil can't lay it, 'till she has don't.

Bell. Pr'ythee what sort of Fellow is *Fondlewife*?

Vain. A kind of Mongrel Zealot, sometimes very precise and peevish: But I have seen him pleasant enough in his way; much addicted to Jealousy, but more to Fondness: So that as he's often Jealous without a Cause, he's as often satisfied without Reason.

Bell. A very even Temper, and fit for my Purpose. I must get your Man *Setter* to provide my Disguise.

Vain. Ay, you may take him for good and all if you will, for you have made him fit for no body else——
Well——

Bell. You're going to visit in return of *Silvia's* Letter—Poor Rogue. Any Hour of the Day or Night will serve her——But do you know nothing of a new Rival there?

Vain. Yes, *Heartwell*, that surly old pretended Woman-hater thinks her Virtuous; that's one Reason why I fail her: I would have her fret herself out of Conceit with me, that she may entertain some Thoughts of him. I know he visits her ev'ry Day.

Bell. Yet rails on still, and thinks his Love unknown to us; a little Time will swell him so, he must be forc'd to give it Birth; and the Discovery must needs be very pleasant from himself; to see what Pains he will take, and how he will strain to bedelivered of a Secret, when he has miscarried of it already.

Vain. Well, good Morrow, let's dine together; I'll meet at the old Place.

Bell. With all my Heart; it lies convenient for us to pay our Afternoon Services to our Mistresses; I find I am damnably in Love, I'm so uneasy for not having seen *Belinda* yesterday.

Vain. But I saw my *Araminta*, yet am as impatient.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Bellmour *alone*.

Bell. **W**HY what a Cormorant in Love am I! who not contented with the Slavery of honourable Love in one Place, and the Pleasure of enjoying some half a Score Mistresses of my own acquiring, must yet take *Vainlove's* Business upon my Hands, because it lay too heavy upon his; So am not only forc'd to lie with other Men's Wives for 'em, but must also undertake the harder Task of obliging their Mistresses—I must take up, or I shall never hold out; Flesh and Blood cannot bear it always.

S C E N E III.

[*To him*] Sharper.

Sharp. I'm sorry to see this, *Ned*: Once a Man comes to his Soliloquies I give him for gone.

Bell. Sharper, I'm glad to see thee.

Sharp. What, is *Belinda* cruel, that you are so thoughtful?

Bell. No faith, not for that——But there's a Business of Consequence fall'n out To-day, that requires some Consideration.

Sharp. Prithee what mighty Business of Consequence canst thou have?

Bell. Why you must know 'tis a piece of Work toward the finishing of an Alderman; it seems I must put the last hand to it, and dub him Cuckold, that he may be of equal Dignity with the rest of his Brethren: So I must beg *Belinda's* Pardon.

Sharp. Faith e'en give her over for good-and-all: You can have no hopes of getting her for a Mistress; and she is too proud, too inconstant, too affected and too witty, and too handsome for a Wife.

Bell. But she can't have too much Money——There's twelve thousand Pounds, *Tom*.——'Tis true she is excessively foppish and affected; but in my Conscience I believe the Baggage loves me: For she never speaks well of me herself, nor suffers any Body else to rail at me. Then, as I told you, there's twelve thousand Pound—Hum—
Why

Why faith upon second Thoughts, she does not appear to be so very affected neither——Give her her due, I think the Woman's a Woman, and that's All. As such I am sure I shall like her; for the Devil take me if I don't love all the Sex.

Sharp. And here comes one who swears as heartily he hates all the Sex.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Heartwell.*

Bell. Who? *Heartwell!* Ay, but he knows better things——How now, *George*, Where hast thou been snarling odious Truths, and entertaining Company, Like a Physician, with Discourse of their Diseases and Infirmities? What fine Lady hast thou been putting out of Conceit with herself, and persuading that the Face she had been making all the Morning, was none of her own? for I know thou art as unmannerly and as unwelcome to a Woman, as a Looking glass after the Small-pox.

Heart. I confess I have not been sneering fulsom Lies and nauseous Flattery, fawning upon a little tawdry Whore that will fawn upon me again, and entertain any Puppy that comes, like a Tumbler, with the same Tricks over and over. For such I guess may have been your late Employment.

Bell. Wou'd thou hadst come a little sooner, *Vainlove* would have wrought thy Conversion, and been a Champion for the Cause.

Heart. What, has he been here? That's one of Love's *April-Fools*, is always upon some Errand that's to no purpose, ever embarking in Adventures, yet never comes to Harbour.

Sharp. That's because he always sets out in foul Weather, loves to buffet with the Winds, meet the Tide and sail in the Teeth of Opposition.

Heart. What, has he not dropt Anchor at *Araminta*?

Bell. Truth on't is, she fits his Temper best, is a kind of floating Island; sometimes seems in reach, then vanishes and keeps him busied in the Search.

Sharp. She had need have a good share of Sense to manage so capricious a Lover.

Bell.

Bell. Faith I don't know: He's of a Temper the most easy to himself in the World; he takes as much always of an Amour as he cares for, and quits it when it grows stale or unpleasant.

Sharp. An Argument of very little Passion, very good Understanding, and very Ill-nature.

Heart. And proves that *Vainlove* plays the Fool with Discretion.

Sharp. You, *Bellmour*, are bound in Gratitude to fickle for him; you with Pleasure reap that Fruit, which he takes pains to sow: He does the Drudgery in the Mine, and you stamp your Image on the Gold.

Bell. He's of another Opinion, and says I do the Drudgery in the Mine. Well, we have each our share of Sport, and each that which he likes best; 'tis his Diversion to Set, 'tis mine to Cover the Partridge.

Heart. And it should be mine to let 'em go again.

Sharp. Not till you had mouth'd a little, *George*, I think that's all thou art fit for now.

Heart. Good Mr. Young Fellow, you're mistaken; as able as yourself, and as nimble too, tho' I mayn't have so much Mercury in my Limbs; 'tis true indeed I don't force Appetite, but wait the natural Call of my Lust, and think it time enough to be lew'd, after I have had the Temptation.

Bell. Time enough, ay too soon. I should rather have expected from a Person of your Gravity——

Heart. Yet it is oftentimes too late with some of you young, termagant flashy Sinners—— you have all the Guilt of the Intention, and none of the Pleasure of the Practice—— 'tis true you are so eager in Pursuit of the Temptation, that you save the Devil the trouble of leading you into it: Nor is it out of Discretion, that you don't swallow that very Hook yourselves have baited, but you are cloy'd with the Preparative. and what you mean for a Whet, turns the Edge of your puny Stomach Your Love is like your Courage, which you threw for the first Year or two upon all Occasions; 'till in a little time, being disabled or disarmed, you abate of your Vigour; and that daring Blade, which was so often drawn, is bound to the Peace for ever after.

Bell.

Bell. Thou art an old Fornicator of a singular good Principle indeed! and art for encouraging Youth, that they may be as wicked as thou art at thy Years.

Heart. I am for having every body be what they pretend to be; a Whoremaster be a Whoremaster; and not like *Vainlove*. kifs a Lap-Dog with Passion, when it would disgust him from the Lady's own Lips.

Bell. That only happens sometimes, where the Dog has the sweeter Breath, for the more cleanly conveyance. But *George*, you must not quarrel with little Gallantries of this nature: Women are often won by 'em. Who would refuse to kifs a Lap-Dog if it were preliminary to the Lips of his Lady?

Sharp. Or omit playing with her Fan, and cooling her if she were hot, when it might intitle him to the Office of warming her when she should be cold!

Bell. What is it to read a Play in a rainy Day? Though you should be now and then interrupted in a witty Scene, and she perhaps preserve her Laughter 'till the Jest were over; even that may be borne with, considering the Reward in Prospect.

Heart. I confess you that are Womens Asses bear greater Burdens: Are forced to undergo Dressing, Dancing, Singing, Sighing, Whining, Rhyming, Flattering, Lying, Grinning, Cringing, and the drudgery of Loving to boot.

Bell. O Brute, the drudgery of Loving!

Heart. Ay, why to come to Love through all these Incumbrances, is like coming to an Estate overcharg'd with Debts; which by the time you have paid, yields no further profit than what the bare tillage and manuring of the Land will produce at the expence of your own Sweat.

Bell. Prithce how dost thou love?

Sharp. He! he hates the Sex.

Heart. So I hate Physic too——yet I may love to take it for my Health.

Bell. Well come off, *George*, if at any time you should be taken straying.

Sharp. He has need of such an Excuse, considering the present state of his Body.

Heart.

Heart. How d'ye mean?

Sharp. Why if whoring be purging (as you call it) then, I may say, Marriage is entering into a Course of Physic.

Bell. How, *George*, does the Wind blow there?

Heart. It will as soon blow *North* and by *South*—marry, quotha! I hope in Heaven I have a greater Portion of Grace, and I think I have baited too many of those Traps, to be caught in one myself.

Bell. Who the Devil would have thee? unless 'twere an Oister-Woman, to propagate young Fry for *Billingsgate*—thy Talent will never recommend thee to any thing of better Quality.

Heart. My Talent is chiefly that of speaking Truth, which I don't expect should ever recommend me to People of Quality—I thank Heav'n, I have very honestly purchas'd the Hatred of all the great Families in Town.

Sharp. And you in return of Spleen hate them: But could you hope to be receiv'd into the Alliance of a noble Family—

Heart. No, I hope I shall never merit that Affliction—to be punish'd with a Wife of Birth—be a Stag of the first Head and bear my Horns aloft, like one of the Supporters of my Wife's Coat. S'death I would not be a Cuckold to e'er an illustrious Whore in *England*.

Bell. What not to make your Family, Man! and provide for your Children?

Sharp. For her Children you mean.

Heart. Ay there you've nick'd it—there's the Devil upon Devil—O the Pride and Joy of Heart 'twould be to me, to have my Son and Heir resemble such a Duke—to have a fleering Coxcomb scoff and cry, Mr. your Son's mighty like his Grace, has just his Smile and Air of's Face. Then replies another—me thinks he has more of the Marquiss of such a Place, about his Nose and Eyes; though he has my Lord what-d'ye-calls Mouth to a tittle—Then, I, to put it off as unconcern'd, come chuck the Infant under the Chin, force a Smile and cry, ay, the Boy takes after his Mother's

Mother's Relations——when the Devil and she knows,
'tis a little Compound of the whole Body of Nobility.

Bell. }
Sharp. } Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well but, *George*, I have one one question to ask
you ——

Heart. Pshaw, I have prattled away my Time——I
hope you are in no haste for an answer——for I shan't
stay now.

[*Looking on his Watch.*]

Bell. Nay prithee, *George*.——

Heart. No, besides my Business, I see a fool coming
this Way, Adieu.

S C E N E III.

Sharper, Bellmour,

Bell. **W**HAT does he mean? Oh, 'tis Sir *Joseph*
Wittoll with his Friend; but I see he has
turn'd the Corner, and goes another Way.

Sharp. What in the Name of Wonder is it?

Bell. Why a Fool.

Sharp. 'Tis a tawdry Outside.

Bell. And a very beggarly Lining——yet he may be
worth your Acquaintance——a little of thy Chymistry,
Tom, may extract Gold from that Dirt.

Sharp. Say you so? 'faith I am as poor as a Chymist,
and would be as industrious. But what was he that fol-
low'd him? Is not he a Dragon that watches those
Golden Pippins?

Bell. Hang him, no, he a Dragon! if he be 'tis a very
peaceful one; I can insure his Anger dormant; or should
he seem to rouse, 'tis but well lashing him, and he will
sleep like a Top.

Sharp. Ay, is he of that Kidney?

Bell. Yet is ador'd by that Biggot Sir *Joseph Wittoll*,
as the Image of Valour: He calls him his Back, and
indeed they are never asunder——yet last Night, I know
not by what Mischance, the Knight was alone, and had
fallen into the Hands of some Night-Walkers, who, I
suppose, would have pillaged him; But I chanc'd to
come by, and rescued him: though I believe he was
heartily

heartily frightened, for as soon as ever he was loose, he ran away, without staying to see who had help'd him.

Sharp. Is that Bully of his in the Army?

Bell. No, but is a Pretender, and wears the Habit of a Soldier; which now-a-days as often clokes Cowardise, as a black Gown does Atheism — You must know he has been abroad — went purely to run away from a Campaign; enrich'd himself with the Plunder of a few Oaths — and here vents 'em against the General, who slighting Men of Merit, and preferring only those of Interest, has made him quit the Service.

Sharp. Wherein no doubt he magnifies his own Performance.

Bell. Speaks Miracles, is the Drum to his own Praise — the only Implement of a Soldier he resembles, like that, being full of blustering Noise and Emptiness —

Sharp. And like that, of no use but to be beaten.

Bell. Right; but, then, the Comparison breaks, for he will take a drubbing with as little Noise as a Pulpit Cushion.

Sharp. His Name, and I have done?

Bell. Why that, to pass it current too, he has gilded with a Title; he is call'd Captain *Bluffe*.

Sharp. Well, I'll endeavour his Acquaintance — you steer another Course, are bound,

For Lowe's Island: I for the golden Coast.

May each succeed in what he wishes most.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir Joseph Wittoll, Sharper following.

Sharp. SURE that's he, and alone.

Sir Jo. Um — Ay this, this is the very damn'd Place; the inhumane Canibals, the bloody-minded Villains would have butcher'd me last Night: No doubt, they would have flea'd me alive, have sold my Skin, and devoured, &c.

Sharp.

Sharp. How's this!

Sir Jo. An it hadn't been for a civil Gentleman as came by and frighted 'em away — but agad I durst not stay to give him Thanks.

Sharp. This must be *Bellmour* he means — ha! I have a Thought——

Sir Jo. Zook, would the Captain would come; the very Remembrance makes me quake; agad I shall never be reconciled to this Place heartily.

Sharp. 'Tis but trying, and being where I am at worst, now luck! — curs'd Fortune! this must be the Place, this damn'd unlucky Place——

Sir Jo. Agad and so 'tis—— why here has been more Mischief done I perceive.

Sharp. No, 'tis gone, 'tis lost—— ten thousand Devils on that Chance which drew me hither; ay here, just here, this Spot to me is Hell; nothing to be found, but the Despair of what I've lost. [*Looking about as in search.*]

Sir Jo. Poor Gentleman—— by the Lord *Harry* I'll stay no longer, for I have found too——

Sharp. Ha! who's that has found? What have you found? restore it quickly, or by——

Sir Jo. Not I, Sir, not I, as I've a Soul to be sav'd, I have found nothing but what has been to my Loss, as I may say, and as you were saying, Sir.

Sharp. O your Servant, Sir, you are safe then it seems; 'tis an ill Wind that blows no body good: Well, you may rejoice over my ill Fortune, since it paid the Price of your Ransom.

Sir Jo. I rejoice! agad not I, Sir: I'm very sorry for your Loss, with all my Heart, Blood and Guts, Sir; and if you did but know me, you'd ne'er say I were so ill-natur'd.

Sharp. Know you; why can you be so ungrateful, to forget me!

Sir Jo. O Lord forget, him! No, no, Sir, I don't forget you —— because I never saw your face before, agad. Ha, ha, ha.

Sharp. How!

[*Angrily.*]

Sir Jo. Stay, stay, Sir, let me recollect —— he's a damn'd angry Fellow —— I believe I had better remember

member him, till I can get out of his Sight; but out o'Sight out o'Mind agad. [Aside.]

Sharp. Methought the Service I did you last Night, Sir, in preserving you from those Ruffians, might have taken better Root in your shallow Memory.

Sir Jo. Gads-Daggers-Belts-Blades and Scabbards, this is the very Gentleman! How shall I make him a Return suitable to the Greatness of his Merit—I had a pretty Thing to that Purpose, if he han't frighted it out of my Memory. Hem! hem! Sir, I most submissively implore your Pardon for my Transgression of Ingratitude and Omission; having my intire Dependence, Sir, upon the Superfluity of your Goodness, which like an Inundation will, I hope, totally immerge the Recollection of my Error, and leave me floating in your Sight, upon the full blown Bladders of Repentance—by the Help of which, I shall once more hope to swim into your Favour. [Bows.]

Sharp. So-h, O Sir I am easily pacify'd, the acknowledgment of a Gentleman——

Sir Jo. Acknowledgment! Sir, I am all over Acknowledgment, and will not stick to shew it in the greatest Extremity, by Night or by Day, in Sicknes, or in Health, Winter or Summer; all Seasons and Occasions shall testify the Reality and Gratitude of your superabundant humble Servant *Sir Joseph Wittoll Knight*. Hem! hem.

Sharp. *Sir Joseph Wittoll.*

Sir Jo. The same Sir, of *Wittoll Hall in Comitatus Bucks.*

Sharp. Is it possible! Then I am happy, to have obliged the Mirrour of Knight-hood and Pink of Courtesy in the Age: let me embrace you.

Sir Jo. O Lord, Sir.

Sharp. My Loss, I esteem as a Trifle repaid with Interest, since it has purchas'd me the Friendship and Acquaintance of the Person in the World, whose Character I admire.

Sir Jo. You are only pleas'd to say so, Sir——
But pray if I may be so bold, what is that Loss you mention'd?

Sharp.

Sharp. O term it no longer so, Sir. In the Scuffle, last Night, I only dropt a Bill of a hundred Pound, which, I confess, I came half despairing to recover; but thanks to my better Fortune——

Sir Jo. You have found it, Sir, then it seems; I profess I'm heartily glad ——

Sharp. Sir, your humble Servant——I don't question but you are; that you have so cheap an Opportunity of expressing your Gratitude and Generosity. Since the paying so trivial a Sum, will wholly acquit you and doubly engage me.

Sir Jo. What a dickens does he mean by a trivial Sum? [*Aside.*] But han't you found it, Sir!

Sharp. No otherwise I vow to Gad but in my Hopes in you, Sir.

Sir Jo. Humh.

Sharp. But that's sufficient——'Twere Injustice to doubt the Honour of Sir *Joseph Wittoll*.

Sir Jo. O Lord, Sir.

Sharp. You are above (I'm sure) a Thought so low, to suffer me to lose what was ventur'd in Your Service: Nay 'twas in a manner——paid down for your Deliverance; 'twas so much lent you——And you scorn, I'll say that for you——

Sir Jo. Nay I'll say that for myself (with your Leave, Sir,) I do scorn a dirty Thing. But agad I'm a little out of Pocket at present.

Sharp. P'shaw you can't want a hundred Pound. Your Word is sufficient any where: 'Tis but borrowing so much Dirt, you have large Acres and can soon repay it——Money is but Dirt, Sir *Joseph*——meer Dirt.

Sir Jo. But I profess, 'tis a Dirt I have washed my Hands of at present; I have laid it all out upon my Back.

Sharp. Are you so extravagant in C'lothes, Sir *Joseph*?

Sir Jo. Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest I profess, ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest, and I did not know that I had said it, and that's a better Jest than t'other. 'Tis a Sign you and I ha'n't been long acquainted; you have lost a good Jest for want of knowing me——I only mean a
Friend

Friend of mine whom I call my Back ; he sticks as close to me, and follows me through all Dangers — he is indeed Back Breast and Headpiece as it were to me—agad he's a brave Fellow — Pauh, I am quite another Thing, when I am with him : I don't fear the Devil (bless us) almost if he be by. Ah —had he been with me last Night ———

Sharp. If he had, Sir, what then? he could have done no more, nor perhaps have suffer'd so much — had he a hundred Pound to lose? [*Angrily.*]

Sir Jo. O Lord Sir, by no Means (but I might have sav'd a hundred Pound) I meant innocently, as I hope to be saved, Sir, (a damn'd hot Fellow) only as I was saying, I let him have all my ready Money to redeem his great sword from Limbo — But, Sir, I have a Letter of Credit to Alderman *Fondlewife*, as far as two hundred Pound, and this Afternoon you shall see I am a Person, such a one as you would wish to have met with ———

Sharp. That you are I'll be sworn [*Aside.*] Why that's great and like yourself.

S C E N E II.

[*To them*] Captain Bluffe.

Sir Jo. **O** Here a'comes — Ay my *Hector of Troy*, welcome my Bully, my Back ; agad my Heart has gone a pit pat for thee.

Bluff. How now, my young Knight? Not for Fear I hope ; he that knows me must be a Stranger to Fear.

Sir Jo. Nay agad I hate Fear ever since I had like to have dy'd of a Fright ——— But ———

Bluff. But? Look you here, Boy, here's your Antidote, here's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking Fit — But who hast thou got with thee, is he of Mettle?

[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*]

Sir Jo. Ay, Bully, a devilish smart Fellow : 'a will fight like a Cock.

Bluff. Say you so? then I honour him ——— But has he been abroad? for every Cock will fight upon his own Dunghill.

Sir

Sir Jo. I don't know, but I'll present you——

Bluff. I'll recommend myself—— Sir, I honour you I understand you love fighting, I reverence a Man tha loves fighting, Sir, I kils your Hilts.

Sharp. Sir your Servant, but you are misinform'd, for unless it be to serve my particular Friend, as Sir *Joseph* here, my Country, or my Religion, or in some very justifiable Cause, I'm not for it.

Bluff. O Lord, I beg your Pardon, Sir, I find you are not of my Palate, you can't relish a Dish of fighting without sweet Sauce. Now I think——fighting, for fighting sake's sufficient Cause; fighting, to me's Religion and the Laws.

Sir Jo. Ah, well said my Hero; was not that great, Sir? by the Lord *Harry*, he says true; fighting is Meat, Drink and Cloth to him. But Back, this Gentleman is one of the best Friends I have in the World, and saved my Life last Night——You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay! Then I honour him again——Sir, may I crave your Name?

Sharp. Ah, Sir, my Name's *Sharper*.

Sir Jo. Pray, Mr. *Sharper* embrace my Back——very well——by the Lord *Harry*, Mr. *Sharper*, he's as brave a Fellow as *Cannibal*, are not you Bully-Back?

Sharp. *Hannibal* I believe you mean, Sir *Joseph*.

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did Sir; faith, *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow—but Sir *Joseph*, Comparisons are odious——*Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow in those Days, it must be granted——but alas, Sir! were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the Earth.

Sharp. How Sir! I make a doubt, if there be at this Day a greater General breathing.

Bluff. Oh excuse me, Sir; have you serv'd abroad, Sir?

Sharp. Not I really, Sir.

Bluff. Oh I thought so——Why then you can know nothing, Sir; I am afraid you scarce know the History of the late War in *Flanders*, with all its Particulars.

Sharp. Not I, Sir, no more than publick Letters, or *Gazettes* tell us.

Bluff. *Gazette*! Why there again now——Why, Sir, there are not three Words of Truth, the Year round,
put

put into the *Gazette*—— I'll tell you a strange Thing now as to that—— You must know, Sir, I was Resident in *Flanders* the last Campaign; had a small Post there; but no Matter for that—— Perhaps, Sir, there was scarce any Thing of Moment done but an humble Servant of yours, that shall be nameless, was an Eye Witness of—— I won't say had the greatest Share in't. Tho' I might say that too, since I name no body you know—— Well Mr. *Sharper*, would you think it? In all this time—— as I hope for a Truncheon—— this rascally *Gazette-Writer* never so much as once mention'd me—— Not once by the Wars—— Took no more Notice, than as if *Nol. Bluffe* had not been in the Land of the Living.

Sharp. Strange!

Sir *Jo*. Yet by the Lord *Harry* 'tis true Mr. *Sharper*, for I went every Day to Coffee-Houses to read the *Gazette* myself.

Bluff. Ay, ay, no Matter—— You see Mr. *Sharper* after all I am content to retire—— Live a private Person—— *Scipio* and others have done it.

Sharp. Impudent Rogue.

[*Aside*.

Sir *Jo*. Ay, this damn'd Modesty of yours—— Agad if he would put in for't he might be made General himself yet.

Bluff. Oh fy, no, Sir *Joseph*—— You know I hate this.

Sir *Jo*. Let me but tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you eat Fire once out of the Mouth of a Cannon—— agad he did; those impenetrable Whiskers of his have confronted Flames——

Bluff. Death, what do you mean, Sir *Joseph*?

Sir *Jo*. Look you now, I tell you he's so modest he'll own nothing.

Bluff. Pish you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about. Pray hold your tongue, and give me Leave.

[*Angrily*.

Sir *Jo*. I am dumb.

Bluff. This Sword, I think, I was telling you of, Mr. *Sharper*—— This Sword I'll maintain to be the best Divine, Anatomist, Lawyer or Casuist in *Europe*; it shall decide a Controversy or split a Cause—— Sir

Sir Jo. Nay, now I must speak; it will split a Hair, by the Lord Harry, I have seen it.

Bluff Zouns Sir, it's a Lye, you have not seen it, nor shan't see it; Sir I say you can't see; what d'ye say to that now?

Sir Jo. I am blind.

Bluff. Death, had any other Man interrupted me—

Sir Jo. Good Mr. Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that Way.

Sharp. Captain, Sir Joseph's penitent.

Bluff. O I am calm, Sir, calm as a discharged Culverin — But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me — Nay come, Sir Joseph, you know may Heat's soon over.

Sir Jo. Well, I am a Fool sometimes — But I'm sorry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir Jo. Come we'll go take a Glass to drown Animosities; Mr. Sharper, will you partake?

Sharp. I wait on you, Sir, nay pray, Captain — You are Sir Joseph's Back.

S C E N E III.

Araminta, Belinda, Betty waiting in Araminta's Apartment.

Belin. **A**H! Nay, Dear — pr'ythee good, dear sweet Cousin, no more; oh Gad, I swear you'd make one sick to hear you.

Aram. Bless me! what have I said to move you thus?

Belin. O you have raved, talked idly, and all in Commendation of that filthy awkward, two-leg'd Creature, Man — you don't know what you've said, your Fever has transported you.

Aram. If Love be the Fever which you mean, kind Heav'n avert the Cure: Let me have Oil to feed that Flame and never let it be extinct, 'till I myself am Ashes.

Belin. There was a Whine! — O Gad, I hate your horrid Fancy — This Love is the Devil, and sure to be in Love is to be possess'd — 'Tis in the Head, the Heart, the

the Blood, the——All over——O Gad you are quite spoil'd—I shall lothe the Sight of Mankind for your sake.

Aram. Fy, this is gross Affectation——A little of *Bellmour's* Company would change the Scene.

Belin. Filthy Fellow! I wonder, Cousin——

Aram. I wonder, Cousin, you should imagine I don't perceive you love him.

Belin. Oh I love your hideous Fancy! Ha, ha, ha, love a Man!

Aram. Love a Man! yes, you would not love a Beast.

Belin. Of all Beasts not an Afs—Which is so like your *Vainlove*—Lard I have seen an Afs look so Chagrin, Ha, ha, ha, (you must pardon me, I can't help laughing) that an absolute Lover would have concluded the poor Creature to have had Darts, and Flames, and Altars, and all that in his Breast. *Araminta*, come I'll talk seriously to you now; could you but see with my Eyes, the Buffoonry of one Scene of Address, a Lover, set out with all his Equipage and Appurtenances; O Gad! sure you would—But you play the Game, and consequently can't see the Miscarriages obvious to every Stander by.

Aram. Yes, yes, I can see something near it, when you and *Bellmour* meet. You don't know that you dreamt of *Bellmour* last Night, and call'd him aloud in your Sleep.

Belin. Pish, I can't help dreaming of the Devil sometimes; would you from thence infer I love him?

Aram. But that's not all; you caught me in your Arms when you named him, and press'd me to your Bosom—Sure if I had not pinch'd you 'till you wak'd, you had stifled me with Kisses.

Belin. O barbarous Asperision!

Aram. No Asperision, Cousin, we are alone—Nay I can tell you more.

Belin. I deny it all.

Aram. What before you hear it?

Belin. My Denial is premeditated like your Malice—Lard, Cousin, you talk odly—What ever the Matter is, O my Soul, I'm afraid you'll follow evil Courses.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha, this is pleasant.

Belin. You may laugh, but——

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Belin. You think the malicious Grin becomes you—
The Devil take *Bellmour*—Why do you tell me of him?

Aram. Oh is it come out—now you are angry, I am
sure you love him. I tell no body else, Cousin—I
have not betray'd you yet.

Belin. Pr'ythee tell it all the World, it's false.

Aram. Come then, kifs and Friends.

Belin. Pish.

Aram. Pr'ythee don't be so Peevish.

Belin. Pr'ythee don't be so impertinent, *Betty*.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Betty. Did your Ladyship call, Madam?

Belin. Get my Hoods and Tippet, and bid the Foot-
man call a Chair.

Aram. I hope you are not going out in dudgeon,
Cousin.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] Footman.

Foot. **M**Adam, there are——

Belin. Is there a Chair?

Foot. No, Madam, there are Mr. *Bellmour* and Mr.
Vainlove to wait upon your Ladyship.

Aram. Are they below?

Foot. No, Madam, they sent before, to know if you
were at home.

Belin. The Visit's to you, Cousin, I suppose I am
at my Liberty.

Aram. Be ready to shew 'em up.

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] *Betty* with Hoods and Looking Glass.

I Can't tell, Cousin, I believe we are equally concern'd;
But if you continue your Humour, it won't be very
entertaining—(I know she'd fain be persuaded to stay)

[*Aside.*

Belin. I shall oblige you, in leaving you to the full
and free Enjoyment of that Conversation you admire.
Let me see; hold the Glass—Lard I look wretchedly
to Day!

Aram.

Aram. Betty, why don't you help my Cousin?

[*Putting on her Hoods.*]

Belin. Hold off your Fists, and see that he gets a Chair with a high Roof, or a very low Seat——Stay, come back here you Mrs. Fidget—you are so ready to go to the Footman——Here, take 'em all again, my Mind's chang'd, I won't go.

S C E N E VI.

Araminta, Belinda.

Aram. **S**O, this I expected——You won't oblige me then, Cousin, and let me have all the Company to myself.

Belin. No; upon Deliberation, I have too much Charity to trust you to yourself. The Devil watches all Opportunities; and in this favourable Disposition of your Mind, Heav'n knows how far you may be tempted: I am tender of your Reputation.

Aram. I am oblig'd to you——But who's malicious now, *Belinda*?

Belin. Not I; witness my Heart, I stay out of pure Affection.

Aram. In my Conscience I believe you.

S C E N E VII.

[*To them*] Vainlove, Bellmour, Footman.

Bell. So, Fortune be prais'd! To find you both within, Ladies, is——

Aram. No Miracle, I hope.

Bell. Not o'your side, Madam, I confess——But my Tyrant there and I, are two Buckets that can never come together.

Belin. Nor are ever like —— Yet we often meet and clash.

Bell. How never like! marry *Hymen* forbid. But this is to run so extravagantly in Debt; I have laid out such a World of Love in your Service, that you think you can never be able to pay me all: So shun me for the same Reason that you would a Dun.

Belin. Ah, on my Conscience, and the most impertinent

tinent and troublesome of Duns—a Dun for Money will be quiet, when he sees his Debtor has not where-withal——But a Dun for Love is an eternal Torment that never rests——

Bell. 'Till he has created Love where there was none, and then gets it for his Pains. For Importunity in Love, like Importunity at Court, first creates its own Interest, and then pursues it for the Favour.

Aram. Favours that are got by Impudence and Importunity, are like Discoveries from the Rack, when the afflicted Person, for his Ease, sometimes confesses Secrets his Heart knows nothing of.

Vain. I should rather think Favours, so gain'd, to be due Rewards to indefatigable Devotion——For as Love is a Deity, he must be serv'd by Prayer.

Belin. O Gad, would you would all pray to Love then, and let us alone.

Vain. You are the Temples of Love, and 'tis through you, our Devotion must be convey'd.

Aram. Rather poor silly Idols of your own making, which, upon the least Displeasure you forsake, and set up new——Every Man, now, changes his Mistress and his Religion, as his Humour varies or his Interest.

Vain. O Madam——

Aram. Nay come, I find we are growing serious, and then we are in great Danger of being dull——If my Musick-Master be not gone, I'll entertain you with a new Song, which comes pretty near my own Opinion of Love and your Sex——Who's there? Is Mr. Garrot gone? [*Calls.*

Foot. Only to the next Door, Madam; I'll call him.

S C E N E VIII.

Araminta, Belinda, Vainlove, and Bellmour.

Bell. **W**HY, you won't hear me with Patience.

Aram. What's the matter, Cousin?

Bell. Nothing, Madam, only——

Belin. Pr'ythee hold thy Tongue——Lard, he has so pester'd me with Flames and Stuff——I think I shan't endure the sight of a Fire this Twelvemonth.

Bell. Yet all can't melt that cruel frozen Heart.

Belin. O Gad, I hate your hideous Fancy——you said
that

that once before—if you must talk impertinently, for Heaven's sake let it be with Variety; don't come always, like the Devil, wrapt in Flames—I'll not hear a Sentence more, that begins with an *I burn*—Or an, *I beseech you, Madam.*

Bell. But tell me how you would be ador'd—I am very tractable.

Belin. Then know, I would be ador'd in Silence.

Bell. Humph, I thought so, that you might have all the talk to yourself—you had better let me speak; for if my Thoughts fly to any Pitch, I shall make villanous Signs.

Belin. What will you get by that? to make such Signs as I won't understand.

Bell. Ay, But if I'm Tongue-ty'd, I must have all my Actions free to—Quicken your Apprehension—and I gad let me tell you, my most prevailing Argument is express'd in dumb shew.

S C E N E IX.

[To them] Musick-Master.

Aram. O I am glad we shall have a Song to divert the Discourse—Pray oblige us with the last new Song.

S O N G.

I.

*Thus to a ripe consenting Maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia said,
Would you long preserve your Lover?
Would you still his Goddess reign?
Never let him all discover,
Never let him much obtain.*

II.

*Men will admire, adore and die,
While wishing at your Feet they lie:
But admitting their Embraces,
Wakes 'em from the Golden Dream;
Nothing new besides our Faces,
Every Woman is the same.*

Aram. So, how do'e like the Song, Gentlemen?

Bell. O very well perform'd—but I don't much admire the Words.

Aram. I expected it—there's too much Truth in 'em: If Mr. *Garrot* will walk with us in the Garden, we'll have it once again—you may like it better at second hearing, You'll bring my Cousin.

Bell. Faith, Madam, I dare not speak to her, but I'll make Signs

[*Addresses Belinda in dumb Shew.*]

Belin. O foh, your dumb Rhetorick is more ridiculous, than your talking Impertinence; as an Ape is a much more troublesome Animal than a Parrot.

Aram. Ay, Cousin, and 'tis a sign the Creatures mimic Nature well; for there are few Men, but do more silly things than they say.

Bell. Well, I find my Apishness has paid the Ransom for my Speech, and set it at Liberty—tho' I confess, I could be well enough pleas'd to drive on a Love Bargain, in that silent manner--'twould save a Man a world of Lying and Swearing at the Year's end. Besides I have had a little Experience, that brings to mind—

*When Wit and Reason, both have fail'd, to move;
Kind Looks and Actions (from Success) do prove,
E'en Silence may be Eloquent in Love.*

}



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Silvia and Lucy.

Silv. WILL he not come then?

Lucy. Yes, yes, come, I warrant him, if you will go in and be ready to receive him.

Silv. Why did you not tell me?—Whom mean you?

Lucy. Whom you should mean, *Heartwell*.

Silv. Senseless Creature, I meant my *Vainlove*.

Lucy. You may as soon hope, to recover your own Maidenhead, as his Love. Therefore e'en set your Heart at Rest; and in the Name of Opportunity mind your own Business. Strike *Heartwell* home, before the Bait's worn off the Hook. Age will come. He nibbled

bled fairly yesterday, and no doubt will be eager enough to Day, to swallow the Temptation.

Silv. Well, since there's no Remedy—Yet tell me—for I wou'd know, tho' to the Anguish of my Soul; how did he refuse? Tell me—how did he receive my Letter, in Anger or in Scorn?

Lucy. Neither; but what was ten times worse, with damn'd, senseless Indifference. By this Light I could have spit in his Face—Receive it! Why he receiv'd it, as I would one of your Lovers that should come empty-handed; as a Court Lord does his Mercer's Bill, or a begging Dedication—he receiv'd it, as if't had been a Letter from his Wife.

Silv. What, did he not read it?

Lucy. Hum'd it over, gave you his Respects, and said, he would take time to peruse it—but then he was in haste.

Silv. Respects, and peruse it! He's gone, and *Araminta* has bewitch'd him from me—Oh how the Name of Rival fires my Blood—I could curse 'em both; eternal Jealousy attend her Love, and Disappointment meet his. Oh that I could revenge the Torment he has caus'd—methinks I feel the Woman strong within me, and Vengeance kindles in the room of Love.

Lucy. I have that in my Head may make Mischief.

Silv. How, dear *Lucy*.

Lucy. You know *Araminta*'s dissembled Coyness has won, and keeps him hers—

Silv. Cou'd we persuade him, that she loves another—

Lucy. No, you're out; could we persuade him, that she dotes on him, himself—Contrive a kind Letter as from her, 'twould disgust his Nicety, and take away his Stomach.

Silv. Impossible, 'twill never take.

Lucy. Trouble not your Head. Let me alone—I will inform myself of what past between 'em to Day, and about it straight—Hold, I'm mistaken, or that's *Heartwell*, who stands talking at the Corner—'tis he—go get you in, Madam, receive him pleasantly, dress up your Face in Innocence and Smiles, and dissemble the very want of Dissimulation——You know what will take him.

Silv. 'Tis as hard to counterfeit Love, as it is to con-

ceal it: but I'll do my weak endeavour, though I fear I have not Art.

Lucy. Hang Art, Madam, and trust to Nature for dissembling.

Man, was by Nature Woman's Cully made:

We never are but by ourselves betray'd.

S C E N E II.

Heartwell, Vainlove and Bellmour following.

Bell. **H**IST, hist, is not that *Heartwell* going to *Silvia*?
Vain. He's talking to himself, I think, prithee let's try if we can hear him.

Heart. Why whither in the Devil's Name am I a going now? Hum—let me think—Is not this *Silvia*'s House, the Cave of that Enchantress, and which consequently I ought to shun as I would Infection? To enter here, is to put on the envenom'd Shirt, to run into the Embraces of a Fever, and in some raving Fit, be led to plunge myself into that more consuming Fire, a Woman's Arms. Ha! well recollected, I will recover my Reason, and be gone.

Bell. Now *Venus* forbid!

Vain. Hush——

Heart. Well, why do you not move? Feet, do your Office—not one Inch; no, foregad I'm caught——There stands my North, and thither my Needle points—Now could I curse myself, yet cannot repent. O thou delicious, damn'd, dear, destructive Woman! 'Sdeath how the young Fellows will hoot me! I shall be the Jest of the Town. Nay in two Days, I expect to be chronicled in Ditty, and sung in woeful Ballad, to the Tune of the superannuated Maidens Comfort, or the Batchelors Fall; and upon the third, I shall be hang'd in Effigy, pasted up for the exemplary Ornament of necessary Houses, and Coblers Stalls—Death, I can't think on't—I'll run into the Danger to lose the Apprehension.

S C E N E III.

Bellmour, Vainlove.

Bell. **A** Very certain Remedy, *probatum est*—Ha, ha, ha, poor *George*, thou art i'th' right, thou hast

hast sold thyself to Laughter; the ill-natur'd Town will find the Jest just where thou hast lost it. Ha, ha, how a' struggled, like an old Lawyer between two Fees.

Vain. Or a young Wench, between Pleasure and Reputation.

Bell. Or as you did to Day, when half afraid you snatch'd a Kiss from *Araminta*.

Vain. She has made a Quarrel on't.

Bell. Pauh, Women are only angry at such Offences, to have the Pleasure of forgiving 'em.

Vain. And I love to have the Pleasure of making my Peace——I should not esteem a Pardon if too easily won.

Bell. Thou dost not know what thou would'st be at: whether thou would'st have her angry or pleas'd. Could'st thou be content to marry *Araminta*?

Vain. Could you be content to go to Heav'n?

Bell. Hum, not immediately, in my Conscience not heartily? I'd do a little more good in my Generation first, in order to deserve it.

Vain. Nor I to marry *Araminta* 'till I merit her.

Bell. But how the Devil dost thou expect to get her if she never yield?

Vain. That's true; but I would——

Bell. Marry her without her Consent; thou'rt a Riddle beyond Woman——

S C E N E IV.

[To them.] *Setter.*

TRuffy *Setter*, what 'Tidings? How goes the Project.

Setter. As all lew'd Projects do, Sir, where the Devil prevents our Endearments with Success.

Bell. A good hearing, *Setter*.

Vain. Well, I'll leave you with your Engineer.

Bell. And hast thou provided Necessaries?

Setter. All, all, Sir; the large sanctified Hat, and the little precise Band, with a swinging long spiritual Cloke, to cover carnal Knavery——not forgetting the black Patch, which Tribulation *Spintext* wears, as I'm inform'd, upon one Eye, as a penal Mourning for the

ogling Offences of his Youth ; and some say, with that Eye, he first discover'd the Frailty of his Wife.

Bell. Well, in this fanatick Father's Habit, will I confess *Latitia*.

Setter. Rather prepare her for Confession, Sir, by helping her to Sin.

Bell. Be at your Master's Lodging, in the Evening, I shall use the Robes.

S C E N E V.

Setter alone.

Setter. I Shall, Sir—I wonder to which of these two Gentlemen I do most properly appertain—the one uses me as his Attendant ; the other (being the better acquainted with my Parts) employs me as a Pimp ; why that's much the more honourable Employment—by all Means—I follow one as my Master, t'other follows me as his Conductor.

S C E N E VI

[*To him*] *Lucy.*

Lucy. T Here's the Hang-Dog his Man — I had a Power over him in the Reign of my Mistress ; but he is too true a *Valet de Chamber* not to affect his Master's Faults ; and consequently is revolted from his Allegiance.

Setter. Undoubtedly 'tis impossible to be a Pimp and not a Man of Parts. That is without being politic, diligent, secret, wary, and so forth—And to all this valiant as *Hercules*—That is, passively valiant and actively obedient. Ah ! *Setter*, what a Treasure is here lost for want of being known ?

Lucy. Here's some Villany a-foot he's so thoughtful ; may be I may discover something in my Mask—
Worthy Sir, a Word with you. [*Puts on her Mask.*]

Setter. Why if I were known, I might come to be a great Man —

Lucy. Not to interrupt your Meditation—

Setter. And I should not be the first that has procur'd his Greatness by Pimping.

Lucy.

Lucy. Now Poverty and the Pox light upon thee, for a contemplative Pimp.

Setter. Ha! what art, who thus maliciously hast awaken'd me from my Dream of Glory? Speak, thou vile Disturber ———

Lucy. Of thy most vile Cogitations — thou poor, conceited Wretch, how wert thou valuing thyself, upon thy Master's Employment? For he's the head Pimp to Mr. *Bellmour*.

Setter. Good Words, Damsel, or I shall ——— But how dost thou know my Master or me?

Lucy. Yes I know both Master and Man to be ———

Setter. To be Men perhaps; nay 'faith like enough; I often march in the Rear of my Master, and enter the Breaches which he has made.

Lucy. Ay, the Breach of Faith, which he has begun: Thou Traitor to thy lawful Princess.

Setter. Why how now! prithee who art? Lay by that worldly Face and produce your natural Vizor.

Lucy. No Sirrah, I'll keep it on to abuse thee, and leave thee without Hopes of Revenge.

Setter. Oh! I begin to smoke ye: thou art some forsaken *Abigail*, we have dallied with heretofore — and art come to tickle thy Imagination with Remembrance of Iniquity past.

Lucy. No, thou pitiful Flatterer of thy Master's Imperfections; thou Maukin made up of the Shreds and Parings of his superfluous Fopperies.

Setter. Thou art thy Mistress's foul self, composed of her sullied Iniquities and Clothing.

Lucy. Hang thee — Beggar's Curr — Thy Master is but a Mumper in Love, lies canting at the Gate; but never dares presume to enter the House.

Setter. Thou art the Wicket to thy Mistress's Gate, to be opened for all Comers. In fine thou art the high Road to thy Mistress.

Lucy. Beast, filthy Toad, I can hold no longer, look and tremble.

[Unmask.]

Setter. How, Mrs. *Lucy*!

Lucy. I wonder thou hast the Impudence to look me in the Face.

Setter. Adsbud who is in fault, Mistress of mine who flung

flung the first Stone? Who undervalued my Function?
And who the Devil could know you by Instinct?

Lucy. You could know my Office by Instinct, and be hang'd, which you have slander'd most abominably. It vexes me not what you said of my Person; but that my innocent Calling should be expos'd and scandaliz'd—I cannot bear it.

Setter. Nay, faith, *Lucy*, I'm sorry, I'll own myself to blame, though we were both in fault as to our Offices——Come I'll make you any Reparation.

Lucy. Swear.

Setter. I do swear to the utmost of my Power.

Lucy. To be brief then; what is the Reason your Master did not appear to Day according to the Summons I brought him?

Setter. To answer you as briefly—He has a Cause to be tried in another Court.

Lucy. Come tell me in plain Terms, how forward he is with *Araminta*.

Setter. Too forward to be turn'd back——Though he's a little in Disgrace at present about a Kiss which he forced. You and I can kiss, *Lucy*, without all that.

Lucy. Stand off——He's a precious Jewel.

Setter. And therefore you'd have him to set in your Lady's Locket.

Lucy. Where is he now?

Setter. He'll be in the *Piazza* presently.

Lucy. Remember to Day's Behaviour——Let me see you with a penitent Face.

Setter. What no Token of Amity, *Lucy*? You and I don't use to part with dry Lips.

Lucy. No, no, avaunt——I'll not be flabber'd and kiss'd now——I'm not i'th' Humour.

Setter. I'll not quit you so——I'll follow and put you into the Humour.

S C E N E VII.

Sir Joseph Wittoll, Bluff.

Bluff. **A**ND so out of your unwonted Generosity—
Sir Jo. And Good-nature, Back; I am good-natur'd and I can't help it.

Bluff.

Bluff. You have given him a Note upon *Fondlewife* for a hundred Pound.

Sir Jo. Ay, ay, poor Fellow, he ventur'd fair for't.

Bluff. You have disoblig'd me in it—for I have occasion for the Money, and if you would look me in the Face again and live, go, and force him to re-deliver you the Note—go—and bring it me hither. I'll stay here for you.

Sir Jo. You may stay 'till the Day of Judgment then, by the Lord *Harry*. I know better Things than to be run thro' the Guts for a hundred Pound—Why I gave that hundred Pound for being saved, an d'ye think, an there were no Danger, I'll be so ungrateful to take it from the Gentleman again?

Bluff. Well, go to him from me—Tell him, I say, he must refund—or Bilbo's the Word, and Slaughter will ensue—if he refuse, tell him—but whisper that—tell him—I'll pink his Soul—but whisper that softly to him.

Sir Jo. So softly, that he shall never hear on't I warrant you—why, what a Devil's the Matter, Bully, are you mad? Or d'ye think I'm mad? Agad for my Part, I don't love to be the Messenger of ill News; 'tis an ungrateful Office—So tell him yourself.

Bluff. By these Hilts I believe he frightned you into this Composition: I believe you gave it him out of Fear, pure paltry Fear—confess.

Sir Jo. No, no, hang't I was not afraid neither—tho' I confess he did in a Manner snap me up—yet I can't say that it was altogether out of Fear, but partly to prevent Mischief—for he was a devilish cholerick Fellow: And if my Choler had been up too, agad there would have been Mischief done, that's flat. And yet I believe if you had been by, I would as soon have let him a'had a hundred of my Teeth. Adsheart if he should come just now when I'm angry, I'd tell him—Mum.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

[To them] Bellmour, Sharper.

Bell. **T**Hou'rt a lucky Rogue ; there's your Benefactor, you ought to return him Thanks now you have receiv'd the Favour.

Sharp. Sir *Joseph*—Your Note was accepted, and the Money paid at Sight : I'm come to return my Thanks--

Sir *Jo.* They won't be accepted so readily as the Bill, Sir.

Bell. I doubt the Knight repents, *Tom* — He looks like the Knight of the sorrowful Face.

Sharp. This is a double Generosity — Do me a Kindness and refuse my Thanks — But I hope you are not offended that I offer'd 'em.

Sir *Jo.* May be I am, Sir, may be I am not, Sir, may be I am both, Sir ; what then ? I hope I may be offended, without any Offence to you, Sir.

Sharp. Hey day ! Captain, what's the Matter ? You can tell.

Bluff. Mr. *Sharper*, the Matter is plain — Sir *Joseph* has found out your Trick, and does not care to be put upon ; being a Man of Honour.

Sharp. Trick, Sir ?

Sir *Jo.* Ay Trick, Sir, and won't be put upon, Sir, being a Man of Honour, Sir, and so, Sir —

Sharp. Harkee, Sir *Joseph*, a Word with ye — in Consideration of some Favours lately received ; I would not have you draw yourself into a Premunire, by trusting to that Sign of a Man there — That Pot-Gun charged with Wind.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, O Lord, Captain, come justify yourself — I'll give him the Lye if you'll stand to it.

Sharp. Nay then I'll be beforehand with you, take that — Oafe.

[Cuffs him.]

Sir *Jo.* Captain, will you see this ? Won't you pink his Soul ?

Bluff. Husht, 'tis not so convenient now — I shall find a time.

Sharp. What do you mutter about a Time, Rascal — You were the Incendiary — There's to put you in mind of your Time — A Memorandum. [Kicks him.]

Bluff.

Bluff. Oh this is your Time, Sir, you had best make use on't.

Sharp. I Gad and so I will: There's again for you.

[*Kicks him.*]

Bluff. You are obliging, Sir, but this is too public a Place to thank you in: But in your Ear, you are to be seen again.

Sharp. Ay thou inimitable Coward, and to be felt—as for example.

[*Kicks him.*]

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, prithee come away, 'tis scandalous to kick this Puppy unless a Man were cold, and had no other way to get himself a heat.

S C E N E IX.

Sir Joseph, Bluff.

Bluff. **V**ery well — very fine — But 'tis no matter — Is not this fine, Sir *Joseph*?

Sir Jo. Indifferent, agad in my Opinion very indifferent — I'd rather go plain all my Life, than wear such Finery.

Bluff. Death and Hell to be affronted thus! I'll die before I'll suffer it.

[*Draws.*]

Sir Jo. O Lord, his Anger was not raised before — nay, dear Captain, don't be in Passion now he's gone — Put up, put up, dear Back, 'tis your Sir *Joseph* begs, come let me kiss thee; so, so, put up, put up.

Bluff. By Heav'n 'tis not to be put up.

Sir Jo. What, Bully?

Bluff. The Affront.

Sir Jo. No agad no more 'tis, for that's put up already, thy Sword I mean.

Bluff. Well, Sir *Joseph*, at your Intreaty — But were not you, my Friend, abus'd, and cufft, and kickt?

[*Putting up his Sword.*]

Sir Jo. Ay, ay, so were you too; no Matter, 'tis past.

Bluff. By the immortal Thunder of great Guns, 'tis false — he sucks not vital Air who dares affirm it to this Face.

[*Looks Big.*]

Sir Jo. To that Face I grant you, Captain — No, no, I grant you — Not to that Face, by the Lord *Harry* — If you had put on your fighting Face before,

fore, you had done his Business——he durst as soon have kist you, as kickt you to your Face——But a Man can no more help what's done behind his Back, than what's said——Come we'll think no more of what's past.

Bluff. I'll call a Council of War within to consider of my Revenge to come.

S C E N E X.

Heartwell, Silvia, Silvia's Apartment.

S O N G.

*AS Amoret and Thyrsis lay
 Melting the Hours in gentle Play;
 Joining Faces, mingling Kisses,
 And exchanging harmless Blisses:
 He trembling cry'd, with eager haste,
 O let me feed as well as taste,
 I die, if I'm not wholly blest.*

After the Song, a Dance of Anticks.

Silv. Indeed it is very fine——I could look upon 'em all Day.

Heart. Well has this prevail'd for me, and will you look upon me?

Silv. If you could sing and dance so, I should love to look upon you too.

Heart. Why 'twas I sung and danc'd; I gave Music to the Voice, and Life to their Measures——Look you here, *Silvia* [*Pulling out a Purse and chinking it.*] here are Songs and Dances, Poetry and Musick——hark! how sweetly one Guinea rhymes to another——and how they dance to the Music of their own Chink. This buys all the t'other——and this thou shalt have; this, and all that I am worth for the Purchase of thy Love——Say, is it mine then, ha? Speak Syren——Oons why do I look on her! Yet I must——Speak, dear Angel, Devil, Saint, Witch; do not rack me with Suspense.

Silv. Nay don't stare at me so——You make me blush——I cannot look.

Heart. Oh Manhood, where art thou! What am I come to? A Woman's Toy; at these Years! Death, a bearded

bearded Baby for a Girl to dandle. O Dotage, Dotage! That ever that noble Passion, *Lust*, should ebb to this Degree—No reflux of vigorous Blood: But milky Love supplies the empty Channels; and prompts me to the Softness of a Child—a meer Infant and would suck. Can you love me, *Silvia*? speak.

Silv. I dare not speak 'till I believe you, and indeed I'm afraid to believe you yet.

Heart. Death, how her Innocence torments and pleases me! Lying, Child, is indeed the Art of Love; and Men are generally Masters in it: But I'm so newly entred, you cannot distrust me of any Skill in the treacherous Mystery—Now by my Soul I cannot lye, though it were to serve a Friend or gain a Mistress.

Silv. Must you lye then, if you say you love me?

Heart. No, no, dear Ignorance, thou beauteous Changeling—I tell thee I do love thee, and tell it for a Truth, a naked Truth, which I'm ashamed to discover.

Silv. But Love, they say, is a tender Thing, that will smooth Frowns, and make calm an angry Face; will soften a rugged Temper, and make ill-humoured People good: You look ready to fright one, and talk as if your Passion were not Love, but Anger.

Heart. 'Tis both; for I am angry with myself when I am pleased with you—And a Pox upon me for loving thee so well—yet I must on—'Tis a bearded Arrow, and will more easily be thrust forward than draw back.

Silv. Indeed If I were well assur'd you lov'd; but how can I be well assur'd?

Heart. Take the Symptoms—and ask all the Tyrants of thy Sex, if their Fools are not known by this Party-coloured Livery—I am Melancholic, when thou art absent; look like an As, when thou art present; wake for thee, when I should sleep; and even dream of thee, when I am awake; sigh much, drink little, eat less, court Solitude, am grown very entertaining to myself, and (as I am informed) very troublesome to every Body else. If this be not Love, it is Madness, and then it is pardonable—Nay yet a more certain Sign than all this; I give thee my Money.

Silv. Ay, but that is no Sign; for they say, Gentlemen

men will give Money to any naughty Woman to come to Bed to them—O Gemini, I hope you don't mean so——for I won't be a Whore.

Heart. The more is the Pity. [*Aside.*]

Silv. Nay, if you would marry me, you should not come to Bed to me—you have such a Beard and would so prickle one. But do you intend to marry me?

Heart. That a Fool should ask such a malicious Question! Death, I shall be drawn in, before I know where I am——However, I find I am pretty sure of her Consent, if I am put to it. [*Aside.*] Marry you? no, no, I'll love you.

Silv. Nay, but if you love me, you must marry me; what, don't I know my Father lov'd my Mother, and was marry'd to her?

Heart. Ay, ay, in old Days People married where they lov'd; but that Fashion is chang'd, Child.

Silv. Never tell me that, I know 'tis not chang'd by myself; for I love you, and would marry you.

Heart. I'll have my Beard shav'd, it shan't hurt thee, and we'll go to Bed——

Silv. No, no, I'm not such a Fool neither but I can keep myself honest;——Here, I won't keep any thing that's yours, I hate you now, [*Throws the Purse.*] and I'll never see you again, 'cause you'd have me naught. [*Going.*]

Heart. Damn her let her go, and a good riddance——Yet so much Tendernefs and Beauty——and Honesty together is a Jewel——Stay, *Silvia*——But then to marry, Why every Man plays the Fool once in his Life: But to marry is playing the Fool all ones Life long.

Silv. What did you call me for?

Heart. I'll give thee all I have: And thou shalt live with me in every Thing so like my Wife, the World shall believe it: Nay, thou shalt think so thyself——Only let me not think so.

Silv. No, I'll die before I'll be your Whore——as well as I love you.

Heart. [*Aside.*] A Woman, and ignorant, may be honest, when 'tis out of Obstinacy and Contradiction——But S'death it is but a may be, and upon scurvy Terms——
Well,

Well, farewell then——if I can get out of Sight I may get the better of myself.

Silv. Well——good bye. [Turns and weeps.

Heart. Ha! Nay come, we'll kifs at parting [*Kisses her.*
By Heav'n her Kifs is sweeter than Liberty——I will marry thee——There thou hast don't. All my Resolves melted in that Kifs——one more.

Silv. But when?

Heart. I'm impatient 'till it be done; I will not give myself Liberty to think, lest I should cool——I will about a Licence straight——in the Evening expect me——One Kifs more to confirm me mad; so.

Silv. Ha, ha, ha, an old Fox trap——

S C E N E XI:

[*To her*] *Lucy.*

BLESS me! you frightened me, I thought he had been come again, and had heard me.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, I met your Lover in as much haste, as if he had been going for a Midwife.

Silv. He's going for a Parson, Girl, the Forerunner of a Midwife, some nine Months hence——Well, I find dissembling to our Sex is as natural as swimming to a *Negro*; We may depend upon our Skill to save us at a Plunge, tho' till then we never make the Experiment——But how hast thou succeeded?

Lucy. As you would wish——Since there is no reclaiming *Vainlove*. I have found out a Pique she has taken at him; and have fram'd a Letter that makes her sue for Reconciliation first. I know that will do——walk in and I'll shew it you. Come, Madam, you're like to have a happy time on't, both your Love and Anger satisfied!——All that can charm our Sex conspire to please you.

That Woman sure enjoys a blessed Night.

Whom Love and Vengeance both, at once delight.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street,**Bellmour in Fanatick Habit, Setter.**Bell.* 'TIS pretty near the Hour.[*Looking on his Watch.*]*Well and how Setter hæ, does my Hypocrisy fit me, hæ? Does it fit easy on me?**Setter.* O most religiously well, Sir.*Bell.* I wonder why all our young Fellows should glory in an Opinion of Atheism; when they may be so much more conveniently lewd under the Coverlet of Religion.*Setter.* S'bud Sir, away quickly, there's *Fondlewife* just turn'd the Corner, and's coming this way.*Bell.* Gads so, there he is, he must not see me.

S C E N E II.

*Fondlewife, Barnaby.**Fond.* I say, I will tarry at Home.*Bar.* But, Sir.*Fond.* Good lack! I profess the Spirit of Contradiction hath possess'd the Lad— I say I will tarry at home—
*Varlet.**Bar.* I have done, Sir, then farewell 500 Pound.*Fond.* Ha, how's that? Stay, stay, did you leave Word say you with his Wife? With *Comfort* herself.*Bar.* I did; and *Comfort* will send *Tribulation* hither as soon as ever he comes home— I could have brought young Mr. *Prig*, to have kept my Mistress Company in the mean time: But you say——*Fond.* How, how, say *Varlet*! I say let him not come near my Doors, I say he is a wanton young *Le-vite*, and pampereth himself up with Dainties, that he may look lovely in the Eyes of Women—Sincerely I am afraid he hath already defiled the Tabernacle of our Sister *Comfort*; while her good Husband is deluded by his Godly Appearance——I say, that even Lust doth

doth sparkle in his Eyes, and glow upon his Cheeks, and that I would as soon trust my Wife with a Lord's high-fed Chaplain.

Bar. Sir, the Hour draws nigh——and nothing will be done there 'till you come.

Fond. And nothing can be done here 'till I go——So that I'll tarry, d'ee see.

Bar. And run the Hazard to lose your Affair, Sir?

Fond. Good lack, good lack——I profess it is a very sufficient Vexation, for a Man to have a handsom Wife.

Bar. Never, Sir, but when the Man is an insufficient Husband. 'Tis then indeed, like the Vanity of taking a fine House, and yet be forced to let Lodgings, to help pay the Rent.

Fond. I profess a very apt Comparison, *Varlet*. Go and bid my Cocky come out to me, I will give her some Instructions, I will reason with her before I go.

S C E N E III.

Fondlewife alone.

AND in the mean time, I will reason with myself——Tell me, *Isaac*, Why art thee jealous? Why art thee distrustful of the Wife of thy Bosom?—Because she is young and vigorous, and I am old and impotent——Then why didst thee marry, *Isaac*?——Because she was beautiful and tempting, and because I was obstinate and doating; so that my Inclination was (and is still) greater than my Power——And will not that which tempted thee, also tempt others, who will tempt her, *Isaac*?——I fear it much — But does not thy Wife love thee, nay dote upon thee? ——Yes——Why then! Ay, but to say Truth, she's fonder of me, than she has reason to be; and in the way of Trade, we still suspect the smoothest Dealers of the deepest Designs——And that she has some Designs deeper than thou canst reach, th' hast experimented, *Isaac*——
But Mum.

S C E N E IV.

Fondlewife, Lætitia.

Let. **I** Hope my dearest Jewel is not going to leave me——are you, *Nykin*?

Fond.

Fond. Wife—Have you throughly consider'd how detestable, how heinous, and how crying a Sin, the Sin of Adultery is? have you weigh'd it I say? For it is a very weighty Sin; and although it may lie heavy upon thee, yet thy Husband must also bear his Part: For thy Iniquity will fall upon his Head.

Læt. Bless me, what means my Dear!

Fond. Aside.] I profess she has an alluring Eye; I am doubtful, whether I shall trust her, even with *Tribulation* himself—Speak, I say, have you considered what it is to cuckold your Husband?

Læt. Aside.] I'm amazed: Sure he has discovered nothing—Who has wrong'd me to my Dearest? I hope my Jewel does not think, that ever I had any such thing in my Head, or ever will have.

Fond. No, no, I tell you I shall have it in my Head—

Læt. Aside.] I know not what to think. But I'm resolv'd to find the meaning of it—Unkind Dear! Was it for this you sent to call me? is it not Affliction enough that you are to leave me, but you must study to increase it by unjust Suspicions? [*Crying.*] Well—Well—you know my Fondness, and you love to Tyrannize—Go on, cruel Man, do, Triumph over my poor Heart, while it holds; which cannot be long, with this Usage of yours—But that's what you want—Well you will have your Ends soon—You will—You will—yes it will break to oblige you. [*Sighs.*]

Fond. Verily I fear I have carried the Jest too far—Nay, look you now if she does not weep—'tis the fondest Fool—Nay, Cocky, Cocky, nay, dear Cocky, don't cry, I was but in jest, I was not ifeck.

Læt. Aside.] O then all's safe. I was terribly frighted—My Affliction is always your Jest, barbarous Man! Oh that I should love to this degree! yet—

Fond. Nay, Cocky.

Læt. No, no, you are weary of me, that's it—that's all, you would get another Wife—another fond Fool, to break her Heart—well, be as cruel as you can to me, I'll pray for you; and when I am dead with Grief, may you have one that will love you as well as I have done: I shall be contented to lie at Peace in my cold Grave—since it will please you.

[*Sighs.*
Fond.]

Fond. Good lack, good lack, she would melt a Heart of Oak—I profess I can hold no longer—Nay dear Cocky—Ifeck you'll break my Heart—Ifeck you will—See you have made me weep—made poor *Nykin* weep—Nay come kifs, buse poor *Nykin*—and I won't leave thee—I'll lose all first.

Læt. Aside.] How! Heaven forbid! that will be carrying the Jest too far indeed.

Fond. Won't you kifs *Nykin*?

Læt. Go naughty *Nykin*, you don't love me.

Fond. Kifs, kifs, ifeck I do.

Læt. No, you don't.

[*She kiffes him.*]

Fond. What, not love, Cocky?

Læt. No—h

[*Sighs.*]

Fond. I profess, I do love thee better than 500 Pound—and so thou shalt say, for I'll leave it to stay with thee.

Læt. No you shan't neglect your Business for me—No indeed you fant, *Nykin*—If you don't go, I'll think you been dealous of me still.

Fond. He, he, he, wilt thou poor Fool? Then I will go, I won't be dealous—Poor Cocky, kifs *Nykin*, kifs *Nykin*, ee, ee, ee—Here will be the good Man anon, to talk to Cocky, and teach her how a Wife ought to behave herself.

Læt. Aside.] I hope to have one that will shew me how a Husband ought to behave himself—I shall be glad to learn, to please my Jewel.

[*Kifs.*]

Fond. That's my good Dear—Come kifs *Nykin* once more, and then get you in—So—Get you in, get you in. By, by.

Læt. By *Nykin*.

Fond. By Cocky.

Læt. By *Nykin*.

Fond. By Cocky, by, by.

S C E N E V.

Vainlove, Sharper,

Sharp. **H**OW! *Araminta* lost!

Vain. To confirm what I have said, read this ———

[*Gives a Letter.*]

Sharp.

Sharp. Reads] *Hum, hum— And what then appear'd a Fault, upon Reflection, seems only an effect of a too powerful Passion. I'm afraid I give too great a Proof of my own at this time—I am in Disorder for what I have written. But something, I know what, forced me. I only beg a favourable Censure of this and your* *Araminta.*

Sharp. Loſt! Pray Heav'n thou haſt not loſt thy Wits. Here, here, ſhe's thy own, Man, ſign'd and ſeal'd too--- To her Man—a delicious Melon, pure and conſenting ripe, and only waits thy cutting up—— She has been breeding Love to thee all this while, and juſt now ſhe's deliver'd of it.

Vain. 'Tis an untimely Fruit, and ſhe has miſcarried of her Love.

Sharp. Never leave this damn'd, ill-natur'd whimſy, *Frank?* Thou haſt a ſickly peeviſh Appetite; only chew Love and cannot digeſt it.

Vain. Yes, when I feed myſelf——But I hate to be cramm'd——By Heav'n, there's not a Woman, will give a Man the Pleaſure of a Chace: My Sport is always balkt, or cut ſhort—I ſtumble over the Game I would purſue——'Tis dull and unnatural to have a Hare run full in the Hounds Mouth; and would diſtaſte the keenest Hunter——I would have overtaken, not have met my Game.

Sharp. However I hope you don't mean to forſake it; that will be but a kind of a Mungrel Cur's Trick. Well, are you for the Mall?

Vain. No, ſhe will be there this Evening——Yes, I will go too ——and ſhe ſhall ſee her Error in——

Sharp. In her choice I gad——But thou can'ſt not be ſo great a Brute as to ſlight her?

Vain. I ſhould diſappoint her if I did not——By her Management I ſhould think ſhe expects it.

All naturally ſly what does purſue:

'Tis fit Men ſhould be coy, when Women woo.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

A Room in Fondlewife's House.

A Servant introducing Bellmour in Fanatick Habit, with a Patch upon one Eye, and a Book in his Hand.

Serv. **H**ERE's a Chair, Sir, if you please to repose yourself. My Mistress is coming, Sir.

Bell. Secure in my Disguise, I have out-fac'd Suspicion, and even dar'd Discovery—This Cloke my Sanctity, and trusty Scarron's Novels my Prayer-Book—Methinks I am the very Picture of Montufar in the Hypocrites—Oh she comes.

S C E N E VII.

Bellmour, Lætitia.

SO breaks Aurora through the Veil of Night,
Thus fly the Clouds, divided by her Light,
And ev'ry Eye receives a new-born Sight.

[Throwing off his Cloke. Patch, &c.

Læt. Thus strew'd with Blushes, like—Ah! Heav'n defend me! Who's this? [Discovering him, starts.

Bell. Your Lover.

Læt. Vainlove's Friend! I know his Face, and he has betray'd me to him. [Aside.

Bell. You are surprized. Did you not expect a Lover, Madam? Those Eyes shone kindly on my first Appearance, tho' now they are o'er-cast.

Læt. I may well be surpriz'd at your Person and Impudence; they are both new to me—You are not what your first Appearance promised: The Piety of your Habit was welcome, but not the Hypocrisy.

Bell. Rather the Hypocrisy was welcome, but not the Hypocrite.

Læt. Who are you, Sir? You have mistaken the House sure.

Bell. I have Directions in my Pocket, which agree with every thing but your Unkindness. [Pulls out the Letter.

Læt. My Letter! Base Vainlove! Then 'tis too late to dissemble. [Aside.] 'Tis plain then you have mistaken the person.

[Going.
Bell.

Bell. If we part so I'm mistaken——Hold, hold, Madam——I confess I have run into an Error——I beg your Pardon a thousand times——What an eternal Blockhead am I! Can you forgive me the Disorder I have put you into——But it is a Mistake which any Body might have made.

Lat. What can this mean? 'Tis impossible he should be mistaken after all this——A handsome Fellow if he had not surpris'd me: Methinks, now I look on him again, I would not have him mistaken. [*Aside.*] We are all liable to Mistakes, Sir, if you own it to be so, there needs no farther Apology.

Bell. Nay, 'Faith, Madam, 'tis a pleasant one; and worth your hearing. Expecting a Friend, last Night, at his Lodgings, 'till 'twas late; my Intimacy with him gave me the freedom of his Bed: He not coming home all Night, a Letter was deliver'd to me by a Servant, in the Morning: Upon the Perusal I found the Contents so charming, that I could think of nothing all Day, but putting 'em in practice——'till just now, (the first time I ever look'd upon the Superscription) I am the most surpris'd in the World to find it directed to Mr. *Vainlove*. Gad, Madam, I ask you a Million of Pardons, and will make you any Satisfaction.

Lat. I am discover'd——and either *Vainlove* is not guilty, or he has handsomely excus'd him. [*Aside.*]

Bell. You appear concern'd, Madam.

Lat. I hope you are a Gentleman;—and since you are privy to a weak Woman's Failing, won't turn it to the Prejudice of her Reputation. You look as if you had more Honour——

Bell. And more Love; or my Face is a false Witness, and deserves to be pillory'd—No, by Heaven, I swear—

Lat. Nay, don't swear if you'd have me believe you; but promise——

Bell. Well, I promise——A Promise is so cold——give me leave to swear——by those Eyes, those killing Eyes; by those healing Lips——Oh! press the soft Charm close to mine, and seal 'em up for ever.

Lat. Upon that Condition. [*He kisses her.*]

Bell. Eternity was in that Moment——One more, upon any Condition.

Lat.

Let. Nay, now—I never saw any thing so agreeably impudent. [*Aside.*] Wont you censure me for this, now?—but 'tis to buy your Silence [*Kiss.*] Oh, but what am I doing!

Bell. No Tongue can express it—not thy own; nor any thing, but thy Lips. I am faint with the Excess of Bliss:—Oh, for Love-sake, lead me any whither, where I may lie down;—quickly, for I'm afraid I shall have a Fit.

Let. Bless me! What Fit?

Bell. Oh a Convulsion—I feel the Symptoms.

Let. Does it hold you long? I'm afraid to carry you into my Chamber.

Bell. Oh, no: let me lie down upon the Bed;—the Fit will be soon over.

S C E N E VIII.

S C E N E St. James's Park.

Araminta and Belinda meeting.

Belin. **L**ARD, my Dear: I am glad I have met you—I have been at the *Exchange* since, and am so tir'd—

Aram. Why, what's the Matter?

Belin. Oh the most inhuman barbarous Hackney-Coach! I am jolted to a Jelly—Am I not horridly couz'd? [*Pulls out a Pocket-Glass,*

Aram. Your Head's a little out of order.

Belin. A little! O frightful! What a furious Phyz I have! O most rueful! Ha, ha, ha: O Gad, I hope nobody will come this way, 'till I have put myself in repair—Ah! my Dear—I have seen such unhewn Creatures since—Ha, ha, ha, I can't for my Soul help thinking that I look just like one of 'em—Good Dear, pin this, and I'll tell you—Very well—So, thank you, my Dear—But as I was telling you—Pish, this is the untoward't Lock—So, as I was telling you—How dy'e like me now? Hideous, ha? Frightful still? Or how?

Aram. No, no; you're very well as can be.

Belin. And so—But where did I leave off, my Dear? I was telling you—

Aram. You were about to tell me something, Child—but you left off before you began.

Belin. Oh; a most comical Sight: A Country Squire, with the Equipage of a Wife and two Daughters, came to Mrs. *Snipswell's* Shop while I was there——But, oh Gad! Two such unlick'd Cubs!

Aram. I warrant, plump, Cherry-cheek'd Country Girls.

Belin. Ay, O my Conscience, fat as Barn Door Fowl: But so bedeck'd, you would have taken 'em for *Friezland* Hens, with their Feathers growing the wrong way——O, such Out-landish Creatures! Such *Tramontane*, and Foreigners to the Fashion, or any thing in Practice! I had no Patience to behold——I undertook the modelling of one of their Fronts, the more modern Structure——

Aram. Bless me, Cousin; why would you affront any Body so? They might be Gentlewomen of a very good Family——

Belin. Of a very ancient one, I dare swear, by their Dress——Affront! Pshaw, how you're mistaken! The poor Creature, I warrant was as full of Courtesies, as if I had been her Godmother: The Truth on't is, I did endeavour to make her look like a Christian——and she was sensible of it; for she thank'd me, and gave me two Apples, piping hot, out of her Under-Petticoat Pocket--- Ha, ha, ha, And t'other did so stare and gape——I fancied her like the Front of Her Father's Hall; her eyes were the two Jut-Windows, and her Mouth the great Door, most hospitably kept open for the Entertainment of travelling Flies.

Aram. So then; you have been diverted. What did they buy?

Belin. Why, the Father bought a Powder-Horn, and an Almanack, and a Comb-Cafe; The Mother, a great Früz-Tower, and a fat Amber Necklace; the Daughters only tore two Pair of Kid-Leather Gloves, with trying 'em on——Oh Gad, here comes the Fool that din'd at my Lady *Freelove's* t'other Day.

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

[To them] Sir Joseph and Bluffe.

Aram. MAY be he may not know us again.

Belin. We'll put on our Masks to secure his Ignorance. [They put on their Masks.]

Sir Jo. Nay, Gad, I'll pick up; I'm resolv'd to make a Night on't—— I'll go to Alderman Fondlewife by and by, and get 50 pieces more from him. Adslidkins, Bully, we'll wallow in Wine and Women. Why, this same Madera-Wine has made me as light as a Grasshopper—— Hift, hift, Bully, dost thou see those Tearers? [Sings.] Look you what here is—— Look you what here is—— Toll—— loll—— dera—— toll—— loll—— A Gad, t'other Glas of Madera, and I durst have attack'd 'em in my own proper Person, without your help

Bluff. Come on then, Knight—— But d'ye know what to say to 'em?

Sir Jo. Say: Pooh. Pox, I've enough to say — never fear it—— that is, if I can but think on't: Truth is, I have but a treacherous Memory.

Belin. O frightful! Cousin, What shall we do? These Things come towards us.

Aram. No Matter—— I see Vainlove coming this Way—— and, to confess my Failing, I am willing to give him an Opportunity of making his peace with me—— and to rid me of these Coxcombs, when I seem oppress'd with 'em, will be a fair one.

Bluff. Ladies, by these Hilts you are well met.

Aram. We are afraid not.

Bluff. What says my pretty little Knapfack Carrier? [To Belinda.]

Belin. O monstrous filthy Fellow! Good slovenly Captain Huffle, Bluffe (what is your hideous Name?) be gone: You stink of Brandy and Tobacco, most Soldier-like. Foh. [Spits.]

Sir Jo. Now am I slap dash down in the Mouth, and have not one Word to say! [Aside.]

Aram. I hope my Fool has not Confidence enough to be troublesome. [Aside.]

Sir

Sir Jo. Hem ! Pray, Madam, which Way's the Wind ?

Aram. A pithy Question—— Have you sent your Wits for a Venture, Sir, that you enquire ?

Sir Jo. Nay, now I'm in—— I can prattle like a Magpye. [Aside.]

S C E N E X.

[To them] Sharper and Vainlove at some Distance.

Belin. Dear Araminta, I'm tir'd.

Aram. 'Tis but pulling off our Masks, and obliging Vainlove to know us. I'll be rid of my Fool by fair Means—— Well, Sir Joseph, you shall see my Face—— But, be gone immediately—— I see one that will be jealous, to find me in Discourse with you—— Be discreet—— No Reply ; but away. [Unmasks.]

Sir Jo. The great Fortune, that dined at my Lady Freckle's ! Sir Joseph, thou art a made Man. Agad, I'm in Love up to the Ears. But I'll be discreet, and hush. [Aside.]

Bluff. Nay, by the World, I'll see your Face.

Belin. You shall.

[Unmasks.]

Sharp. Ladies your humble Servant—— We were afraid, you would not have given us Leave to know you.

Aram. We thought to have been private—— But we find Fools have the same advantage over a Face in a Mask, that a Coward has, while the sword is in the Scabbard—— So were forced to draw in our own Defence.

Bluff. My Blood rises at that Fellow : I can't stay where he is ; and I must not draw in the Park.

[To Sir Joseph.]

Sir Jo. I wish I durst stay to let her know my Lodging——

S C E N E XI.

Araminta, Belinda, Vainlove, Sharper.

Sharp. **T**Here is in true Beauty, as in Courage, somewhat, which narrow Souls cannot dare to admire—— And see, the owls are fled, as at the Break of Day.

Belin. Very courtly—— I believe Mr. Vainlove has not rubb'd his Eyes, since Break of Day neither, he looks as if he durst not approach—— Nay, come Cousin, be Friends with him—— I swear he looks so very simply

ply, ha, ha, ha,—Well, a Lover in the state of Separation from his Mistress, is like a Body without a Soul. Mr. *Vainlove*, shall I be bound for your good Behaviour for the future?

Vain Now must I pretend Ignorance equal to hers, of what she knows as well as I. [*Aside.*] Men are apt to offend ('tis true) where they find most Goodness to forgive—But, Madam, I hope I shall prove of a Temper, not to abuse Mercy, by committing new Offences.

Aram. So cold!

[*Aside.*]

Belin. I have broke the Ice for you, Mr. *Vainlove*, and so I leave you. Come, Mr. *Sharper*, you and I will take a Turn, and laugh at the Vulgar—Both the great Vulgar and the small—Oh Gad! I have a great Passion for *Cowley*——Don't you admire him?

Sharp. Oh Madam! He was our *English Horace*.

Belin. Oh so fine! So extremely fine! So every Thing in the World that I like—Oh Lord, walk this Way—I see a Couple, I'll give you their History.

S C E N E XII.

Araminta, Vainlove.

Vain. **I** Find, Madam, the Formality of the Law must be observ'd, tho' the Penalty of it be dispens'd with; and an Offender must plead to his Arraignment, though he has his Pardon in his Pocket.

Aram. I'm amaz'd! This Insolence exceeds t'other;—whoever has encourag'd you to this Assurance—presuming upon the Easiness of my Temper, has much deceiv'd you, and so you shall find.

Vain. Hey day! Which Way now! Here's fine doubling.

[*Aside.*]

Aram. Base Man! Was it not enough to affront me with your saucy Passion?

Vain. You have given that Passion a much kinder Epithen than saucy, in another Place.

Aram. Another Place! Some villanous Design to blast my Honour—But tho' thou hadst all the Treachery and Malice of thy Sex, thou canst not lay a Blemish on my Fame——No, I have not err'd in one favourable Thought of Mankind——How Time might have de-

ceiv'd me in you, I know not; my Opinion was but young, and your early Baseness has prevented its growing to a wrong Belief——Unworthy and ungrateful! Be gone and never see me more.

Vain. Did I dream? Or do I dream? Shall I believe my Eyes or Ears? The Vision is here still——Your Passion, Madam, will admit of no farther reasoning——But here's a silent Witness of your Acquaintance.

[*Takes out the Letter, and offers it: She snatches it, and throws it away.*]

Aram. There's Poyson in every Thing you touch——Blisters will follow——

Vain. That Tongue which denies what the Hands have done.

Aram. Still mystically senseless and impudent——I find I must leave the Place.

Vain. No, Madam, I'm gone——She knows her Name's to it, which she will be unwilling to expose to the Censure of the first Finder.

Aram. Woman's Obstinacy made me blind, to what Woman's Curiosity now tempts me to see.

[*Takes up the Letter.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Belinda, Sharper.

Belin. **N**AY, we have spared no Body, I swear. Mr. *Sharper* you're a pure Man; where did you get this excellent Talent of Railing?

Sharp. Faith, Madam, the Talent was born with me:——I confess, I have taken Care to improve it; to qualify me for the Society of Ladies.

Belin. Nay, sure Railing is the best Qualification in a Woman's Man.

S C E N E XIV.

[*To them*] Footman.

Sharp. **T**HE second best,——indeed I think.
Belin. How now, *Pace*? Where's my Cousin?

Foot. She's not very well, Madam, and has sent to know

know, if your Ladyship would have the Coach come again for you?

Belin. O Lord, no, I'll go along with her. Come, Mr. *Sharper*.

S C E N E XV.

SCENE, a Chamber in Fondlewife's House.

Lætitia and Bellmour, his Cloake, Hat, &c. lying loose about the Chamber.

Bell. **H**ere's no Body, nor no Noise——'twas nothing but your Fears.

Læt. I durit have sworn, I had heard my Monster's Voice—— I swear, I was heartily frightened—— Feel how my Heart beats.

Bell. 'Tis an Alarm to Love—— Come in again, and let us——

Fond. [*Without*] Cocky, Cocky, where are you, Cocky? I'm come home.

Læt. Ah! There he is, Make haste, gather up your Things!

Fond. Cocky, Cocky, open the Door.

Bell. Pox choke him, would his Horns were in his Throat. My Patch, my Patch.

[*Looking about, and gathering up his Things.*]

Læt. My Jewel, art thou there? No matter for your Patch—— You s'an't tum in, *Nykin*—— Run into my Chamber, quickly, quickly. You s'an't tum in.

Fond. Nay, prithee, Dear, ifeek I'm in haste.

Læt. Then I'll let you in. [*Opens the Door.*]

S C E N E XVI.

Lætitia, Fondlewife, Sir Joseph.

Fond. **K**ifs, Dear—— I met the Master of the Ship by the Way—— And I must have my Papers of Accounts out of your Cabinet.

Læt. Oh, I'm undone!

[*Aside.*]

Sir Jo. Pray, first let me have 50*l.* good Alderman, for I'm in haste.

Fond. A hundred has already been paid by your Order. Fifty? I have the Sum ready in Gold, in my Closet.

S C E N E XVII.

Lætitia, Sir Joseph.

Sir Jo. **A** Gad, it's a curious, fine, pretty Rogue ; I'll speak to her ——— Pray, Madam, what News d'ye hear ?

Læt. Sir, I seldom stir abroad.

[Walks about in Disorder.]

Sir Jo. I wonder at that, Madam, for 'tis most curious fine Weather,

Læt. Methinks 't has been very ill Weather.

Sir Jo. As you say, Madam, 'tis pretty bad Weather, and has been so a great while.

S C E N E XVIII.

[To them] Fondlewife.

Fond. **H**ERE are fifty Pieces in this Purse, Sir Joseph— If you will tarry a Moment, 'till I fetch my Papers, I'll wait upon you down Stairs.

Læt. Ruin'd, past Redemption ! What shall I do— Ha ! this Fool may be of use. (*Aside.*) *[As Fondlewife is going into the Chamber, she runs to Sir Joseph, almost pushes him down, and cries out.]* Stand off, rude Ruffian, Help me, my Dear—O bless me ! Why will you leave me alone with such a Satyr.

Fond. Bless us ! What's the Matter ? What's the Matter ?

Læt. Your Back was no sooner turn'd ; but like a Lion, he came open-mouth'd upon me, and would have ravish'd a Kiss from me by main Force.

Sir Jo. O Lord ! Oh terrible ! Ha, ha, ha, is your Wife mad, Alderman ?

Læt. Oh ! I'm sick with the Fright : won't you take him out of my Sight ?

Fond. Oh Traitor ! I'm astonished. Oh bloody-minded Traitor !

Sir Jo. Hey-day ! Traitor yourself ——— By the Lord Harry, I was in most Danger of being ravish'd, if you go to that.

Fond. Oh, how the blasphemous Wretch swears ! Out of my House, thou Son of the Whore of *Babylon* ; Offspring

spring of *Bell* and the *Dragon*——Bless us! Ravish my Wife! my *Dinab*! Oh *Shechemite*! Be gone I say.

Sir *Jo*. Why, the Devil's in the People, I think.

S C E N E XIX.

Lætitia, Fondlewife.

Lat. OH! won't you follow and see him out of Doors, my Dear?

Fond. I'll shut this Door to secure him from coming back——Give me the Key of your Cabinet, Cocky——Ravish my Wife before my Face! I warrant he's a Papist in his Heart, at least, if not a *Frenchman*.

Lat. What can I do now! [*Aside.*] Oh! my Dear, I have been in such a Fright, that I forgot to tell you, poor Mr. *Spintext* has a sad Fit of the Cholick, and is forced to lie down upon our Bed——You'll disturb him; I can tread softer.

Fond. Alack poor Man——no, no——you don't know the Papers——I won't disturb him; Give me the Key.

[*She gives him the Key, goes to the Chamber Door, and speaks aloud.*]

Lat. 'Tis no Body but Mr. *Fondlewife*; Mr. *Spintext*, lie still on your Stomach; lying on your Stomach will ease you of the Cholick.

Fond. Ay, ay, lie still, lie still; don't let me disturb you.

S C E N E XX.

Lætitia alone.

Lat. SURE, when he does not see his Face, he won't discover him. Dear Fortune, help me but this once, and I'll never run in thy Debt again——But this Opportunity is the Devil.

S C E N E XXI.

Fondlewife returns with Papers.

Fond. GOOD lack! good lack!——I profess, the poor Man is in great Torment, he lies as flat——Dear, you should heat a Trencher, or a Napkin——Where's *Deborah*? Let her clap some warm Thing to his

his Stomach, or chafe it with a warm Hand, rather than fail. What Book's this?

[Sees the Book that Bellmour forgot.]

Læt. Mr. *Spintext's* Prayer-Book, Dear——Pray Heav'n it be a Prayer-Book. [Aside.]

Fond. Good Man! I warrant he dropped it on Purpose, that you might take it up, and read some of the pious Ejaculations [Taking up the Book] O bless me! O monstrous! A Prayer-Book? Ay, this is the Devil's *Pater-Noster*. Hold, let me see, *The Innocent Adultery*.

Læt. Misfortune! now all's ruin'd again. [Aside.]

Bell. [Peeping.] Damn'd Chance! If I had gone a whoring with the *Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been discover'd.

Fond. Adultery and innocent! O Lord! Here's Doctrine! Ay, here's Discipline!

Læt. Dear Husband, I'm amaz'd——Sure it is a good Book, and only tends to the Speculation of Sin.

Fond. Speculation! No, no; something went farther than Speculation when I was not to be let in——Where is this Apocryphal Elder? I'll ferret him.

Læt. I'm so distracted, I can't think of a Lye. [Aside.]

S C E N E XXII.

Lætitia, and Fondlewife baling out Bellmour.

Fond. COME out here, thou *Ananias* incarnate——Who, how now! who have we here?

Læt. Ha! [Shrieks, as surpriz'd.]

Fond. Oh, thou salacious Woman! Am I then brutified? Ay, I feel it here? I sprout, I bud, I blossom, I am ripehorn-mad. But who in the Devil's Name are you? Mercy on me for swearing. But——

Læt. Oh, Goodness keep us! Who's this? Who are you? What are you?

Bell. Soh.

Læt. In the Name of the——O! Good, my Dear, don't come near it, I'm afraid 'tis the Devil; indeed it has Hoofs, Dear.

Fond. Indeed, and I have Horns, Dear. The Devil, no, I am afraid, 'tis the Flesh, thou Harlot. Dear, with the Poz. Come, *Siren*, speak, confess, who is this reverend, bravey Pastor?

Læt.

Lat. Indeed, and indeed now, my dear *Nykin*—I never saw this wicked Man before.

Fond. Oh, it is a Man then, it seems.

Lat. Rather, sure 'tis a Wolf in the Cloathing of a Sheep.

Fond. Thou art a Devil in his proper Cloathing, Woman's Flesh. What, you know nothing of him, but his Fleece here—You don't love Mutton?—you *Magdalen* unconverted.

Bell. Well, now, I know my Cue—That is, very honourably to excuse her, and very impudently accuse myself [Aside.]

Lat. Why then, I wish I may never enter into the Heav'n of your Embraces again, my Dear, if ever I saw his Face before.

Fond. O Lord; O strange! I am in Admiration of your Impudence. Look at him a little better; he is more modest, I warrant you, than to deny it. Come, were you two never Face to Face before? Speak.

Bell. Since all Artifice is vain— And I think myself oblig'd to speak the Truth in Justice to your Wife—No.

Fond. Humph.

Lat. No, indeed, Dear.

Fond. Nay I find you are both in a Story; that I must confess. But, what—not to be cured of the Cholick? Don't you know your Patient, Mrs. *Quack*? Oh, lie upon your Stomach; lying upon your Stomach will cure you of the Cholick. Ah! Answer me, *Jezabel*?

Lat. Let the wicked Man answer for himself; does he think that I have nothing to do but excuse him; 'tis enough, if I can clear my own Innocence to my own Dear.

Bell. By my troth, and to 'tis—I have been a little too backward, that's the Truth on't.

Fond. Come, Sir, who are you, in the first place? And what are you?

Bell. A Whore-master.

Fond. Very concise.

Lat. O beattly, impudent Creature.

Fond. Well Sir, and what came you hither for?

Bell. To lie with your wife.

Fond. Good again——A very civil Person this, and I believe speaks Truth. *Fond.*

Lat. Oh, insupportable Impudence !

Fond. Well, Sir,——Pray be cover'd——and you have——Heh ! You have finish'd the Matter, heh ? And I am, as I should be, a Sort of a civil Perquisite to a Whore-master, call'd a *Cuckold*, heh. Is it not so ? Come, I'm inclining to believe every Word you say.

Bell. Why, Faith I must confess, so I design'd you——But you were a little unlucky in coming so soon, and hindred the making of your own Fortune

Fond. Humph. Nay, if you mince the Matter once, and go back of your Word ; you are not the Person I took you for. Come, come, go on boldly——What, don't be aham'd of your Profession——Confess, confess, I shall love thee the better for't——I shall, I feck——What, dost think I don't know how to behave myself in the Employment of a Cuckold, and have been three Years Apprentice to Matrimony ! Come, come, Plain-dealing is a Jewel.

Bell. Well, since I see thou art a good honest Fellow, I'll confess the whole Matter to thee.

Fond. Oh, I am a very honest Fellow——You never lay with an honest Man's Wife in your Life.

Lat. How my Heart akes ! All my Comfort lies in his Impudence, and Heaven be prais'd, he has a considerable Portion. [*Aside.*

Bell. In short then, I was inform'd of the Opportunity of your Absence, by my Spy, (for faith, honest *Isaac*. I have a long Time design'd thee this Favour) I knew *Spin-text* was to come by your Direction.——But I laid a Trap for him, and procured his Habit ; in which I pass'd upon your Servants, and was conducted hither. I pretended a Fit of the Cholick, to excuse my lying down upon your Bed ; hoping that when she heard of it, her Good-nature would bring her to administer Remedies for my Distemper——You know what might have follow'd——But like an uncivil Person, you knock'd at the Door, before your Wife was come to me.

Fond. Ha ! This is Apocryphal ; I may choose whether I will believe it or no.

Bell. That you may, faith, and I hope you won't believe a Word on't——But I can't help telling the Truth, for my Life.

Fond.

Fond. How ! would not you have me believe you, say you ?

Bell. No ; for then you must of consequence part with your Wife, and there will be some hopes of having her upon the Publick ; then the Encouragement of a separate Maintenance——

Fond. No, no ; for that matter—when she and I part, she'll carry her separate Maintenance about her.

Let. Ah, cruel Dear, how can you be so barbarous ? You'll break my Heart, if you talk of parting. [*Cries.*

Fond. Ah, dissembling Vermin !

Bell. How canst thou be so cruel, *Isaac* ? Thou hast the Heart of a Mountain-Tiger. By the Faith of a sincere Sinner, she's innocent for me. Go to him, Madam, fling your snowy Arms about his stubborn Neck : bathe his relentless Face in your salt trickling Tears——

[*She goes and hangs upon his Neck, and kisses him.*

Bellmour kisses her Hand behind Fondlewife's Back.

So, a few soft Words, and a Kifs, and the good Man melts. See how kind Nature Works, and boils over in him.

Let. Indeed, my Dear, I was but just come down Stairs, when you knock'd at the Door ; and the Maid told me Mr. *Spintext* was ill of the Cholick, upon our Bed. And won't you speak to me, cruel *Nykin* ? Indeed, I'll die. if you don't.

Fond. Ah ! No, no, I cannot speak, my Heart's so full——I have been a tender Husband, a tender Yoke-Fellow ; you know I have——But thou hast been a faithless *Dalilah*, and the *Philistines*——Heh ! Art thou not vile and unclean, Heh ? Speak.

[*Weeping.*

Let. No——h.

[*Sighing.*

Fond. Oh, that I could believe thee ?

Let. Oh, my Heart will break. [*Seeming to faint.*

Fond. Heh, how ! No, stay, stay, I will believe thee, I will.——Pray bend her forward, Sir.

Let. Oh ! Oh ! Where is my Dear ?

Fond. Here, here ; I do believe thee——I won't believe my own Eyes.

Bell. For my part, I am so charm'd with the Love of your Turtle to you, that I'll go and solicit Matrimony with all my might and main.

Fond.

Fond. Well, well, Sir; as long as I believe it, 'tis well enough. No Thanks to you, Sir, for her Vertue. — But, I'll shew you the way out of my House, if you please. Come, my Dear. Nay, I will believe thee, I do, I'feck.

Bell. See the great Blessing of an easy Faith; Opinion cannot err.

*No Husband, by his Wife, can be deceiv'd,
She still is virtuous, if she's so believ'd.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Bellmour in Fanatick Habit, Setter, Heartwel, Lucy.

Bell. **S**etter! Well encounter'd.

Setter. Joy of your Return, Sir. Have you made a good Voyage; or have you brought your own Lading back?

Bell. No, I have brought nothing but Ballast back — made a delicious Voyage, *Setter*: and might have rode at Anchor in the Port 'till this time, but the Enemy surpriz'd us — I would unrig.

Setter. I attend you, Sir.

Bell. Ha! Is not that *Heartwell* at *Silvia's Door*? Be gone quickly, I'll follow you: — I would not be known. Pox take 'em, they stand just in my Way.

SCENE II.

Bellmour, Heartwell, Lucy.

Heart. **I**'M impatient 'till it be done.

Lucy. That may be, without troubling yourself to go again for your Brother's Chaplain. Don't you see thatalking Form of Godliness?

Heart. O ay, he's a Fanatick.

Lucy. An executioner qualified to do your Business. He has been lawfully ordain'd.

Heart.

The OLD BATCHELOR. 65

Heart. I'll pay him well, if you'll break the Matter to him.

Lucy. I warrant you—Do you go and prepare your Bride.

S C E N E III.

Bellmour, Lucy.

Bell. **H**UMPH, sits the Wind there?—What a lucky Rogue am I! Oh, what Sport will be here, if I can persuade this Wench to Secrecy?

Lucy. Sir: Reverend Sir.

Bell. Madam. [*Discovers himself.*]

Lucy. Now, Goodness have Mercy upon me! Mr. Bellmour! is it you?

Bell. Even I, What dost think?

Lucy. Think! That I shou'd not believe my Eyes, and that you are not what you seem to be.

Bell. True. But to convince thee who I am, thou know'st my old Token. [*Kisses her.*]

Lucy. Nay, Mr. Bellmour: O Lard! I believe you are a Parson in good earnest, you kiss so devoutly.

Bell. Well, your Business with me, Lucy?

Lucy. I had none, but through Mistake.

Bell. Which Mistake you must go through with, Lucy—Come, I know the Intrigue between *Heartwell* and your Mistress; and you mistook me for *Tribulation Spintext*, to marry 'em—Ha? Are not Matters in this Posture?—Confess: Come, I'll be faithful; I will i'faith.—What Diffide in me, Lucy?

Lucy. Alas-a-day! You and Mr. *Vainlove*, between you, have ruin'd my poor Mistress: You have made a Gap in her Reputation! and can you blame her if she make it up with a Husband?

Bell. Well, is it as I say?

Lucy. Well, it is then: But you'll be secret?

Bell. Phuh, Secret, ay!—And to be out of thy Debt, I'll trust thee with another Secret. Your Mistress must not marry *Heartwell*, Lucy.

Lucy. How! O Lord! ———

Bell. Nay, don't be in Passion, Lucy:—I'll provide a fitter Husband for her—Come, here's Earnest
of

of my good Intentions for thee too ; let this mollify.
 ——— [*Gives her Money*] Look you, *Heartwell* is my Friend ; and tho' he be blind, I must not see him fall into the Snare, and wittingly marry a Whore.

Lucy. Whore ! I'd have you to know my Mistress scorns——

Bell. Nay, nay : Look you, *Lucy* ; there are Whores of as good Quality——But to the purpose, if you will give me leave to acquaint you with it——Do you carry on the Mistake of me : I'll marry 'em——Nay, don't pause ;——If you do, I'll spoil all.——I have some private Reasons for what I do, which I'll tell you within.——In the mean time, I promise,——and rely upon me,——to help your Mistress to a Husband : Nay, and thee too, *Lucy*——Here's my Hand, I will ; with a fresh Assurance. [*Gives her more Money*.]

Lucy. Ah, the Devil is not so cunning——You know my easy Nature——Well, for once I'll venture to serve you ; but if you do deceive me, the Curse of all kind, tender-hearted Women light upon you.

Bell. That's as much as to say, *The Pox take me*,——Well, lead on.

S C E N E IV.

Vainlove, Sharper, and Setter.

Sharper. J U S T now, say you, gone in with *Lucy* ?

Set. I saw him, and stood at the Corner where you found me, and over-heard all they said : Mr. *Bellmour* is to marry 'em.

Sharper. Ha, Ha ; 'twill be a pleasant Cheat,——I'll plague *Heartwell* when I see him. Pr'ythee *Frank*, let's teaze him ; make him fret 'till he foam at the Mouth, and disgorge his Matrimonial Oath with Interest——Come, thou'rt musty——

Set. [*To Sharper*.] Sir, a Word with you.

[*Whispers him*.]

Vain. *Sharper* swears she has forsworn the Letter——I'm sure he tells me Truth ;——but I am not sure she told him Truth——Yet she was unaffectedly concern'd, he says ; and often blush'd with Anger and Surprise ;——And so I remember in the Park——She had Reason, if I wrong her——I begin to doubt.

Sharper.

Sharp. Say'st thou so!

Setter. This Afternoon, Sir, about an Hour before my Master receiv'd the Letter.

Sharp. In my Conscience, like enough.

Setter. Ay, I know her, Sir: at least, I'm sure I can fish it out of her: She's the very Sluice to her Lady's Secrets: 'Tis but setting her Mill a going, and I can drain her of 'em all.

Sharp. Here, *Frank*, your Blood-Hound has made out the Fault: This Letter, that so sticks in thy Maw is counterfeit; only a Trick of *Silvia* in revenge, contrived by *Lucy*.

Vain. Ha! It has a Colour——But how do you know it, Sirrah?

Setter. I do suspect as much;——because why, Sir,——She was pumping me about how your Worship's Affairs stood toward Madam *Araminta*; as when you had seen her last? when you were to see her next? and, where you were to be found at that time? and such like.

Vain. And where did you tell her?

Setter. In the *Piazza*.

Vain. There I receiv'd the Letter——It must be so——And why did you not find me out, to tell me this before, Sot?

Setter. Sir, I was pimping for Mr. *Bellmour*.

Sharp. You were well employ'd:——I think there is no Objection to the Excuse.

Vain. Pox o'my saucy Credulity——If I have lost her, I deserve it. But if Confession and Repentance be of force, I'll win her, or weary her into a Forgiveness.

Sharp. Methinks I long to see *Bellmour* come forth.

S C E N E V.

Sharper, Bellmour, Setter.

Setter. **T**ALK of the Devil——See where he comes.
Sharp. Hugging himself in his prosperous Mischiefs——No real Fanatick can look better pleas'd after a successful Sermon of Sedition.

Bell. Sharper! Fortify thy Spleen: Such a Jest! Speak when thou art ready.

Sharp.

Sharp. Now, were I ill-natur'd, would I utterly disappoint thy Mirth: Hear thee tell thy mighty Jest, with as much Gravity as a Bishop hears Venereal Causes in the Spiritual Court: Not so much as wrinkle my Face with one Smile, but let thee look simply, and laugh by thyself.

Bell. P'shaw, no; I have a better Opinion of thy Wit——Gad, I defy thee.——

Sharp. Were it not loss of Time, you should make the Experiment. But honest *Setter*, here over-heard you with *Lucy*, and has told me all.

Bell. Nay then, I thank thee for not putting me out of Countenance. But, to tell you something you don't know — I got an Opportunity (after I had marry'd 'em) of discovering the Cheat to *Silvia*. She took it at first, as another Woman would like the Disappointment; but my Promise to make her amends quickly with another Husband, somewhat pacify'd her.

Sharp. But how the Devil do you think to acquit yourself of your Promise? Will you marry her yourself?

Bell. I have no such Intentions at present—Pr'ythee, wilt thou think a little for me? I am sure the ingenious Mr. *Setter* will assist.

Setter. O Lord, Sir!

Bell. I'll leave him with you, and go shift my Habit.

S C E N E VI.

Sharper, Setter, *Sir Joseph* and *Bluffe*.

Sharp. **H**Eh! Sure, Fortune has sent this Fool hither on Purpose. *Setter*, stand close; seem not to observe 'em; and, hark-ye ——— [Whispers.

Bluff. Fear him not—— I am prepar'd for him now; and he shall find he might have safer rouz'd a sleeping Lion.

Sir Jo. Hush, hush: Don't you see him?

Bluff. Shew him to me.——Where is he?

Sir Jo. Nay, don't speak so loud——I don't jest, as I did a little while ago——Look yonder——A-gad, if he should hear the Lion roar, he'd cudgel him into an Ais,

Als, and his primitive Braying. Don't you remember the Story in *Æsop's Fables*, Bully? A-gad, there are good Morals to be pick'd out of *Æsop's Fables*, let me tell you that; and *Renard the Fox* too.

Bluff. Damn your Morals.

Sir *Jo.* Pr'ythee don't speak so loud.

Bluff. Damn your Morals, I must revenge th' Affront done to my Honour. [In a low Voice.]

Sir *Jo.* Ay; do, do, Captain, if you think fitting.— You may dispose of your own Flesh as you think fitting, d'ye see:—But by the Lord *Harry*, I'll leave you.

[Stealing away upon his Tip-toes.]

Bluff. Prodigious! What, will you forsake your Friend in Extremity! You can't in Honour refuse to carry him a Challenge.

[Almost whispering, and treading softly after him.]

Sir *Jo.* Pr'ythee, what do you see in my Face, that looks as if I would carry a Challenge? Honour is your Province, Captain; take it——all the World know me to be a Knight, and a Man of Worship.

Setter. I warrant you, Sir, I'm instructed.

Sharp. Impossible! *Araminta* take a liking to a Fool! [Aloud.]

Setter. Her Head runs on nothing else, nor she can talk of nothing else.

Sharp. I know she commended him all the while we were in the Park; but thought it had been only to make *Vainlove* jealous.——

Sir *Jo.* How's this! Good Bully, hold your Breath and let's hearken. A-gad, this must be I.——

Sharp. Death, it can't be.——An Oaf, an Idiot, a Wittal.

Sir *Jo.* Ay, now it's out; 'tis I, my own individual Person.

Sharp. A Wretch, that has flown for Shelter to the lowest Shrub of Mankind, and seeks Protection from a blasted Coward.

Sir *Jo.* That's you, *Bully*, Back.

[Bluffe frowns upon Sir Joseph.]

Sharp. She has given *Vainlove* her Promise to marry him before to-morrow Morning.——Has she not?

[To Setter.]

Setter.

Setter. She has Sir ;—And I have it in Charge to attend her all this Evening, in order to conduct her to the Place appointed.

Sharp. Well, I'll go and inform your Master ; and do you press her to make all the Haste imaginable.

S C E N E VII.

Setter, Sir Joseph, Bluffe.

Setter. **W**ERE I a Rogue now, what a noble Prize could I dispose of ! A good Pinnace, richly laden, and to lanch forth under my auspicious Convooy. Twelve thousand Pounds and all her Rigging ; besides what lies conceal'd under Hatches—Ha ! All this committed to my Care !—Avaunt Temptation —
Setter, shew thyself a Person of Worth ; be true to thy Trust, and be reputed honest. Reputed honest ! Hum : Is that all ? Ay : For to be honest is nothing ; the Reputation of it is all. Reputation ! what have such poor Rogues as I to do with Reputation ? 'tis above us ; and for Men of Quality, they are above it ; so that Reputation is e'en as foolish a Thing as Honesty. And for my Part, if I meet Sir *Joseph* with a Purse of Gold in his Hand, I'll dispose of mine to the best Advantage.

Sir *Jo.* Heh, heh, heh : Here 'tis for you, i'faith, Mr. *Setter.* Nay, I'll take you at your Word.

[*Chinking a Purse.*]

Setter. Sir *Joseph* and the Captain too ! undone, undone ! I'm undone, my Master's undone, my Lady's undone, and all the Business is undone.

Sir *Jo.* No, no, never fear, Man, the Lady's Business shall be done. What—Come, Mr. *Setter,* I have over-heard all, and to speak, is but Loss of Time ; but if there be occasion, let these worthy Gentlemen intercede for me.

[*Gives him Gold.*]

Setter. O Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean ? Corrupt my Honesty.—They have indeed very persuading Faces. But —

Sir *Jo.* 'Tis too little, there's more, Man. There take all—Now —

Setter.

Setter. Well, Sir *Joseph*, you have such a winning Way with you——

Sir *Jo*. And how, and how, good *Setter*, did the little Rogue look, when she talk'd of Sir *Joseph*? Did not her Eyes twinkle, and her Mouth water? Did not she pull up her little Bubbies? And——A-gad, I'm so overjoy'd——And stroke down her Belly? and then step aside to tie her Garter, when she was thinking of her Love? Heh, *Setter*!

Setter. Oh, yes, Sir.

Sir *Jo*. How now, *Bully*? What, melancholy, because I'm in the Lady's Favour?——No Matter, I'll make your Peace——I know they were a little smart upon you——But I warrant, I'll bring you into the Lady's good Graces.

Bluff. Pshaw, I have Petitions to shew, from other-guess Toys than she Look here; these were sent me this Morning——There, read, [*Shews Letters.*] That——That's a Scrawl of Quality. Here, here's from a Countess too. Hum——No, hold——that's from a Knight's Wife, she sent it me by her Husband——But here, both these are from Persons of great Quality.

Sir *Jo*. They are either from Persons of great Quality, or no Quality at all, 'tis such a damn'd ugly Hand.

[*While Sir Joseph reads, Bluffe whispers* *Setter*.

Setter. Captain, I would do any Thing to serve you; but this is so difficult——

Bluff. Not at all. Don't I know him?

Setter. You'll remember the Conditions?——

Bluff. I'll give't you under my Hand——In the mean Time, here's Earnest. [*Gives him Money.*] Come, Knight,——I'm capitulating with Mr. *Setter* for you.

Sir *Jo*. Ah, honest *Setter*;——Sirrah, I'll give thee any thing but a Night's Lodging.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Sharper tugging in Heartwell.

Sharp. **N**AY, pr'ythee leave Railing, and come along with me; May be she mayn't be within. 'Tis but to yond' Corner-House.

Heart. Whither? Whither? Which Corner-House?

Sharp. Why, there. The two white Posts.

Heart. And who would you visit there, say you? (Oons, how my Heart akes.)

Sharp. P'fhaw, thou'rt so troublesome and inquisitive. Why, I'll tell you; 'Tis a young Creature that *Vainlove* debauch'd, and has forsaken. Did you never hear *Bellmour* chide him about *Silvia*?

Heart. Death, and Hell, and Marriage! My Wife.

[*Aside.*

Sharp. Why thou art as musty as a new-marry'd Man, that had found his Wife knowing the first Night.

Heart. Hell, and the Devil! Does he know it? But, hold——If he should not, I were a Fool to discover it——I'll dissemble and try him. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha. Why, *Tom*, is that such an Occasion of Melancholy? Is it such an uncommon Mischief?

Sharp. No, faith; I believe not.——Few Women, but have their Year of Probation, before they are cloister'd in the narrow Joys of Wedlock. But, pr'ythee come along with me, or I'll go and have the Lady to myself. B'w'y *George*.

[*Going.*

Heart. O Torture! How he racks and tears me!——Death! Shall I own my Shame, or wittingly let him go and whore my Wife? No, that's insupportable——Oh, *Sharper*!

Sharp. How now?

Heart. Oh, I am——marry'd.

Sharp. (Now hold Spleen.) Marry'd!

Heart. Certainly, irrecoverably marry'd.

Sharp. Heav'n forbid, Man! How long?

Heart. Oh, an Age, an Age! I have been marry'd these two Hours.

Sharper

Sharp. My old Batchelor marry'd ! That were a Jett.
Ha ha, ha.

Heart. Death ! D'ye mock me ? Heark ye, if either
you esteem my Friendship, or your own Safety —
Come not near that House — that Corner-House —
that hot Brothel. Ask no Questions.

Sharp. Mad by this Light,
Thus Grief still treads upon the Heels of Pleasure :
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at Leisure.

S C E N E IX.

Sharper, Setter.

Setter. **S**OME by Experience find those words mis-
plac'd :

At Leisure marry'd, they repent in haste.

As I suppose my Master *Heartwell*.

Sharp. Here again, my *Mercury* !

Setter. Sublimate, if you please, Sir : I think my At-
chievements do deserve the Epithet — *Mercury* was
a Pimp too, but though I blush to own it at this Time,
I must confess I am somewhat fall'n from the Dignity
of my Function, and do condescend to be scandalously
employ'd in the Promotion of vulgar Matrimony.

Sharp. As how, dear dexterous Pimp ?

Setter. Why, to be brief, for I have weighty Affairs
depending — Our Stratagem succeeded as you in-
tended — *Bluffe* turns arrant Traitor ; bribes me to
make a private Conveyance of the Lady to him, and
put a Sham-Settlement upon Sir *Joseph*.

Sharp. O Rogue ! Well, but I hope —

Setter. No, no ; never fear me, Sir — I privately
inform'd the Knight of the Treachery ; who has agreed,
seemingly to be cheated, that the Captain may be so
in reality.

Sharp. Where's the Bride ?

Setter. Shifting Clothes for the Purpose, at a Friend's
House of mine. Here's Company coming ; if you'll
walk this Way, Sir, I'll tell you.

S C E N E X.

Bellmour, Belinda, Araminta, and Vainlove.

Vain. O H, 'twas Frenzy all : Cannot you forgive it ?—
Men in Madness have a Title to your Pity.
[To Araminta.

Aram.— Which they Forfeit, when they are restor'd to their Senses.

Vain. I am not presuming beyond a Pardon.

Aram. You who cou'd reproach me with one Counterfeit, how insolent would a real Pardon make you! But there's no need to forgive what is not worth my Anger.

Belin. O my Conscience, I cou'd find in my Heart to marry thee, purely to be rid of thee—At least, thou art so troublesome a Lover, there's Hopes thou'lt make a more than ordinary quiet Husband. [To Bellmour.

Bell. Say you so——Is that a Maxim among ye?

Belin. Yes : You fluttering Men of the Mode have made Marriage a mere *French Dish*.

Bell. I hope there's no *French Sauce*. [Aside.

Belin. You are so curious in the Preparation, that is, your Courtship, one wou'd think you meant a noble Entertainment——But when we come to feed, 'tis all Froth and poor, but in show. Nay, often, only Remains, which have been I know not how many Times warm'd for other Company, and at last serv'd up cold to the Wife.

Bell. That were a miserable Wretch indeed, who could not afford one warm Dish for the Wife of his Bosom——But you timorous Virgins form a dreadful Chimæra of a Husband, as of a Creature contrary to that soft, humble, pliant, easy Thing, a Lover ; so guests at Plagues in Matrimony, in Opposition to the Pleasures of Courtship. Alas ! Courtship to Marriage, is but as the Musick in the Play-House, 'till the Curtain's drawn ; but that once up, then opens the Scene of Pleasure.

Belin. Oh, for——no : Rather, Courtship to Marriage, as a very witty Prologue to a very dull Play.

S C E N E

S C E N E XI.

[To them] Sharper.

Sharp. **H**IST,——Bellmour: If you'll bring the Ladies, make haste to *Silvia's* Lodgings, before *Heartwell* has fretted himself out of Breath.——

Bell. You have an Opportunity now, Madam, to revenge yourself upon *Heartwell*, for affronting your Squirrel. [To Belinda.

Belin. O the filthy rude Beast.

Aram. 'Tis a lasting Quarrel: I think he has never been at our House since.

Bell. But give yourselves the Trouble to walk to that Corner-House, and I'll tell you by the Way what may divert and surprize you.

S C E N E XII.

S C E N E, *Silvia's Lodgings.*

Heartwell and Boy.

Heart. **G**One forth, say you, with her Maid!

Boy. There was a Man too that fetch'd 'em out——Setter, I think they call'd him.

Heart. Soh——That precious Pimp too——Damn'd, damn'd Strumpet! Cou'd she not contain herself on her Wedding Day! Not hold out 'till Night! O cursed State! How wide we err, when apprehensive of the Load of Life!

——— *We hope to find*
That Help which Nature meant in Womankind,
To Man that supplemental Self design'd;
But proves a burning Caustick when apply'd,
And Adam, sure, cou'd wi'h more Ease abide
The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride.

}
}
}

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

[To him] Bellmour, Belinda, Vainlove, Araminta.

Bell. **N**OW *George*, what Rhyming! I thought the Chimes of Verse were past, when once the doleful Marriage Knell was rung.

Heart. Shame and Confusion. I am expos'd.

[Vainlove and Araminta talk apart.

Belin. Joy, Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom*; I give you Joy, Sir.

Heart. 'Tis not in thy Nature to give me Joy—A Woman can as soon give Immortality.

Belin. Ha, ha, ha, O Gad, Men grow such Clowns when they are marry'd.

Bell. That they are fit for no Company but their Wives.

Belin. Nor for them neither, in a little time—I swear at the Month's end, you shall hardly find a marry'd Man, that will do a civil thing to his Wife, or say a civil thing to any body else. How he looks already! Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha.

Heart. Death, Am I made your laughing Stock? For you, Sir, I shall find a time; but take off your Wasp here, or the Clown may grow boisterous, I have a Fly-Flap.

Belin. You have occasion for't, your Wife has been blown upon.

Bell. That's home.

Heart. Not Friends or Furies could have added to my Vexation, or any thing, but another Woman—You've rack'd my Patience; be gone, or by——

Bell. Hold, hold, What the Devil, thou wilt not draw upon a Woman!

Vain. What's the Matter?

Aram. Bless me! What have you done to him?

Belin. Only touch'd a gall'd Beast 'till he winch'd.

Vain. *Bellmour*, give it over; you vex him too much: 'tis all serious to him.

Belin. Nay, I swear, I begin to pity him myself.

Heart. Damn your Pity—But let me be calm a little—How have I deserv'd this of you? Any of ye Sir, have I impair'd the Honour of your House, pro-

mis'

mis'd your Sister Marriage, and whor'd her ! Wherein have I injur'd you ? Did I bring a Physician to your Father when he lay expiring, and endeavour to prolong his Life, and you one and twenty ? Madam, have I had an Opportunity with you and balk'd it ? Did you ever offer me the Favour that I refus'd it ? Or——

Belin. Oh foh ! What does the filthy Fellow mean ? Lard, let me be gone.

Avam. Hang me, if I pity you ; you are right enough serv'd.

Bell. This is a little scurrilous tho'.

Vain. Nay, 'tis a Sore of your own scratching——
Well, *George*,——

Heart. You are the principle Cause of all my present Ills. If *Silvia* had not been your Mistrefs, my Wife might have been honest.

Vain. And if *Silvia* had not been your Wife, my Mistrefs might have been just — There we are even — but have a good Heart, I heard of your Misfortune, and come to your Relief.

Heart. When Execution's over, you offer a Reprieve.

Vain. What would you give ?

Heart. Oh ! Any thing, every thing, a Leg, or two, or an arm, nay, I would be divorced from my Virility, to be divorced from my Wife.

S C E N E XIV.

[To them] Sharper.

Vain. **F**Aith, that's a sure way —— But here's one can sell you freedom better cheap.

Sharp. *Vainlove*, I have been a kind of a God-father to you, yonder. I have promised and vow'd some things in your Name, which I think you are bound to perform.

Vain. No signing to a Blank, Friend.

Sharp. No, I'll deal fairly with you —— 'Tis a full and free Discharge to Sir *Joseph Wittol* and Captain *Bluffe* ; for all Injuries whatsoever, done unto you by them, until the present Date hereof —— How say you ?

Vain. Agreed.

Sharp. Then, let me beg these Ladies to wear their Masks a Moment. Come in, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Heart. What the Devil's all this to me!

Vain. Patience.

SCENE, *The last.*

[*To them*] *Sir Joseph*, *Bluffe*, *Silvia*, *Lucy*, *Setter*.

Bluff. ALL Injuries whatsoever, *Mr. Sharper*.

Sir Jo. Ay, ay, whatsoever, Captain, stick to that; whatsoever.

Sharp. 'Tis done, these Gentlemen are Witnesses to the general Release.

Vain. Ay, ay, to this Instant Moment —— I have pass'd an Act of Oblivion.

Bluff. 'Tis very generous, Sir, since I needs must own——

Sir Jo. No, no, Captain, you need not own, heh, heh, heh, 'Tis I must own——

Bluff.——That you are over-reach'd too, ha, ha, ha, only a little Art military used —— only undermined, or so, as shall appear by the fair *Araminta*, my Wife's Permission. Oh, the Devil, cheated at last!

[*Lucy Unmasks.*]

Sir Jo. Only a little Art-military Trick, Captain, only countermin'd, or so—— *Mr. Vainlove*, I suppose you know whom I have got—— now, but all's forgiven.

Vain. I know whom you have not got; pray Ladies convince him.

[*Aram. and Belin. unmask.*]

Sir Jo. Ah! O Lord, my Heart akes—— Ah *Setter*, a Rogue of all fides.

Sharp. *Sir Joseph*, you had better have pre-engaged this Gentleman's Pardon: For though *Vainlove* be so generous to forgive the loss of his Mistress —— I know not how *Heartwell* may take the loss of his Wife.

[*Silvia unmask.*]

Heart. My Wife! By this Light 'tis she, the very Cockatrice—— Oh *Sharper*! Let me embrace thee—— But art thou sure she is really marry'd to him?

Setter.

Setter. Really and lawfully marry'd, I am Witness.

Sharp. *Bellmour* will unriddle to you.

[*Heartwell* goes to *Bellmour*.]

Sir Jo. Pray, Madam, who are you? For I find, you and I are like to be better acquainted.

Silv. The worst of me, is, that I am your Wife —

Sharp. Come, *Sir Joseph*, your Fortune is not so bad as your fear ——— A fine Lady, and a Lady of very good Quality.

Sir Jo. Thanks to my Knighthood, she's a Lady —

Vain. ——— That deserves a Fool with a better Title — Pray use her as my Relation, or you shall hear on't.

Bluff. What, are you a Woman of Quality too, Spouse?

Setter. And my Relation; pray let her be respected accordingly — Well, honest *Lucy*, fare thee well — I think you and I have been Play-fellows off and on, any time this seven Years.

Lucy. Hold your prating — I'm thinking what Vocation I shall follow while my Spouse is planting Laurels in the Wars.

Bluff. No more Wars, Spouse, no more Wars — While I plant Laurels for my Head abroad, I may find the Branches sprout at home,

Heart. *Bellmour*, I approve thy Mirth, and thank thee — And I cannot in Gratitude (for I see which way thou art going) see thee fall into the same Snare, out of which thou hast deliver'd me.

Bell. I thank thee, *George*, for thy good Intention — But there is a Fatality in Marriage — For I find I'm resolute.

Heart. Then good Counsel will be thrown away upon you — For my part, I have once escap'd — And when I wed again, may she be — Ugly, as an old Bawd.

Vain. Ill-natur'd, as an old Maid —

Bell. Wanton as a young Widow —

Sharp. And jealous as a barren Wife.

Heart. Agreed.

Bell.

Bell. Well; 'Midst of these dreadful Denunciations, and notwithstanding the Warning and Example before me, I commit myself to lasting Durance.

Belin. Prisoner, make much of your Fetters.

[Giving her Hand.

Bell. Frank, Will you keep us in Countenance?

Vain. May I presume to hope so great a Blessing?

Aram. We had better take the Advantage of a little of our Friends Experience first.

Bell. O my Conscience she dare not Consent, for fear he shou'd recant. [*Aside.*] Well, we shall have your Company to Church in the Morning—May be it may get you an Appetite to see us fall before ye, *Setter*, did not you tell me? ———

Setter. They're at the Door: I'll call 'em in

A D A N C E.

Bell. Now set me forward on a Journey for Life——
Come take your Fellow Travellers. Old *George*, I'm sorry to see thee still plod on alone.

Heart. With gaudy Plumes and gingling Bells made proud,

Thy youthful Beast sets forth, and neighs aloud.

A Morning-Sun his Tinsell'd Harness gilds,

And the first Stage a Down-Hill Green-sword yields.

But, Oh——

What ruggid Ways attend the Noon of Life!

(Our Sun declines,) and with what anxious Strife,

What Pain we tug that galling Load, a Wife.

All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run;

But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

A *S* a rash Girl, who will all Hazards run,
And be enjoy'd tho' sure to be undone;
Soon as her Curiosity is over,
Would give the World she could her Toy recover:
So fares it with our Poet; and I'm sent
To tell you, he already does repent. }
Would you were all as forward, to keep Lent.
Now the Deed's done, the Giddy-thing has Leisure
To think o'th' Sting, that's in the Tail of Pleasure.
Metbinks I hear him in Consideration, }
What will the World say? Where's my Reputation?
Now that's at stake——No Fool, 'tis out o' Fashion.
If loss of that should follow Want of Wit,
How many undone Men were in the Pit!
Why that's some Comfort, to an Author's Fears,
If he's an Ass, he will be try'd by's Peers.
But hold——I am exceeding my Commission;
My Business here, was humbly to Petition:
But we're so us'd to rail on these Occasions,
I could not help one Trial of your Patience:
For 'tis our way (you know) for fear o'th' worst,
To be beforehand still, and cry Fool first.
How say you, Sparks? How do you stand affected?
I swear, young Bays within is so dejected,

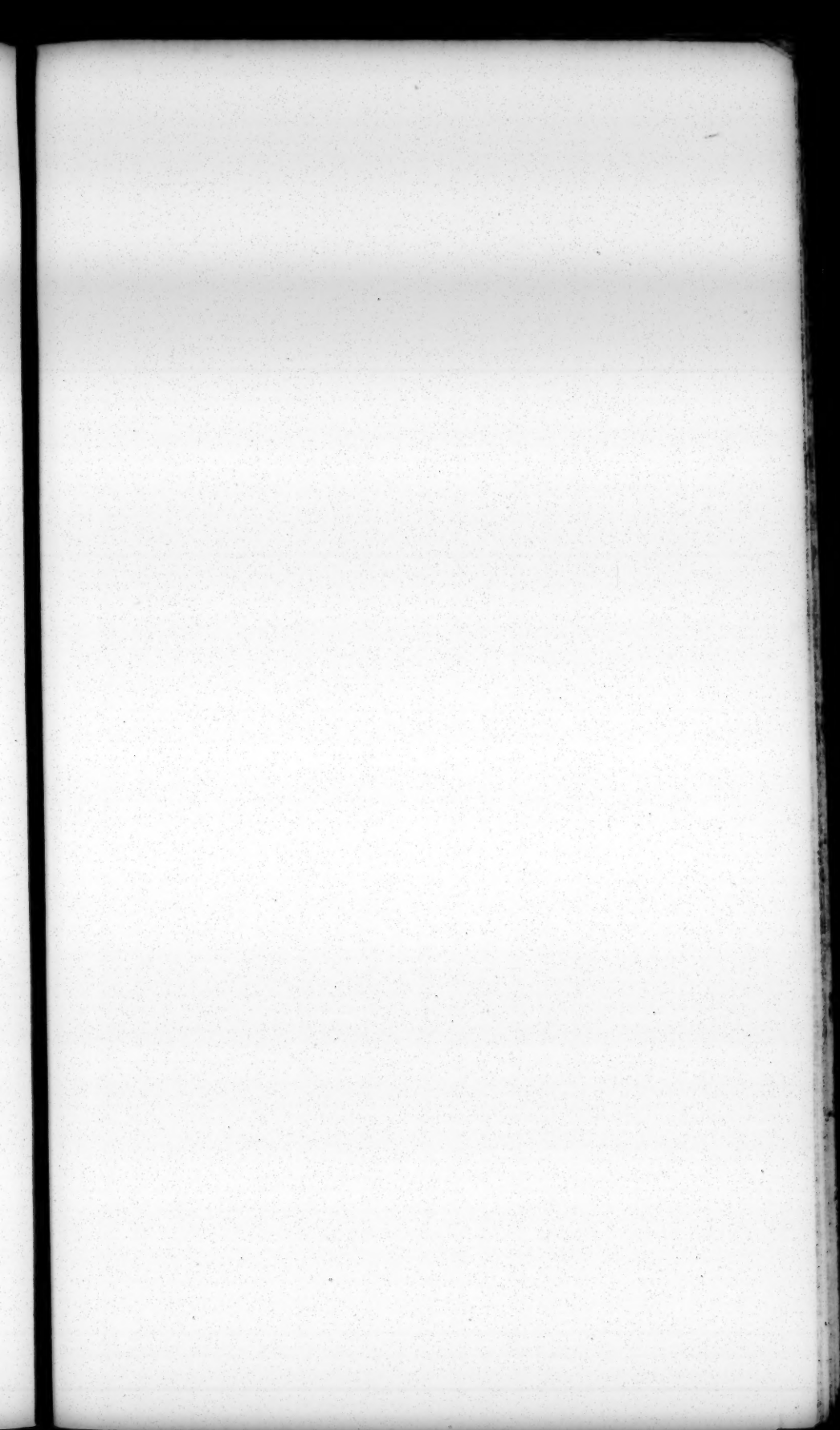
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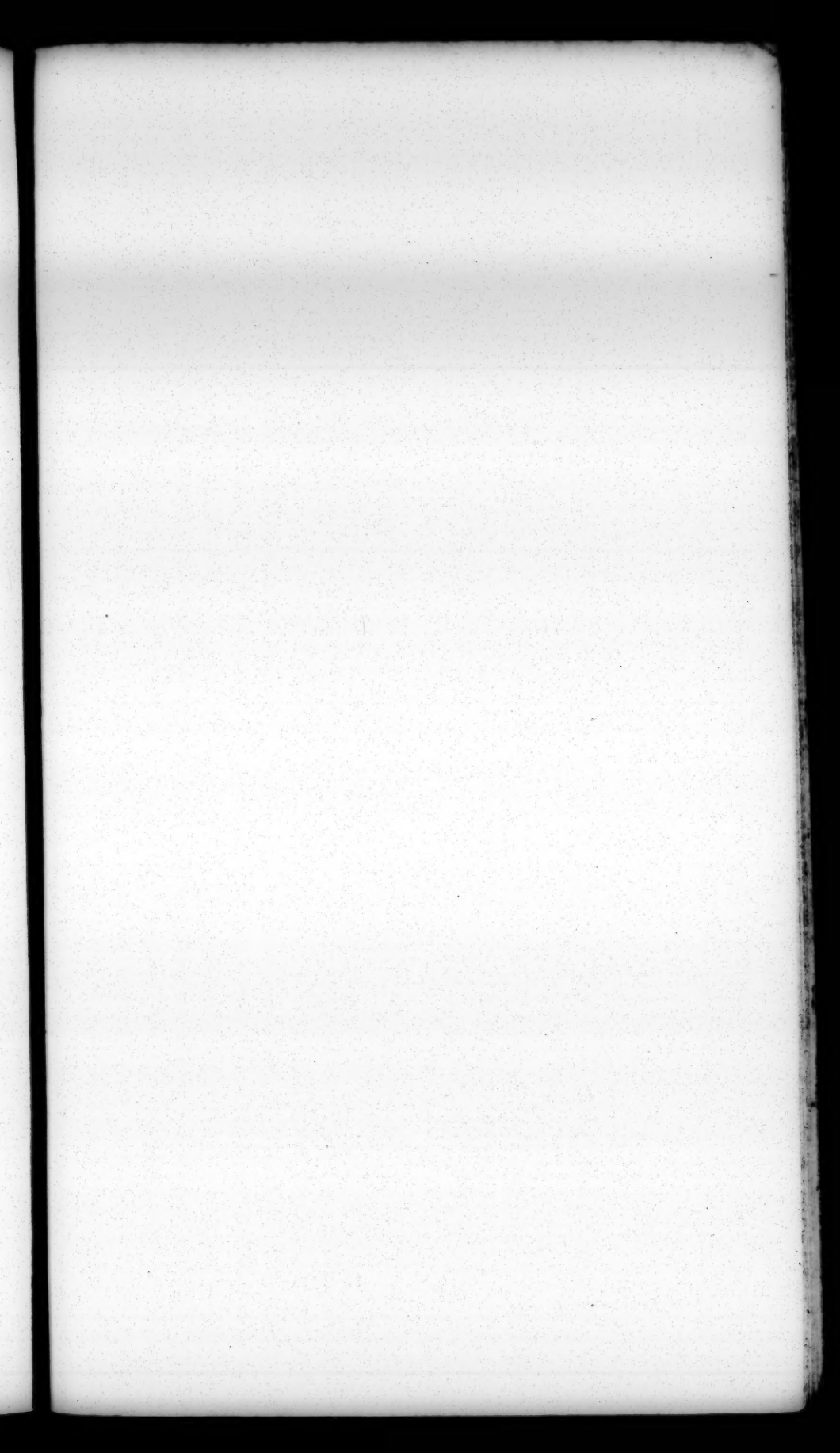
EPILOGUE.

*'Tis you'd grieve your Hearts to see him ; shall I call him ?
But then you cruel Critics would so maul him !
Yet, may be, you'll encourage a Beginner ;
But how ? — Just as the Devil does a Sinner.
Women and Wits are us'd e'en much at one,
You gain your End, and damn 'em when you're done.*

F I N I S.









THE
 PROVOK'D WIFE.
 A
 COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
 Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Written by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BRINDLEY in New Bond-Street ;
 T. LONGMAN, C. HITCH and L. HAWES,
 S. CROWDER and Co. in Pater-noster-Row ;
 G. KEARSLEY, in Ludgate-Street ; C. COR-
 BETT, and T. LOUNDS, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXI.



PROLOGUE.

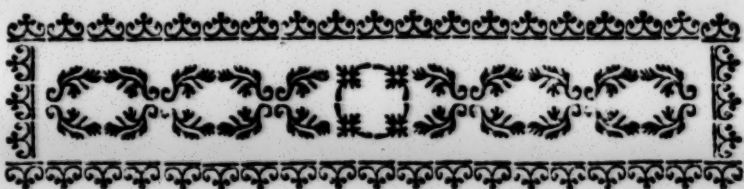
Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

*SINCE 'tis the Intent and Business of the Stage,
 To copy out the Follies of the Age;
 To hold to every Man a faithful Glass,
 And shew him of what Species he's an Ass:
 I hope the next that teaches in the School,
 Will shew our Author he's a scribbling Fool.
 And that the Satire may be sure to bite,
 Kind Heaven! Inspire some venom'd Priest to write,
 And grant some ugly Lady may indite.
 For I wou'd have him lash'd, by Heavens! I wou'd,
 Till his Presumption swim away in Blood.
 Three Plays at once proclaim a Face of Brass,
 No matter what they are; That's not the Case,
 To write three Plays, e'en that's to be an Ass.
 But what I least forgive, he knows it too,
 For to his Cost he lately has known you.
 Experience shews to many a Writer's Smart,
 You hold a Court where Mercy ne'er had part;
 So much of the old Serpent's Sting you have,
 You love to Damn, as Heaven delights to Save.
 In foreign Parts, let a bold Volunteer,
 For public Good, upon the Stage appear,
 He meets ten thousand Smiles to dissipate his Fear.
 And tickle on th' adventuring young Beginner,
 And only scourge th' incorrigible Sinner;
 They touch indeed his Faults, but with a Hand
 So gentle, that his Merit still may stand:
 Kindly they bury the Follies of his Pen,
 That he may shew 'em when he writes again,
 But 'tis not so in this good-natur'd Town,
 All's one, an Ox, a Poet, or a Crown;
 Old England's Play was always knocking down.*

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Constant,</i>	Mr. <i>Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Heartfree,</i>	Mr. <i>Hudson.</i>
<i>Sir John Brute,</i>	Mr. <i>Betterton.</i>
<i>Razor, Valet de Chambre to Sir John Brute.</i>	} Mr. <i>Bowen.</i>
<i>Justice of the Peace,</i>	Mr. <i>Bright.</i>
<i>Lord Rake,</i>	} <i>Companions to Sir John Brute.</i>
<i>Col. Bully,</i>	
<i>Constable and Watch.</i>	

<i>Lady Brute,</i>	Mrs. <i>Barry.</i>
<i>Belinda, her Niece,</i>	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle.</i>
<i>Lady Fancyful,</i>	Mrs. <i>Bowman,</i>
<i>Mademoiselle,</i>	Mrs. <i>Willis.</i>
<i>Cornet, Servant to Lady Fancyful.</i>	



T H E
PROVOK'D WIFE.



A C T I.

SCENE, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Sir John, solus.

W H A T cloying Meat is Love——when
Matrimony's the Sauce to it? Two
Years Marriage has debauch'd my five
Senses. Every Thing I see, every
Thing I hear, every Thing I feel,
every Thing I smell, and every Thing
I taste——methinks has Wife in't. No Boy was ever
so weary of his Tutor, no Girl of her Bib, no Nun of
doing Penance, or old Maid of being chaste, as I am
of being married. Sure there's a secret Curse entail'd
upon the very Name of Wife. My Lady is a young
Lady, a fine Lady, a witty Lady, a virtuous Lady——
and yet I hate her. There is but one Thing on Earth
I loath beyond her: That's fighting. Would my Cou-
rage come up to a fourth Part of my Ill-nature, I'd
stand buff to her Relations, and thrust her out of Doors.
But Marriage has sunk me down to such an Ebb

of Resolution, I dare not draw my Sword, tho' even to get rid of my Wife. But here she comes.

Enter Lady Brute,

L. B. Do you dine at Home to Day, Sir *John*?

Sir *J.* Why, do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself?

L. B. I thought there was no Harm in asking you.

Sir *J.* If thinking wrong were an Excuse for Impertinence, Women might be justify'd in most Things they say or do.

L. B. I'm sorry I have said any thing to displease you.

Sir *J.* Sorrow for Things past, is of as little Importance to me, as my dining at Home or Abroad ought to be to you.

L. B. My Enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

Sir *J.* Six to four you had been in the Wrong there again; for what I lik'd Yesterday I don't like To-day, and what I like To-day, 'tis Odds I mayn't like To-morrow.

L. B. But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd?

Sir *J.* Why then there would be more asking about it than the Thing is worth.

L. B. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir *J.* Ay, but that Sort of Knowledge is not a Wife's Talent.

L. B. Whate'er my Talent is, I'm sure my Will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir *J.* If Women were to have their Wills, the World wou'd be finely govern'd.

L. B. What Reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: You married me for Love.

Sir *J.* And you me for Money: So you have your Reward, and I have mine.

L. B. What is it that disturbs you.

Sir *J.* A Parson.

L. B.

L. B. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir J. He has married me.

[*Exit Sir John.*

Lady Brute, sola.

The Devil's in the Fellow, I think.—I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be: But I thought I had Charms enough to govern him; and that where there was an Estate, a Woman must needs be happy: So my Vanity has deceiv'd me, and my Ambition has made me uneasy. But there's some Comfort still; if one would be reveng'd of him, these are good Times; a Woman may have a Gallant, and a separate Maintenance too——The surly Puppy——yet he's a Fool for't: For hitherto he has been no Monster: But who knows how far he may provoke me? I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in spite of all the Attacks of Art and Nature upon a poor weak Woman's Heart, in favour of a tempting Lover. Methinks so noble a Defence as I have made, shou'd be rewarded with a better Usage——Or who can tell——Perhaps a good Part of what I suffer from my Husband, may be a Judgment upon me for my Cruelty to my Lover——Lord, with what Pleasure cou'd I indulge that Thought, were there but a Possibility of finding Arguments to make it good!——And how do I know but there may——Let me see——What opposes!——My matrimonial Vow——Why, what did I vow? I think I promis'd to be true to my Husband. Well; and he promis'd to be kind to me: But he han't kept his Word——Why then I'm absolv'd from mine. O, but that Condition was not exprest——No matter, 'twas understood. Well, by all I see, if I a gue the Matter a little longer with myself, I shan't find so many Bugbears in the Way, as I thought I shou'd. Lord, what fine Notions of Virtue do we Women take up upon the Credit of old foolish Philosophers! Virtue's its own Reward, Virtue's this, Virtue's that——Virtue's an Ass, and a Gallant's worth forty on't.

Enter Belinda.

L. B. Good-morrow, dear Cousin.

Bel. Good-morrow, Madam, you look pleas'd this Morning.

L. B. I am so.

Bel. With what, pray?

L. B. With my Husband.

Bel. Drown Husbands; for yours is a provoking Fellow: As he went out just now, I prayed him to tell me what Time of Day 'twas; and he ask'd me if I took him for the Church-Clock, that was oblig'd to tell all the Parish.

L. B. He has been saying some good obliging Things to me too. In short, *Belinda*, he has us'd me so barbarously of late, that I cou'd almost resolve to play the downright Wife——and cuckold him.

Bel. That wou'd be downright indeed.

L. B. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you'd imagine, Child. He is the first Aggressor, not I.

Bel. Ah, but you know, we must return Good for Evil.

L. B. That may be a Mistake in the Translation—Prithee be of my Opinion, *Belinda*; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the Prerogative of a Woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any Thing you have a Mind to. But I shall play the Fool and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.

Bel. I shan't take the Liberty, Madam, to think of any Thing that you desire to keep a Secret from me.

L. B. Alas, my Dear, I have no Secrets. My Heart cou'd never yet confine my Tongue.

Bel. Your Eyes, you mean; for I'm sure I have seen them gadding, when your Tongue has been lo-k'd up safe enough.

L. B. My Eyes gadding! Prithee after who, Child?

Bel. Why, after one that thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

L. B.

L. B. *Constant* you mean.

Bel. I do so.

L. B. Lord, what shou'd put such a Thing into your Head?

Bel. That which puts Things into most People's Heads, Observation.

L. B. Why, what have you observ'd, in the Name of Wonder?

Bel. I have observ'd you blush when you met him; force yourself away from him; and then be out of Humour with every Thing about you: In a Word, never was a poor Creature so spurr'd on by Desire, or so rein'd in with Fear!

L. B. How strong is Fancy!

Bel. How weak is Woman!

L. B. Prithee, Niece, have a better Opinion of your Aunt's Inclination.

Bel. Dear Aunt, have a better Opinion of your Niece's Understanding.

L. B. You'll make me angry.

Bel. You'll make me laugh.

L. B. Then you are resolv'd to persist!

Bel. Positively.

L. B. And all I can say——

Bel. Will signify nothing.

L. B. Tho' I should swear 'twere false——

Bel. I should think it true.

L. B. Then let us forgive, [*kissing her*] for we have both offended: I, in making a Secret, you, in discov'ring it.

Bel. Good-Nature may do much: But you have more Reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

L. B. 'Tis true, *Belinda*, you have given me so many Proofs of your Friendship, that my Reserve has been indeed a Crime: But that you may more easily forgive me, remember, Child, that when our Nature prompts us to a Thing our Honour and Religion have forbid us; we wou'd (wer't possible) conceal, even from

from the Soul itself, the Knowledge of the Body's Weakness.

Bel. Well, I hope to make your Friend amends, you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the Body shou'd still grow weaker and weaker.

L. B. No, from this Moment I have no more Reserve; and for a Proof of my Repentance, I own *Belinda*, I'm in Danger. Merit and Wit assault me from without; Nature and Love solicit me within; my Husband's barbarous Usage piques me to Revenge; and *Satan* catching at the fair Occasion, throws in my Way that Vengeance, which of all Vengeance pleases Women best.

Bel. 'Tis well *Constant* don't know the Weakness of the Fortification; for o' my Conscience he'd soon come on to the Assault.

L. B. Ay, and I'm afraid carry the Town too. But whatever you may have observ'd, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So you see I'm no Coquet, *Belinda*: And if you follow my Advice, you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, Coquetry is one of the main Ingredients in the natural Composition of a Woman, and I, as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to see a Crowd of young Fellows ogling, and glancing, and watching all Occasions to do forty foolish officious Things: Nay, shou'd some of 'em push on, even to hanging or drowning: Why—Faith—if I should let pure Woman alone, I shou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with't.

Bel. I'll swear 'twou'd tickle me strangely.

L. B. But after all, 'tis a vicious Practice in us, to give the least Encouragement, but where we design to come to a Conclusion. For 'tis an unreasonable Thing to engage a Man in a Disease, which we before-hand resolve we never will apply a Cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but then a Woman must abandon one of the supreme Blessings of her Life. For I am fully convinc'd, no Man has half that Pleasure in possessing a Mistress, as a Woman has in jilting a Gallant.

L. B.

L. B. The happiest Woman then on Earth must be our Neighbour.

Bel. O the impertinent Composition ! She has Vanity and Affectation enough to make her a ridiculous Original, in spite of all that Art and Nature ever furnish'd to any of her Sex before her.

L. B. She concludes all Men her Captives ; and whatever Course they take, it serves to confirm her in that Opinion.

Bel. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis Modesty, and takes it for a Proof of their Passion.

L. B. And if they are rude to her, 'tis Conduct, and done to prevent Town-talk.

Bel. When her Folly makes 'em laugh, she thinks they are pleas'd with her Wit.

L. B. And when her Impertinence makes 'em dull, concludes they are jealous of her Favours.

Bel. All their Actions and their Words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

L. B. And pities all other Women, because she thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of Pity to ourselves, let us find a better Subject ; for I'm weary of this. Do you think your Husband inclin'd to Jealousy.

L. B. O, no ; he does not love me well enough for that. Lord, how wrong Men's Maxims are ! They are seldom jealous of their Wives, unless they are very fond of 'em ; whereas they ought to consider the Womens Inclinations, for there depends their Fate. Well, Men may talk ; but they are not so wise as we——that's certain.

Bel. At least in our Affairs.

L. B. Nay, I believe we shou'd out do 'em in the Business of the State too : For, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad Work on't.

Bel. Why then don't we get into the Intrigues of Government as well as they ?

L. B. Because we have Intrigues of our own, that
make

make us more Sport, Child. And so let's in and
consider of 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *A Dressing-Room.*

Enter Lady Fancyful, Mademoiselle, and Cornet.

L. F. How do I look this Morning ?

Cor. Your Ladyship looks very ill truly.

L. F. Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me so, tho' the Thing should be true. Don't you know that I have Humility enough to be but too easily out of Conceit with myself ? Hold the Glafs ; I dare swear that will have more Manners than you have. *Mademoiselle*, let me have your Opinion too.

Madem. My Opinion pe, *Matam*, dat your Ladyship never look so well in your Life.

L. F. Well, the *French* are the prettiest obliging People, they say the most acceptable, well-manner'd Things——and never flatter.

Madem. Your Ladyship say great Justice inteed.

L. F. Nay, every Thing's just in my House but *Cornet*. The very Looking-glafs gives her the *Dementi*. But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so very engaging.

[*Looking affectedly in the Glafs.*]

Madem. Inteed, *Matam*, your Face pe handsomer den all the Looking-glafs in the World, croyez moy.

L. F. But is it possible my Eyes can be so languishing,——and so very full of Fire !

Madem. *Matam*, if de Glafs was Burning-glafs, I believe your Eyes set de Fire in de House.

L. F. You may take that Night-gown, *Mademoiselle* ; get out of the Room, *Cornet* ; I can't endure you. This Wench, methinks, does look so unsufferably ugly.

Madem. Every Ting look ugly, *Matam*, dat stand by your Latiship.

L. F. No really, *Mademoiselle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madem. Ah *Matam* ; de Moon have no Eclat, ven de Sun appear.

L. F.

The Provok'd Wife.

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L. F. O pretty Expression! Have you ever been in Love, *Mademoiselle*?

Madem. Ouy, Matam.

[*sighing.*

L. F. And were you belov'd again?

Madem. No, Matam.

[*sighing.*

L. F. O ye Gods! What an unfortunate Creature shou'd I be in such a Case! But Nature has made me nice for my own Defence: I'm nice, strangely nice, *Mademoiselle*. I believe were the Merit of whole Mankind bestow'd upon one single Person, I shou'd still think the Fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take Notice of him: And yet I cou'd love; nay, fondly love, were it possible to have a Thing made on purpose for me: For I'm not cruel, *Mademoiselle*; I'm only nice.

Madem. Ah Matam, I wish I was a fine Gentleman for your Sake. I do all de Ting in the World to get a little Way into your Heart. I make Song, I make Verse, I give you de Serenade, I give great many Present to *Mademoiselle*; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang myself, I drown myself. Ah, ma chere Dame, que je vous aimerois. [*embracing her.*

L. F. Well, the *French* have strange obliging Ways with 'em; you may take those two Pair of Gloves, *Mademoiselle*.

Madem. Me humbly tanke my sweet Lady.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Ser. Madam, here's a Letter for your Ladyship.

L. F. 'Tis thus I am importun'd every Morning, *Mademoiselle*. Pray, how do the *French* Ladies when they are thus *accablées*?

Madem. Matam, dey never complain. Au contraire, When one *Frense* Laty have got a hundred Lover —Den she do all she can—to get a hundred more.

L. F. Well, let me die, I think they have le Goût bon. For 'tis an unutterable Pleasure to be ador'd by all the Men, and envy'd by all the Women —Yet I'll swear I'm concern'd at the Torture I give 'em;

'em. Lard, why was I form'd to make the whole Creation uneasy? But let me read my Letter. [*Reads.*

" If you have a Mind to hear of your Faults, instead of being prais'd for your Virtues, take the Pains to walk in the Green-walk in *St. James's* with your Woman, an Hour hence. You'll there meet one, who hates you for some Things, as he could love you for others, and therefore is willing to endeavour your Reformation——If you come to the Place I mention, you'll know who I am, if you don't, you never shall: So take your Choice."

This is strangely familiar, *Mademoiselle*; now have I a provoking Fancy to know who this impudent Fellow is.

Madem. Den take your Scarf and your Mask, and go the Rendezvous. *De Frense* Laty do justement comme ça.

L. F. Rendezvous! What, rendezvous with a Man, *Mademoiselle*.

Madem. Eh, pourquoi non?

L. F. What, and a Man perhaps I never saw in my Life!

Madem. Tant mieux: C'est donc quelque chose de nouveau.

L. F. Why, how do I know what Designs he may have? He may intend to ravish me, for aught I know.

Madem. Ravish? — Bagatelle. I would fain see one impudent Rogue ravish *Mademoiselle*; Oui, je le voudrois.

L. F. O but my Reputation, *Mademoiselle*, my Reputation; ah, ma chere Reputation.

Madem. Matam——Quand on l'a une fois perdue——On n'en est plus embarrassée.

L. F. Fe, *Mademoiselle*, Fe; Reputation is a Jewel.

Madem. Qui coute bien chere, Matam.

L. F. Why sure you would not sacrifice your Honour to your Pleasure?

Madem.

Madem. Je suis Philosophe.

L. F. Bless me, how you talk ! Why, what if Honour be a Burden, *Mademoiselle*, must it not be borne ?

Madem. Chaqu'un a sa façon——Quand quelque chose m' incommode moy —— je m'en defais, vite.

L. F. Get you gone, you little naughty *French-woman* you, I vow and swear I must turn you out of Doors, if you talk thus.

Madem. Turn me out of Doors !——turn yourself out of Doors, and go see what de Gentleman have to say to you——Tenez. Voilà [*giving her her Things hastily*] votre Escharpe, voilà votre Coife, voila votre Masque, voilà tout. Hey, Mercure, Coquin : Call one Chair for Matam, and one oder [*calling within*] for me : Va t'en, vite.

[*Turning to her Lady, and helping her on hastily with her Things.*]

Alons, Matam ; depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu, quelles Scrupules.

L. F. Well, for once, *Mademoiselle*, I'll follow your Advice, out of the intemperate Desire I have to know who this ill-bred Fellow is. But I have too much Delicatsse, to make a Practice on't.

Madem. Belle chose vrayment que la Delicatsse, lors qu'il s'agit de se divertir——à ça——Vous voilà équipée, pardons.—Hé bien ?——qu'avez vous donc ?

L. F. J'ay Peur.

Madem. Je n'en ay point moy.

L. F. I dare not go.

Madem. Demeurez donc.

L. F. Je suis Poltrone.

Madem. Tant pis pour vous.

L. F. Curiosity's a wicked Devil.

Madem. C'est une charmante Sainte.

L. F. It ruin'd our first Parents.

Madem. Elle a bien diverti leurs Enfants.

L. F. L'Honneur est contre.

Madem.

Madem. Le Plaisir est pur.

L. F. Must I then go?

Madem. Must you go?—must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live? De Nature bid you do one, de Nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enrager.

L. F. But when Reason corrects Nature *Mademoiselle*?

Madem. Elle est donc bien insolente, c'est sa Sœur ainée.

L. F. Do you then prefer your Nature to your Reason, *Mademoiselle*?

Madem. Oui da.

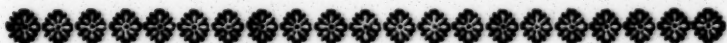
L. F. Pourquoi?

Madem. Because my Nature make me merry, my Reason make me mad.

L. F. Ah, la méchante Françoise.

Madem. Ah, la belle Angloise.

[*Forcing her Lady off.*]



A C T. II.

SCENE, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Lady Fanciful and Mademoiselle.

Lady F. **W**ELL, I vow, *Mademoiselle*; I'm strangely impatient to know who this confident Fellow is.

Enter Heartfree.

Look, there's *Heartfree*. But sure it can't be him; he's a profess'd Woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked Eyes may have done?

Madem. Il nous approche, Matam.

L. F. Yes, 'tis he: Now will he be most intolerably cavalier, tho' he should be in Love with me.

Heartf. Madam, I'm your humble Servant; I perceive

ceive you have more Humility and good Nature than I thought you had.

L. F. What you attribute to Humility and good Nature, Sir, may perhaps be only due to Curiosity. I had a Mind to know who 'twas had ill Manners enough to write that Letter. [*Throwing him his Letter.*]

Heartf. Well, and now I hope you are satisfy'd.

L. F. I am so, Sir; Good-b'w'y t'ye.

Heartf. Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your Business, I han't done mine: By your Ladyship's Leave, we must have one Moment's Prattle together. Have you a Mind to be the prettiest Woman about Town, or not? How she stares upon me! What! this passes for an impertinent Question with you now, because you think you are so already.

L. F. Pray, Sir, let me ask you a Question in my Turn: By what Right do you pretend to examine me?

Heartf. By the same Right that the strong govern the weak, because I have you in my Power; for you cannot get so quickly to your Coach, but I shall have Time enough to make you hear every Thing I have to say to you.

L. F. These are strange Liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree*.

Heartf. They are so, Madam, but there's no Help for it; for know that I have a Design upon you.

L. F. Upon me, Sir!

Heartf. Yes; and one that will turn to your Glory, and my Comfort, if you will but be a little wiser than you use to be.

L. F. Very well, Sir.

Heartf. Let me see——Your Vanity, Madam, I take to be about some eight Degrees higher than any Woman's in the Town, let t'other be who she will; and my Indifference is naturally about the same Pitch. Now could you find the Way to turn this Indifference into Fire and Flames, methinks your Vanity ought to be satisfy'd; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable Terms.

L. F.

L. F. And pray at what Rate would this Indifference be bought off, if one should have so depraved an Appetite to desire it ?

Heartf. Why, Madam, to drive a Quaker's Bargain, and make but one Word with you, if I do part with it—you must lay me down—your Affectation.

L. F. My Affectation, Sir !

Heartf. Why I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

L. F. You grow rude, Sir. Come, *Mademoiselle*, 'tis high Time to be gone.

Madem. Alons, alons, alons.

Heartf. [*stopping them*] Nay, you may as well stand still ; for hear me you shall, walk which Way you please.

L. F. What mean you, Sir ?

Heartf. I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful Woman upon Earth.

L. F. Ungrateful ! To who ?

Heartf. To Nature.

L. F. Why, what has Nature done for me ?

Heartf. What you have undone by Art ! It made you handsome ; it gave you Beauty to a Miracle, a Shape without a Fault, Wit enough to make them relish, and so turn'd you loose to your own Discretion ; which has made such Work with you, that you are become the Pity of our Sex, and the Jest of your own. There is not a Feature in your Face, but you have found the Way to teach it some affected Convulsion ; your Feet, your Hands, your very Fingers' Ends are directed never to move without some ridiculous Air or other ; and your Language is a suitable Trumpet, to draw Peoples' Eyes upon the Raree-show.

Madem. [*aside.*] Est ce qu'on fait l'Amour en Angleterre comme ça.

L. F. [*aside.*] Now cou'd I cry for Madnefs, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heartf. Now do you hate me for telling you the Truth, but that's because you don't believe it is so ; for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own Sake.

L. F.

L. F. Every Circumstance of nice Breeding must needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an Antipathy to good Manners.

Heartf. But suppose I could find the Means to convince you, that the whole World is of my Opinion.

L. F. Sir, tho' you and all the World you talk of shou'd be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave myself; I shou'd still have Charity enough for my own Understanding, to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

Madem. Le voilà mort.

[*Exeunt Lady Fancyful, and Mademoiselle.*]

Heartf. [*gazing after her.*] There her single Clapper has publish'd the Sense of the whole Sex. Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the Black-moor white, but henceforward I'll sooner undertake to teach Sincerity to a Courtier, Generosity to an Usurer, Honesty to a Lawyer, than Discretion to a Woman I see has once set her Heart upon playing the Fool.

Enter Constant.

Morrow, *Constant*.

Const. Good-morrow, *Jack*: What are you doing here this morning?

Heartf. Doing! guess, if you can.—Why I have been endeavouring to persuade my Lady *Fancyful*, that she's the foolish Woman about Town.

Const. A pretty Endeavour truly.

Heartf. I have told her in as plain *English* as I could speak, both what the Town says of her, and what I think of her. "In short, I have us'd her as an absolute King would do *Magna Charta*."

Const. And how does she take it?

Heartf. As Children do Pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

Const. But, pr'ythee, what has put it into your Head, of all Mankind, to turn Reformer?

Heartf. Why, one thing was, the Morning hung upon my Hands, I did not know what to do with myself; and another was, that as little as I care for Women,

men, I cou'd not see with Patience one that Heaven had taken such wonderous Pains about, be so very industrious to make herself the Jack-pudding of the Creation.

Const. Well, now could I almost wish to see my cruel Mistress make the self same use of what Heaven has done for her, that so I might be cur'd of the same Disease that makes me so very uneasy ; for Love, Love is the Devil, *Heartfree.*

Heartf. And why do you let the Devil govern you ?

Const. Because I have more Flesh and Blood than Grace and Self-denial. My dear, dear Mistress, 'Ideath ! that so genteel a Woman should be a Saint, when Religion's out of Fashion.

Heartf. Nay, she's much in the wrong truly ; but who knows how far Time and good Example may prevail ?

Const. O ! they have play'd their Parts in vain already : 'Tis now two Years since the damn'd Fellow her Husband invited me to his Wedding ; and there was the first Time I saw that charming Woman, whom I have lov'd ever since ; but she is cold my Friend, still cold as the northern Star.

Heartf. So are all Women by Nature, which makes them so willing to be warm'd.

Const. O don't prophane the Sex ; pr'ythee think them all Angels for her sake ; for she's virtuous even to a Fault.

Heartf. A Lover's Head is a good accountable thing truly ; he adores his Mistress for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her because she won't be lewd.

Const. Well, the only Relief I expect in my Misery is to see thee some day or other as deeply engag'd as myself, which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my Misfortunes.

Heartf. That Day will never come, be assur'd, *Ned.* Not but that I can pass a Night with a Woman, and for the time, perhaps make myself as good Sport as you can do. Nay, I can court a Woman too, call her Nymph,

Nymph, Angel, Goddess, what you please : But here's the Difference between you and I ; I persuade a Woman she's an Angel, and she persuades you she's one. Pr'ythee let me tell you how I avoid falling in Love ; that which serves me for Prevention, may chance to serve you for a Cure.

Const. Well, use the Ladies moderately then, and I'll hear you.

Heartf. That using them moderately undoes us all ; but I'll use them justly, and that you ought to be satisfied with. I always consider a Woman, not as the Taylor, the Shoemaker, the Tire-woman, the Sempstress, and (which is more than all that) the Poet makes her ; but I consider her as pure Nature has contrived her, and that more strickly than I should have done our old Grandmother Eve, had I seen her naked in the Garden ; for I consider her turn'd inside out. Her Heart well examin'd, I find there Pride, Vanity, Covetousness, Indiscretion ; but above all things, Malice : Plots eternally forging to destroy one another's Reputations, and as honestly to charge the Levity of Mens Tongues with the Scandal ; hourly Debates how to make poor Gentlemen in love with them, with no other Intent but to use them like Dogs when they have done ; a constant Desire of doing more Mischief, and an everlasting War wag'd against Truth and Good-Nature.

Const. Very well, Sir ; an admirable Composition truly !

Heartf. Then for her Outside, I consider it merely as an Outside ; she has a thin Tiffany Covering over just such stuff as you and I are made on. As for her Motion, her Mien, her Airs, and all those Tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your Mistress at a Coronation dragging her Peacock's Train, with all her State and Insolence about her, 'twould strike you with all the awful Thoughts that Heav'n itself could pretend to from you : whereas I turn the whole matter into a Jest, and suppose her strutting in
the

the self same stately manner, with nothing on but her Stays, and her under scanty quilted Petticoat.

Const. Hold thy profane Tongue ; for I'll hear no more.

Heartf. What, you'll love on then ?

Const. Yes, to Eternity.

Heartf. Yet you have no Hopes at all.

Const. None.

Heartf. Nay, the Resolution may be discreet enough ; perhaps you have found out some new Philosophy, that Love like Virtue, is its own Reward : So you and your Mistress will be as well content at a Distance ; as others that have less Learning are in coming together.

Const. No ; but if she should prove kind at last, my dear *Heartfree*. *[Embracing him.]*

Heartf. Nay, pr'ythee don't take me for your Mistress ; for Lovers are very troublesome.

Const. Well who knows what Time may do ?

Heartf. And just now he was sure Time could do nothing.

Const. Yet not one kind Glance in two Years, is somewhat strange.

Heartf. Not strange at all ; she don't like you, that's all the Business.

Const. Pr'ythee don't distract me.

Heartf. Nay, you are a good handsome young Fellow, she might use you better : Come, will you go see her ; Perhaps she may have chang'd her Mind ; there's some Hopes as long as she's a Woman.

Const. O, 'tis in vain to visit her : Sometimes to get a Sight of her, I visit that Beast her Husband, but she certainly finds some Pretence to quit the Room as soon as I enter.

Heartf. It's much she don't tell him you have made Love to her too ; for that's another good-natur'd thing usual amongst Women, in which they have several Ends. Sometimes 'tis to recommend their Virtue, that they may be lewd with the greater Security. Sometimes 'tis to make their Husbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd, when their Affairs require it should be
so :

so; but most commonly 'tis to engage two Men in a Quarrel, that they may have the Credit of being fought for; and if the Lover's kill'd in the Business, they cry, Poor Fellow, he had ill Luck——and so they go to Cards.

Const. Thy Injuries to Women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever you fall into their Hands——

Heartf. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of 'em. O ho! here comes the Knight.

Enter Sir John Brute.

Heartf. Your humble Servant Sir *John*.

Sir *J.* Servant, Sir.

Heartf. How does all your Family?

Sir *J.* Pox o' my Family.

Const. How does your Lady? I han't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir *J.* Do? I don't know how she does, not I; she was well enough Yesterday; I han't been at home To-night.

Const. What, were you out of Town?

Sir *J.* Out of Town! No, I was drinking.

Const. You are a true *Englishman*; don't know your own Happiness. If I were married to such a Woman, I wou'd not be from her a Night for all the Wine in *France*.

Sir *J.* Not from her!—'Oons—what a time should a Man have of that!

Heartf. Why, there's no Division, I hope.

Sir *J.* No; but there's a Conjunction, and that's worse; a Pox of the Parson——Why the Plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the Devil to you.

Heartf. Why, you don't think you have Horns, do you?

Sir *J.* No, I believe my Wife's Religion will keep her honest.

Heartf. And what will make her keep her Religion?

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Sir *J.*

Sir J. Persecution ; and therefore she shall have it.
Heartf. Have a care, Knight, Women are tender things.

Sir J. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard Matter to break their Hearts.

Const. Fy, fy ; you have one of the best Wives in the World, and yet you seem the most uneasy Husband.

Sir J. Best Wives !—the Woman's well enough ; she has no Vice that I know of, but she's a Wife, and ———damn a Wife ; if I were married to a Hog'shead of Claret, Matrimony would make me hate it.

Heartf. Why did you marry then ? You were old enough to know your own Mind.

Sir J. Why did I marry ? I married because I had a mind to lie with her, and she would not let me.

Heartf. Why did you not ravish her ?

Sir J. Yes, and so have hedg'd myself into forty Quarrels with her Relations, besides buying my Pardon : But more than all that, you must know, I was afraid of my Soul in those days : For I kept sneaking, cowardly Company, Fellows that went to Church, said Grace to their Merit, and had not the least Tincture of Quality about them.

Heartf. But I think you are got into a better Gang now.

Sir J. Zoons, Sir, my Lord *Rake* and I are Hand and Glove : I believe we may get our Bones broke together To-night ; have you a mind to share a Frolick ?

Const. Not I, truly ; my Talent lies to softer Exercises.

Sir J. What, a Down-Bed and a Strumpet ? A pox of Venery, I say. Will you come and drink with me this Afternoon ?

Const. I can't drink To-day, but we'll come, and sit an Hour with you if you will.

Sir J. Phugh, Pox, sit an Hour ! Why can't you drink ?

Const. Because I'm to see my Mistress.

Sir J.

Sir J. Who's that ?

Const. Why, do you use to tell ?

Sir J. Yes.

Const. So won't I.

Sir J. Why ?

Const. Because, 'tis a Secret.

Sir J. Would my Wife knew it, 'twould be no Secret long.

Const. Why, do you think she can't keep a Secret ?

Sir J. No more than she can keep *Lent*.

Heartf. Pr'ythee, tell it her to try, *Constant*.

Sir J. No, pr'ythee don't, that I may 'nt be plagu'd with it.

Const. I'll hold you a Guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir J. I'll hold you a Guinea I do.

Const. Which way ?

Sir J. Why I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heartf. Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

Const. But do you think, Sir——

Sir J. 'Oons, Sir, I think a Woman and a Secret are the two impertinentest Themes in the Universe: Therefore pray let's hear no more of my Wife, nor your Mistress. Damn 'em both with all my Heart, and every thing else that daggles a Petticoat, except four generous Whores, who are drunk with my Lord *Rake* and I ten times in a Fortnight.

[Exit Sir John.]

Const. Here's a dainty Fellow for you! And the veriest Coward too. But his Usage of his Wife makes me ready to stab the Villain.

Heartf. Lovers are short-sighted: All their Senses run into that of Feeling. This Proceeding of his is the only thing on Earth can make your Fortune. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a Gallant, 'tis his ill Usage of her; Pr'ythee, take heart, I have great Hopes for you: And since I can't bring you quite off of her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining Lover is the damnest Companion upon Earth.

Const. My dear Friend, flatter me a little more with
B 2 these

these Hopes ; for whilst they prevail, I have Heaven within me, and could melt with Joy.

Heartf. Pray no melting yet ; let things go farther first. This Afternoon perhaps we shall make some Advance. In the mean while, let's go dine at *Locket's*, and let Hope get you a Stomach. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

Enter Lady Fancyful, and Mademoiselle.

L. F. Did you ever see an thing so importune *Mademoiselle*.

Madem. Inteed, Matam, to say de trute, he want leetel Good-breeding.

L. F. Good-breeding ! He wants to be caned, *Mademoiselle* : an insolent Fellow ! And yet let me expose my Weakness, 'tis the only Man on Earth I cou'd resolve to dispense my Favours on, were he but a fine Gentleman. Well ! did Men but know how deep an Impression a fine Gentleman makes in a Lady's Heart, they would reduce all their Studies to that of Good-breeding alone.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Will your Ladyship please to dine yet ?

L. F. Yes, let 'em serve. [*Exit Servant.*] Sure this *Heartfree* has bewitched me, *Mademoiselle*. You can't imagine how odly he mixt himself in my Thoughts during my Rapture e'en now. I vow 'tis a thousand Pities he is not more polish'd ; Don't you think so ?

Madem. Matam, I tink it so great Pity, dat if I was in your Ladyship's place, I take him home in my House, I lock him up in my Closet, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine Laty expect from fine Gentlemen.

L. F. Why truly I believe I should soon subdue his Brutality ; for without doubt, he has a strange *Penchant* to grow fond of me, in spite of his Aversion to the Sex, else he wou'd ne'er have taken so much Pains about

about me. Lord, how proud wou'd some poor Creatures be of such a Conquest ! But I alas, I don't know how to receive as a Favour, what I take to be so infinitely my Due. But what shall I do to new mould him, *Mademoiselle*, for till then he's my utter Aversion.

Madem. Matam, you must laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into de reticule all he say, and all he do.

L. F. Why truly, Satire has ever been of wond'rous Use to reform Ill-manners. Besides, 'tis my particular Talent to ridicule Folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, *Mademoiselle*.—Give me the Pen and Ink—I find myself whimsical—I'll write to him.—Or I'll let it alone, and be severe upon him that way, [*Sitting down to write, rising up again.*]—Yet Active Severity is better than Passive. [*Sitting down.*]—'Tis as good to let it alone too ; for every Lash I give him, perhaps he'll take for a Favour.—Yet 'tis a thousand Pities so much Satire should be lost. [*Sitting.*]—But if it shou'd have a wrong Effect upon him, 'twould distract me. [*Rising.*]—Well, I must write tho' after all. [*Sitting.*]—Or I'll let it alone, which is the same thing. [*Rising.*]

Madem. La voilà déterminée.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T III.

SCENE opens. *Sir John, Lady Brute, and Belinda rising from the Table.*

Sir J. **H**ERE ; take away the things ; I expect Company. But first bring me a Pipe ; I'll smoak. [*To a Servant.*]

L. B. Lord, *Sir John*, I wonder you won't leave that nasty Custom.

The Provok'd Wife.

Sir J. Pr'ythee don't be impertinent.

Bel. [*to Lady Brute.*] I wonder who those are he expects this Afternoon?

L. B. I'd give the World to know: Perhaps 'tis *Constance*, he comes here sometimes; if it does prove him, I'm resolv'd I'll share the Visit.

Bel. We'll send for our Work and sit here.

L. B. He'll choak us with his Tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us when we are doing what we have a mind to. *Lovewell!*

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. Madam.

L. B. Here; bring my Cousin's Work and mine hither. [*Exit Lov. and re-enters with their Work.*]

Sir J. Wy, Pox, can't you work somewhere else?

L. B. We shall be careful not to disturb you, Sir.

Bel. Your Pipe would make you too thoughtful, Uncle, if you were left alone; our Prattle-prattle will cure your Spleen.

Sir J. Will it so, Mrs. Pert! Now I believe it will so increase it. [*Sitting and smoking.*] I shall take my own House for a Paper-mill.

L. B. [*to Bel. aside.*] Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir J. A Woman's Tongue a Cure for the Spleen—'Oons—[*aside.*] If a Man had got the Head-ach, they'd be for applying the same Remedy.

L. B. You have done a great deal, *Belinda*, since Yesterday.

Bel. Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like it?

L. B. O, 'tis the prettiest Fringe in the World. Well, Cousin, you have the happiest Fancy: Pr'ythee advise me about altering my Crimson Petticoat.

Sir J. A Pox o' your Petticoat; here's such a Pra-ting, a Man can't digest his own Thoughts for you.

L. B. Don't answer him. [*aside.*] Well, what do you advise me?

Bel.

Bel. Why, really, I would not alter it at all. Me-thinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

L. B. Ay, that's true: But you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the World, when one has had 'em long.

Sir J. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little?

L. B. With all my Heart. *Belinda*, don't you long to be marry'd?

Bel. Why, there are some things in it I could like well enough.

L. B. What do you think you shou'd dislike?

Bel. My Husband, a hundred to one else.

L. B. O ye wicked Wretch! Sure you don't speak as you think.

Bel. Yes, I do: especially if he smoak'd Tobacco.

[He looks earnestly at them:]

L. B. Why, that many times takes off worse Smells.

Bel. Then he must smell very ill indeed.

L. B. So some Men will, to keep their Wives from coming near 'em.

Bel. Then those Wives shou'd cuckold 'em at a Distance.

[He rises in a Fury, throws his Pipe at 'em, and drives 'em out. As they run off, Constant and Heartfree enter, Lady Brute runs against Constant.]

Sir J. 'Oons, get you gone up Stairs, you confederating Strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you with a Vengeance.

L. B. O Lord, he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, dear Mr. *Constant*, save us. *[Exeunt.]*

Sir J. I'll cuckold you with a Pox.

Const. Heav'n! Sir *John*, what's the matter?

Sir J. Why these two Gentlewomen did but hear me say I expected you here this Afternoon; upon which, they presently resolv'd to take up the Room, o' purpose to plague me and my Friends.

Const. Was that all? Why we shou'd have been glad of their Company.

Sir J. Then I should have been weary of yours: for I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoaking Tobacco too; and said Men stunk. But I have a good mind—to say something.

Const. No, nothing against the Ladies, pray.

Sir J. Split the Ladies. Come, will you sit down? Give us some Wine, Fellow? You won't smoak?

Const. No, nor drink neither at this time, I must ask your Pardon.

Sir J. What, this Mistress of yours runs in your Head! I'll warrant its some such squeamish Minx as my Wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a dirty Shirt.

Heartf. That a Woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir J. Pox of the Women, let's drink. Come, you shall take one Glass, tho' I send for a Box of Lozenges to sweeten your Mouth after it.

Const. Nay, if one Glass will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that Expeance.

Sir J. Why that's honest. Fill some Wine, Sirrah: So here's to you, Gentlemen—A Wife's the Devil. To your being both married. *[They drink.]*

Heartf. O, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Sir J. Well. how do you like my Wine?

Const. 'Tis very good indeed.

Heartf. 'Tis admirable.

Sir J. Then give us t'other Glass.

Const. No, pray excuse us now: We'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir J. This one Glass, and no more. Come, it shall be your Mistress's Health: And that's a great Compliment from me, I assure you.

Const. And 'tis a very obliging one to me: So give us the Glasses.

Sir J. So; let her live.

[Sir John coughs in the Glass.]

Heartf. And be kind.

Const. What's the matter? Does it go the wrong way?

Sir J. If I had Love enough to be jealous, I shou'd take this for an ill Omen: For I never drank my Wife's Health in my Life, but I puk'd in the Glafs.

Const. O she's too virtuous to make any reasonable Man jealous.

Sir J. Pox of her Virtue. If I cou'd but catch her Adulterating, I might be divorc'd from her by Law.

Heartf. And so pay her a yearly Pension, to be a distinguish'd Cuckold.

Enter Servant.

Serv Sir, there's my Lord *Rake*, Colonel *Bully*, and some other Gentlemen at the *Blue-Posts*, desire your Company.

Sir J. Cod's so, we are to consult about playing the Devil to-night.

Heartf. Well, we don't hinder Business.

Sir J. Methinks I don't know how to leave you two: But for once I must make bold. Or look you; maybe the Conference mayn't last long! So if you'll wait here half an Hour, or an Hour; if I don't come then—why then—I won't come at all.

Heartf. [*to Const.*] A good modest Proposition, truly. [*Aside.*]

Const. But let's accept on't however. Who knows what may happen?

Heartf. Well, Sir, to shew you how fond we are of your Company, we'll expect your Return as long as we can.

Sir J. Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all; But Business, you know must be done. So your Servant—Or hark you, if you have a mind to take a Frisk with us, I have an Interest with my Lord; I can easily introduce you.

Const. We are much beholden to you; but for my part, I'm engag'd another way.

Sir J. What! to your Mistress, I'll warrant. Pr'ythee leave your nasty Punk to entertain herself

with her own lewd Thoughts, and make one with us to night.

Const. Sir, 'tis Business that is to employ me.

Heartf. And me; and Business must be done, you know.

Sir J. Ay, Women's Business, tho' the World were consum'd for't. [Exit Sir John.]

Const. Farewel, Beast; and now, my dear Friend, would my Mistress be but as complaisant as some Men's Wives, who think it a piece of good Breeding to receive the Visits of their Husband's Friends in his Absence.

Heartf. Why for your sake I could forgive her, tho' she should be so complaisant to receive something else in his Absence. But what way shall we invent to see her?

Const. O ne'er hope it: Invention will prove as vain as Wishes.

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

Heartf. What do you think now, Friend?

Const. I think I shall swoon.

Heartf. I'll speak first then, whilst you fetch breath.

L. B. We think ourselves oblig'd, Gentlemen, to come and return you Thanks for your Knight-Errantry. We were just upon being devour'd by the fiery Dragon.

Bel. Did not his Fumes almost knock you down, Gentlemen?

Heartf. Truly, Ladies, we did undergo some Hardships; and should have done more, if some greater Heroes than ourselves had not diverted him.

Const. Tho' I'm glad of the Service you are pleas'd to say we have done you; yet I'm sorry we could do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy to what you would perhaps have kept a Secret.

L. B. For Sir John's part, I suppose he design'd it no Secret, since he made so much Noise. And for myself,

myself, truly I'm not much concern'd, since 'tis fallen only into this Gentleman's Hands and yours ; who, I have many Reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my Disadvantage.

Const. Your good Opinion, Madam, was what I fear'd I never could have merited.

L. B. Your Fears were vain then, Sir ; for I'm just to every body.

Heartf. Pr'ythee, *Constant*, what is't you do to get the Ladies good Opinions ; for I'm a Novice at it ?

Bel. Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you ?

Heartf. Yes, that I will with all my Soul, Madam.

Bel. Why then you must never be slovenly ; never be out of humour, never smoak Tobacco, nor drink but when you are dry.

Heartf. That's hard.

Const. Nay, if you take his Bottle from him, you break his Heart, Madam.

Bel. Why, is it possible the Gentleman can love Drinking !

Heartf. Only by way of Antidote.

Bel. Against what, pray ?

Heartf. Against Love, Madam.

L. B. Are you afraid of being in Love, Sir ?

Heartf. I shou'd, if there were any Danger of it.

L. B. Pray why so ?

Heartf. Because I always had an Aversion to being us'd like a Dog.

Bel. Why, truly, Men in Love are seldom us'd better.

L. B. But was you never in Love, Sir ?

Heartf. No, I thank Heav'n, Madam.

Bel. Pray, where got you your Learning then ?

Heartf. From other People's Expence.

Bel. That's being a Spunger, Sir, which is scarce honest : If you'd buy some Experience with your own Money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

Enter

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady *Fancyful*, to wait upon your Ladyship.

L. B. Shield me, kind Heaven! What an Inundation of Impertinence is here coming upon us?

Enter Lady Fancyful, who runs first to Lady Brute, then to Belinda, kissing 'em.

L. F. My dear Lady *Brute*, and sweet *Belinda*, methinks 'tis an Age since I saw you.

L. B. Yet 'tis but three Days; sure you have pass'd your time very ill, it seems so long to you.

L. F. Why really, to confess the Truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigu'd with the Addresses of unfortunate Gentlemen, that, were it not for the Extravagancy of the Example, I shou'd e'en tear out these wicked Eyes with my own Fingers, to make both myself and Mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. *Heartfree*, for I take you to be my faithful Adviser?

Heartf. Why truly, Madam — I think — every Project that is for the good of Mankind, ought to be encourag'd.

L. F. Then I have your Consent, Sir?

Heartf. To do whatever you please, Madam.

L. F. You had a much more limited Complaisance this Morning, Sir. Would you believe it, Ladies? The Gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty Faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of 'em.

Const. Why, truly, Madam, my Friend there is apt to be something familiar with the Ladies.

L. F. He is indeed, Sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it: He has had the Goodness to design a Reformation, ev'n down to my Fingers-ends.——

'Twas thus, I think Sir [*Opening her Fingers in an awkward manner.*] you'd have 'em stand——My Eyes too

too he did not like: How was't you wou'd have directed 'em? Thus I think. [*Staring at him.*]—Then there was something amiss in my Gaite too: I don't know well how 'twas; but as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to take a turn or two about the Room, that the Company may see you—He's fullen, Ladies, and won't. But, to make short, and give you as true an Idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this Figure in general, he would have moulded me to: But I was an obstinate Woman, and could not resolve to make myself Mistress of his Heart, by growing as awkward as his Fancy.

[*She walks awkwardly about, staring and looking ungainly, then changes on a sudden to the Extremity of her usual Affectation.*]

Heartf. Just thus Women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are so with us.

[*Here Constant and Lady Brute talk together apart.*]

L. F. 'Twould however be less Vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, Sir.

Heartf. Madam, all I shall presume to conclude, is, That if I were in Love, you'd find the Means to make me soon weary on't.

L. F. Not by Over-fondness upon my Word, Sir. But pray let's stop here; for you are so much govern'd by Instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

Eel. [*Aside*] Now am I sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous. Well, for my part, I should be glad to find some-body would be so free with me, that I might know my Faults, and mend 'em.

L. F. Then pray let me recommend this Gentleman to you: I have known him some time, and will be Surety for him, that upon a very limited Encouragement on your Side, you shall find an extended Impudence on his.

Heartf. I thank you, Madam, for your Recommendation: But hating Idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a Place where I believe there would be
nothing

nothing to do. I was fond of serving your Ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant Employment.

L. F. I told you he'd be rude, *Belinda*.

Bel. O, a little Bluntness is a sign of Honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, Sir, if you have no other Exceptions to my Service, but the Fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list yourself: I shall find you Work, I warrant you.

Heartf. Upon those Terms I engage, Madam; and this (with your leave) I take for Earnest.

[Offering to kiss her Hand.]

Bel. Hold there, Sir; I'm none of your Earnest givers. But if I'm well serv'd, I give good Wages, and pay punctually.

[Heartf. and Bel. seem to continue talking familiarly.]

L. F. *[Aside.]* I don't like this jesting between 'em——Methinks the Fool begins to look as if he were in earnest——but then he must be a Fool indeed.——Lard, what a Difference there is between me and her. *[Looking at Bel. scornfully.]* How I shou'd despise such a Thing, if I were a Man!——What a Nose she has——What a Chin——What a Neck——Then her Eyes——And the worst kissing Lips in the Universe——No, no, he can never like her, that's positive——Yet I can't suffer 'em together any longer. Mr. *Heartfree*, do you know, that you and I must have no Quarrel for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe now and then: But Women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

Heartf. Up to a certain Age, Madam.

L. F. Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

Heartf. *[Aside.]* Nor never will, I dare swear.

L. F. *[To Lady Brute.]* Come, Madam, will your Ladyship be Witness to our Reconciliation;

L. B. You agree then at last?

Heartf. *[Slightly.]* We forgive.

L. F. *[Aside.]* That was a cold ill-natur'd Reply.

L. B. Then there's no Challenges sent between you?

Heartf.

Heartf. Not from me, I promise [*Aside to Constant.*] But that's more than I'll do for her; for I know she can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Const. That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest she should suspect something, and be malicious.

Heartf. With all my Heart.

Const. Ladies, we are your humble Servants, I see Sir *John* is quite engag'd, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, *Heartfree*. [*Exit.*]

Heartf. Ladies, your Servant, [*To Belinda.*] I hope Madam, you won't forget our Bargain; I'm to say what I please to you. [*Exit Heartfree.*]

Bel. Liberty of Speech entire, Sir.

L. F. [*Aside.*] Very pretty truly—But how the Blockhead went out languishing at her; and not a Look toward me—Well, People may talk, but Miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, such a rude Fellow as he, and such a little Impertinent as she, should be capable of making a Woman of my Sphere uneasy. But I can bear her Sight no longer—methinks she's grown ten times uglier than *Cornet*. I must home, and study Revenge. [*To Lady Brute.*] Madam, your humble Servant; I must take my Leave.

L. B. What, going already, Madam?

L. F. I must beg you'll excuse me this once; for really I have eighteen Visits to return this Afternoon: So you see I'm importun'd by the Women as well as the Men.

Bel. [*Aside.*] And she's quits with them both.

L. F. [*Going*] Nay, you shan't go one Step out of the Room.

L. B. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

L. F. No, sweet Lady *Brute*, you know I swoon at Ceremony.

L. B. Pray give me leave.

L. F. You know I won't.

L. B. Indeed I must.

L. F. Indeed you shan't.

L. B.

L. B. Indeed I will.

L. F. Indeed you shan't.

L. B. Indeed I will.

L. F. Indeed you shan't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you shan't. [*Exit Lady Fan. running; they follow.*

Re-enter Lady Brute, sola.

This impertinent Woman has put me out of Humour for a Fortnight—What an agreeable Moment has her foolish Visit interrupted! Lord, what a Pleasure there is in doing what we should not do!

Re-enter Constant.

Ha! here again?

Const. Tho' the renewing my Visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your Pardon for it, Madam, when you know I only left the Room, lest the Lady who was here should have been as malicious in her Remarks, as she's foolish in her Conduct.

L. B. He, who has Discretion enough to be tender of a Woman's Reputation, carries a Virtue about him may atone for a great many Faults.

Const. If it has a Title to atone for any, its Pretensions must needs be strongest, where the Crime is Love. I therefore hope I shall be forgiven the Attempt I have made upon your Heart, since my Enterprize has been a Secret to all the World but yourself.

L. B. Secrecy indeed, in Sins of this kind, is an Argument of Weight to lessen the Punishment; but nothing's a Plea, for a Pardon entire, without a sincere Repentance.

Const. If Sincerity in Repentance consists in Sorrow for offending, no Cloyster ever inclos'd so true Penitent as I should be. But I hope it cannot be reckon'd an Offence to love, where it is a Duty to adore.

L. B. 'Tis an Offence, a great one, where it would rob a Woman of all she ought to be ador'd for, her Virtue.

Const. Virtue?—Virtue, alas! is no more like the thing that's call'd so, than 'tis like Vice itself.

L. B. If it be a thing of so very little Value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your Wives and Daughters?

Const.

Const. We recommend it to our Wives, Madam, because we wou'd keep 'em to ourselves; and to our Daughters, because we wou'd dispose of 'em to others.

L. B. 'Tis then of some Importance, it seems, since you can't dispose of them without it.

Const. That Importance, Madam, lies in the Humour of the Country, not in the Nature of the Thing. Pray what does your Ladyship think of a powder'd Coat for deep Mourning?

L. B. I think, Sir, your Sophistry has all the Effect that you can reasonably expect it should have; it puzzles, but don't convince.

Const. I'm sorry for it.

L. B. I'm sorry to hear you say so.

Const. Pray why?

L. B. Because if you expected more from it, you have a worse Opinion of my Understanding than I desire you should have.

Const. [*aside.*] I comprehend her: She would have me set a Value upon her Chastity, that I might think myself the more oblig'd to her, when she makes me a Present of it. [*to her.*] I beg you will believe I did but rally, Madam; I know you judge too well of Right and Wrong, to be deceiv'd by Arguments like those. I hope you'll have so favourable an Opinion of my Understanding too, to believe the thing call'd Virtue has Worth enough with me, to pass for an eternal Obligation where'er 'tis sacrific'd.

L. B. It is, I think, so great a one, as nothing can repay.

Const. Yes; the making the Man you love your everlasting Debtor.

L. B. When Debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their Creditors Company.

Const. That, Madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of Usurers, and not of a generous Friend. Let us choose our Creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful as to shun 'em.

L. B. What think you of Sir John, Sir; I was his free Choice?

L. F.

Const. I think he's married, Madam.

L. B. Does Marriage then exclude Men from your Rule of Constancy?

Const. It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous Agent, that cannot buckle to the Chains of Wedlock.

L. B. Have you no Exceptions to this general Rule, as well as to t'other?

Const. Yes, I wou'd, after all, be an Exception to it myself, if you were free in Power and Will to make me so.

L. B. Compliments are well plac'd, where 'tis impossible to lay hold on 'em.

Const. I wou'd to Heav'n 'twere possible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might see it is no Compliment at all. But since you are already dispos'd of, beyond Redemption, to one who does not know the Value of the Jewel you have put into his Hands, I hope you wou'd not think him greatly wrong'd, tho' it shou'd sometimes be look'd on by a Friend, who knows how to esteem it as he ought.

L. B. If looking on't alone wou'd serve his turn, the Wrong perhaps might not be very great.

Const. Why, what if he should wear it now and then a Day, so he gave good Security to bring it home again at Night?

L. B. Small Security I fancy, might serve for that. One might venture to take his Word.

Const. Then where's the Injury to the Owner?

L. B. 'Tis an Injury to him if he think it one. For if Happiness be seated in the Mind, Unhappiness must be so too.

Const. Here I close with you, Madam, and draw my conclusive Argument from your own Position: If the Injury lie in the Fancy, there needs nothing but Secrecy to prevent the Wrong.

L. B. [*going.*] A surer Way to prevent it, is to hear no more Arguments in its Behalf.

Const. [*following her.*] But, Madam——

L. B. But, Sir 'tis my Turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a Visit.

Const.

Const. [*catching her Hand.*] By Heaven, you shall not stir, till you give me Hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient Time and Place.

L. B. I give you just Hopes enough—[*breaking from him.*] to get loose from you : and that's all I can afford you at this Time.

[*Exit running.*]

Constant solus.

Now by all that's great and good, she's a charming Woman. In what Extasy of Joy she has left me ! For she gave me Hope, did she not say she gave me Hope ? —Hope ! Ay ; what Hope——enough to make me let her go—why that's enough in Conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke ; Hope was the Word ; it came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter Heartfree.

Ha, *Heartfree* ! Thou hast done me noble Service in prattling to the young Gentlewoman without there ; come to my Arms, thou venerable Bawd, and let me squeeze thee [*Embracing him eagerly.*] as a new Pair of Stays does a fat Country Girl, when she's carried to Court to stand for a Maid of Honour.

Heartf. Why what the Devil's all this Rapture for ?

Const. Rapture ! There's ground for Rapture, Man ; there's Hopes, my *Heartfree*, Hopes, my Friend.

Heartf. Hopes ! of what ?

Const. Why, Hopes that my Lady and I together (for 'tis more than one Body's Work) should make Sir *John* a Cuckold.

Heartf. Pr'ythee, what did she say to thee ?

Const. Say ! What did she not say ? she said that—says she—she said—Zoons, I don't know what she said : But she look'd as if she said every thing I'd have her ; and so if thou'lt go to the Tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing that Gold can buy ; I'll give all my Silver amongst the Drawers, make a Bonfire before the Door ; say the Plenipo's have sign'd the Peace, and the Bank of *England's* grown honest.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE opens; Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. at a Table, drinking.

All. Huzza!

L. R. Come, Boys, charge again—So—Confusion to all Order. Here's Liberty of Conscience.

All. Huzza!

L. R. Come, sing the Song I made this Morning.

L. R. [*Rep.*] *And in Peace I'll jog on to the Devil.*
Well, how do you like it, Gentlemen?

All. O, admirable!

Sir J. I wou'd not give a Fig for a Song that is not full of Sin and Impudence.

L. R. Then my Muse is to your Taste. But drink away; the night steals upon us; we shall want Time to be lwd in. Hey, Page, fally, out Sirrah, and see what's doing in the Camp; we'll beat up their Quarters presently.

Page. I'll bring your Lordship an exact Account.

[*Exit* Page.]

L. R. Now let the Spirit of Clary go round. Here's to our Forlorn Hope, Courage, Knight, Victory attends you.

Sir J. And Laurels shall crown me; drink away, and be damn'd.

L. R. Again, Boys; t'other Glass, and damn Morality.

Sir J. [*drunk.*] Ay—damn Morality—and damn the Watch. And let the Constable be married.

All. Huzza!

Re-enter Page.

L. R. How are the Streets inhabited, Sirrah?

Page. My Lord, its Sunday-night, they are full of drunken Citizens.

L. R. Along then, Boys, we shall have a Feast.

C. B. Along, noble Knight.

Sir J. Ay—along *Bully*; and he that says Sir *John Brute* is not as drunk and as religious as the drunkenest Citizen of them all——is a Liar, and the Son of a Whore.

C. B. Why, that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born *Englishman*. Sir

Sir J. What's that to you, Sir, whether I am an *Englishman* or a *Frenchman*.

C. B. Zoons, you are not angry, Sir?

Sir J. Zoons, I am angry, Sir—for if I'm a free-born *Englishman*, what have you to do, even to talk of my Privileges?

L. R. Why, pr'ythee, Knight, don't quarrel here; leave private Animosities to be decided by Day-light; let the Night be employ'd against the publick Enemy.

Sir J. My Lord, I respect you because you are a Man of Quality. But I'll make that Fellow know, I am within a Hair's breadth as absolute by my Privileges, as the King of *France* is by his Prerogative. He by his Prerogative takes Money where it is not his due; I by my Privilege refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and Property, and *Old England*. Huzza!

All. Huzza! [Exit Sir John reeling, all following him.]

S C E N E, *A Bed Chamber.*

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

L. B. Sure it's late, *Belinda*, I begin to be sleepy.

Bel. Yes, 'tis near Twelve. Will you go to Bed?

L. B. To Bed, my Dear? And by that Time I am fallen into a sweet Sleep (or perhaps a sweet Dream, which is better and better) Sir *John* will come home roaring drunk, and be overjoy'd he finds me in a Condition to be disturb'd.

Bel. O you need not fear him, he's in for all Night. The Servants say he's gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*.

L. B. Nay, 'tis not very likely, indeed, such suitable Company should part presently. What Hogs Men turn, *Belinda*, when they grow weary of Women?

Bel. And what Owls they are, whilst they are fond of 'em.

L. B. But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our accounts. But pr'ythee one Word of poor *Constant* before we go to bed, if it be
but

but to furnish Matter for Dreams : I dare swear he's talking of me now, or thinking of me at least.

Bel. So he ought, I think ; for you were pleas'd to make him a good round Advance To-day, Madam.

L. B. Why, I have e'en plagu'd him enough to satisfy any reasonable Woman : He has besieg'd me these two Years to no Purpose.

Bel. And if he besieg'd you two Years more, he'd be well enough pay'd, so he had the plundering of you at last.

L. B. That may be ; but I'm afraid the Town won't be able to hold out much longer : for to confess the Truth to you, *Belinda*, the Garrison begins to grow mutinous.

Bel. Then the sooner you capitulate, the better.

L. B. Yet, methinks, I wou'd fain stay a little longer to see you fix'd too, that we might start together, and see who cou'd love longest. What think you, if *Heartfree* shou'd have a Month's Mind to you.

Bel. Why faith I cou'd almost be in love with him for despising that foolish, affected Lady *Fancyful* ; but I'm afraid he's too cold ever to warm himself by my Fire.

L. B. Then he deserves to be froze to death. Wou'd I were a Man for your sake, dear Rogue. [*Kissing her.*]

Bel. You'd wish yourself a Woman again for your own, or the Men are mistaken. But if I cou'd make a Conquest of this Son of *Bacchus*, and rival his Bottle, what shou'd I do with him ? He has no Fortune, I can't marry him : and sure you wou'd not have me do I don't know what with him.

L. B. Why, if you did, Child, 'twould be but a good friendly Part ; if 'twere only to keep me in countenance, whilst I play the Fool with *Constant*.

Bel. Well, if I can't resolve to serve you that way, I may perhaps some other, as much to your Satisfaction. But pray, how shall we contrive to see these Blades again quickly ?

L. B. We must e'en have recourse to the old way ; make 'em an Appointment 'twixt Jest and Earnest ;
 'twill

'twill look like a Frolick, and that you know is a very good thing to save a Woman's Blushes.

Bel. You advise well ; but where shall it be ?

L. B. In *Spring-Garden*. But they shan't know their Women, till they pull off their Masks ; for a Surprize is the most agreeable thing in the World : And I find myself in a very good Humour, ready to do 'em any good Turn I can think on.

Bel. Then pray write 'em the necessary Billet, without farther Delay.

L. B. Let's go into your Chamber then, and whilst you say your Prayers, I'll do it, Child. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. with Swords drawn.

L. R. **I**S the Dog dead ?

C. B. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

L. R. How the Witch his Wife howl'd !

C. B. Ay, she'll alarm the Watch presently.

L. R. Appear, Knight, then ; come, you have a good Cause to fight for, there's a Man murder'd.

Sir J. Is there ! then let his Ghost be satisfy'd ; for I'll sacrifice a Constable to it presently, and burn his Body upon his wooden Chair.

Enter a Taylor, with a Bundle under his Arm.

C. B. How now ; what have we got here ? a Thief.

Tay. No, an't please you, I'm no Thief.

L. R. That we'll see presently : Here ; let the General examine him.

Sir J. Ay, ay, let me examine him, and I'll lay a hun-

a hundred Pound I find him guilty in spite of his Teeth—for he looks—like a—sneaking Rascal. Come, Sirrah, without Equivocation or mental Reservation, tell me of what Opinion you are, and what Calling; for by them—I shall guess at your Morals.

Tay. An't please you, I'm a dissenting Journeyman Taylor.

Sir J. Then, Sirrah, you love Lying by your Religion, and Theft by your Trade: And so, that your Punishments may be suitable to your Crimes—I'll have you first gagg'd—and then hang'd.

Tay. Pray, good worthy Gentlemen, don't abuse me: indeed I'm an honest Man, and a good Workman, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it.

Sir J. No Words, Sirrah, but attend you Fate.

L. R. Let me see what's in that Bundle.

Tay. An't please you, its my Lady's short Cloak and wrapping Gown.

Sir J. What Lady, you Reptile, you?

Tay. My Lady *Brute*, an't please your Honour.

Sir J. My Lady *Brute*! my Wife! the Robe of my Wife—with Reverence let me approach it. The dear Angel is always taking Care of me in Danger, and has sent me this Suit of Armour to protect me in this Day of Battle; on they go.

All. O brave Knight!

L. R. Live *Don Quixot* the Second.

Sir J. Sancho, my 'Squire, help me on with my Armour.

Tay. O dear Gentlemen! I shall be quite undone if you take the Sack.

Sir J. Retire, Sirrah! and since you carry off your Skin, go home and be happy.

Sir J. So! how d'ye like my Shapes now?

L. R. To a Miracle! He looks like a Queen of the *Amazons*—But to your Arms! Gentlemen! The Enemy's upon their March—here's the Watch——

Sir J. 'Oons! if it were *Alexander* the Great, at the Head of his Army, I wou'd drive him into a Horse-Pond.

All. Huzza! O brave Knight!

Enter

Enter Watchman.

Sir J. Sec ! Here he comes, with all his Greeks about him——

Watch. Hey-dey ! Who have we got here—stand.

Sir J. May-hap not !

Watch. What are you all doing here in the Streets at this time o'night ? And who are you, Madam, that seem to be at the Head of this noble Crew ?

Sir J. Sirrah ? I am *Bonduca*, Queen of the *Welchmen* ; and with a Leek as long as my Pedigree, I will destroy your *Roman Legion* in an Instant——*Britons strike home.* [*Snatches a Watchman's Staff, strikes at the Watch, and falls down, his Party drowe off.*]

Watch. So ! We have got the Queen, however ! We'll make her pay well for her Ransom——Come, Madam, will your Majesty please to walk before the Constable ?

Sir J. The Constable's a Rascal ! And you are a Son of a Whore !

Watch. A most noble Reply, truly ! If this be her royal Style, I'll warrant her Maids of Honour prattle prettily : But we'll teach you some of our Court-Dialect before we part with you, Princess—Away with her to the Round-house.

Sir J. Hands off, you Ruffians ! My Honour's dearer to me than my Life ; I hope you won't be uncivil.

Watch. Away with her.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Heartfree solus.

What the Plague ails me ?——Love ? No, I thank you for that, my Heart's Rock still——Yet 'tis *Belinda* that disturbs me, that's positive——Well, what of all that ! Must I love her for being troublesome ? At that Rate I might love all the Women I meet, I-gad. But hold !——tho' I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her——

C

Ay,

Ay, that may be, faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain—Well, so I have of my Mother; therefore what's that to the Purpose? Ay, but *Belinda* runs in my Mind waking—and so does many a damn'd thing, that I don't care a Farthing for—Methinks, tho' I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no Business—Well, am I the first Man that has had a Mind to do an impertinent thing?

Enter Constant.

Const. How now, *Heartfree*? What makes you up and dress'd so soon? I thought none but Lovers quarrel'd with their Beds; I expected to have found you snoring, as I us'd to do.

Heartf. Why, faith, Friend, 'tis the Care I have of your Affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all Night how to bring your Matter about with *Belinda*?

Const. With *Belinda*!

Heartf. With my Lady, I mean: And faith I have mighty Hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfy'd with her Behaviour to you Yesterday?

Const. So well, that nothing but a Lover's Fears can make me doubt of Success. But what can this sudden Change proceed from?

Heartf. Why, you saw her Husband beat her, did you not?

Const. That's true: A Husband is scarce to be borne upon any terms, much less when he fights with his Wife. Methinks, she shou'd e'en have cuckolded him upon the very Spot, to shew that after the Battle she was Master of the Field.

Heartf. A Council of War of Women wou'd infallibly have advis'd her to't. But, I confess, so agreeable a Woman as *Belinda* deserves better Usage.

Const. *Belinda* again!

Heartf. My Lady, I mean. What a Pox makes me blunder so to-day? [*Aside.*] A Plague of this treacherous Tongue.

Const. Pr'ythee look upon me seriously, *Heartfree*—
Now

Now answer me directly : Is it my Lady, or *Belinda*, employs your careful Thoughts thus ?

Heartf. My Lady, or *Belinda* ?

Const. In Love ; by this Light, in Love.

Heartf. In Love !

Const. Nay, ne'er deny it ; for thou'lt do it so awkwardly, 'twill but make the Jest sit heavier about thee. My dear Friend, I give thee much Joy.

Heartf. Why, pr'ythee, you won't persuade me to it, will you ?

Const. That she's Mistress of your Tongue, that's plain ; and I know your are so honest a Fellow, your Tongue and Heart always go together. But how, but how the Devil ? Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha——

Heartf. Hey-day : Why sure you don't believe it in earnest ?

Const. Yes, I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

Heartf. Nay, but look you, *Ned*——a —— deny in jest——a——gadzooks, you know I say——a—— when a Man denies a think in jest——a——

Const. Pha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heartf. Nay, then we shall have it : What, because a Man stumbles at a Word : Did you never make a Blunder ?

Const. Yes ; for I am in Love, I own it.

Heartf. Then, so am I—Now laugh till thy Soul's glutted with Mirth. [*Embracing him.*] But, dear *Constant*, don't tell the Town on't.

Const. Nay then, 'twere almost pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a Confession. But tell us a little, *Jack*, by what new invented Arms has this mighty Stroke been given ?

Heartf. E'en by that unaccountable Weapon, call'd *Je-ne-sçai-quoy* : For every thing that can come within the Verge of Beauty, I have seen it with Indifference.

Const. So in few Words then ; the *Je-ne-sçai-quoy* has been too hard for the quilted Petticoat.

Heartf. I'gad, I think the *Je-ne-sçai-quoy* is in the quilted Petticoat ; at least 'tis certain, I ne'er think on't without——a——a *Je-ne-sçai-quoy* in every Part about me.

The Provok'd Wife.

Const. Well, but have all your Remedies lost their Virtue? Have you turn'd her In-side out yet?

Heartf. I dare not so much as think on't.

Const. But don't the two Years Fatigue I have had, discourage you?

Heartf. Yes: I dread what I foresee; yet cannot quit the Enterprize. Like some Soldiers, whose Courage dwells more in their Honour, than their Nature: On they go, tho' the Body trembles at what the Soul makes it undertake.

Const. Nay, if you expect your Mistress will use you, as your Profanations against her Sex deserve, you tremble justly. But how do you intend to proceed, Friend?

Heartf. Thou know'st I'm but a Novice; be friendly and advise me.

Const. Why, look you then; I'd have you—Serenade and a—write a Song—Go to Church; Look like a Fool—Be very officious; Ogle, write and lead out: And who knows, but in a Year or two's time, you may be—call'd a troublesome Puppy, and sent about your Business.

Heartf. That's hard.

Const. Yet thus it oft falls out with Lovers, Sir.

Heartf. Pox on me for making one of the Number.

Const. Have a care; Say no saucy things; 'twill but augment your Crime; and if your Mistress hears on't, increase your Punishment.

Heartf. Pr'ythee say something then to encourage me, you know I help'd you in your Distress.

Const. Why then to encourage you to Perseverance, that you may be thoroughly ill-us'd for your Offences; I'll put you in mind, that even the coyest Ladies of 'em all are made up of Desires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long time, they will capitulate at last. For that thundering Engineer, Nature, does make such Havock in the Town, they must surrender at long run, or perish in their own Flames.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there's a Porter without with a Letter; he desires to give it into your own Hands.

Const.

Const. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

Const. What, *Joe* ! Is it thee ?

Port. An't please you, Sir, I was order'd to deliver this into your own Hands, by two well-shap'd Ladies, at the *New Exchange*. I was at your Honour's Lodgings, and your Servants sent me hither.

Const. 'Tis well, are you to carry any Answer ?

Port. No, my noble Master. They gave me my Orders, and whip, they were gone like a Maidenhead at Fifteen.

Const. Very well ; there. *[Gives him Money.]*

Port. God bless your Honour. *[Exit Porter.]*

Const. Now let's see what honest, trusty *Joe* has brought us.

[Reads.] *If you and your Play-Fellow can spare Time from your Business and Devotions ; don't fail to be at Spring-Garden about Eight in the Evening. You'll find nothing there but Women, so you need bring no other Arms than what you usually carry about you.*

So, Play-fellow : here's something to stay your Stomach till your Mistress's Dish is ready for you.

Heartf. Some of our old batter'd Acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

Const. Nay, that you can't avoid ; there's Honour in the Case ; 'tis a Challenge, and I want a Second.

Heartf. I doubt I shall be but a very useless one to you ; for I'm so dishearten'd by this Wound *Belinda* has given me, I don't think I shall have Courage enough to draw my Sword.

Const. O, if that be all, come along ; I'll warrant you find Sword enough for such Enemies as we have to deal withal. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, *A Street.*

Enter Constable and Watchmen, with Sir John.

Con. Come, forsooth, come along, if you please !
I once in Compassion thought to have seen you safe home

home this Morning: But you have been so rampant and abusive all Night, I shall see what the Justice of Peace will say to you.

Sir J. And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of Peace, Sirrah. *[Watchman knocks at the Door.]*

Enter Servant.

Con. Is Mr. Justice at home?

Serv. Yes.

Con. Pray acquaint his Worship we have got an unruly Woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Serv. I'll acquaint my Master. *[Exit Serv.]*

Sir J. Hark you, Constable, what cuckoldy Justice is this?

Con. One that knows how to deal with such Romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. Constable, what is the Matter there?

Con. An't please your Worship, this here comical sort of a Gentlewoman has committed great Outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord *Rake* and his Gang; they attacked the Watch, and I hear there has been a Man kill'd: I believe 'tis they have done it.

Sir J. Sir, there may have been Murder for ought I know; and 'tis a great Mercy there has not been a Rape too—that Fellow wou'd have ravish'd me.

2d Watch. Ravish! Ravish! O lud! O lud! O lud! Ravish her! Why, please your Worship, I heard Mr. Constable say he believed she was little better than a Maphrodite.

Just. Why truly, she does seem a little masculine about the Mouth.

2d Watch. Yes, and about the Hands too, an't please your Worship, I did but offer in meer Civility, to help her up the Steps into our Apartment, and with her gripen Fist thus, ay. *[Sir John knocks him down.]*

Sir J. Just so, Sir, I fell'd him to the Ground like an Ox

Just. Out upon this boisterous Woman! Out upon her. Sir

Sir J. Mr. Justice he would have been uncivil ; It was in Defence of my Honour, and I demand Satisfaction.

2d Watch. I hope your Worship will satisfy her Honour in Bridewell ; that Fift of hers will make an admirable Hemp-beater.

Sir J. Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous Rascal ; I am a Woman of Quality and Virtue too, for all I am in an Undress this Morning.

Just. Madam, if you expect I shou'd be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir J. Sir, I am any body, at your Service.

Just. Lady, I desire to know your Name ?

Sir J. Sir, my Name's *Mary*.

Just. Ay, but your Surname, Madam ?

Sir J. Sir, my Surname's the very same with my Husband's.

Just. A strange Woman this ! Who is your Husband, pray ?

Sir J. Sir *John*.

Just. Sir *John* who ?

Sir J. Sir *John Brute*.

Just. Is is possible, Madam, you can be my Lady *Brute* ?

Sir J. That happy Woman, Sir, am I ; only a little in my Merriment to-night.

Just. I am concerned for Sir *John*.

Sir J. Truly, so am I.

Just. I have heard he's an honest Gentleman.

Sir J. As ever drank.

Just. Good lack ! Indeed, Lady, I'm sorry he has such a Wife.

Sir J. I am sorry he has any Wife at all.

Just. And so perhaps may he—I doubt you have not given him a very good Taste of Matrimony.

Sir J. Taste, Sir ! Sir, I have scorn'd to stint him to a Taste, I have given him a full Meal of it.

Just. Indeed I believe so ! But pray, fair Lady, may he have given you any Occasion for this extraordinary Conduct—Does he not use you well ?

Sir J. A little upon the rough sometimes.

Just. Ay, any Man may be out of Humour now and then.

Sir *J.* Sir, I love Peace and Quiet, and when a Woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent Diversions abroad.

Just. I doubt he uses you but too well. Pray how does he as to that weighty thing, Money? Does he allow you what is proper of that?

Sir *J.* Sir, I have generally enough to pay the Reckoning, if this Son of a Whore of a Drawer wou'd but bring his Bill.

Just. A strange Woman this—Does he spend a reasonable Portion of his Time at home, to the Comfort of his Wife and Children?

Sir *J.* He never gave his Wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his Life.

Just. Pray, Madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial Point—Is he true to your Bed?

Sir *J.* Chast! Oons! This Fellow asks so many impertinent Questions! I gad I believe it is the Justice's Wife, in the Justice's Clothes.

Just. Pray, Madam, (and then I've done) what may be your Ladyship's common Method of Life? If I may presume so far.

Sir *J.* Why, Sir, much that of a Woman of Quality.

Just. Pray how may you generally pass your Time, Madam? Your Morning for Example.

Sir *J.* Sir, like a Woman of Quality—I wake about two o'Clock in the Afternoon—I stretch—and make a Sign for my Chocolate—When I have drank three Cups—I slide down again upon my Back, with my Arms over my Head, while my two Maids put on my Stockings—Then hanging upon their Shoulders, I am trail'd to my great Chair, where I sit—and yawn—for my Breakfast—If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my Couch to say my Prayers, while my Maid reads me the Play-Bills.

Just. Very well, Madam.

Sir *J.* When the Tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular

regular Dishes, with eight Slices of Bread and Butter—
And half an Hour after, I send to the Cook to know
if the Dinner is almost ready.

Just. So ! Madam !

Sir J. By that Time my Head is half drest, I hear
my Husband swearing himself into a State of Per-
dition, that the Meat's all cold upon the Table, to
amend which, I come down in an Hour more, and
have it sent back to the Kitchen, to be all drest over
again.

Just. Poor Man !

Sir J. When I have din'd, and my idle Servants
are presumptuously set down at their Ease, to do so
too, I call for my Coach, to go visit fifty dear Friends,
of whom I hope I shall never find one at home, while
I shall live.

Just. So ! There's the Morning and Afternoon
pretty well dispos'd of——Pray, Madam, how do
you pass your Evenings ?

Sir J. Like a Woman of Spirit, Sir, a great Spirit.
Give me a Box and Dice—Seven's the Main, Oons !
Sir, I set you a Hundred Pound ! Why, do you think
Women are married now a Days, to sit at home and
mend Napkins : Sir, we have nobler ways of passing
Time.

Just. Mercy upon us, Mr. Constable, what will
this Age come to.

Const. What will it come to, indeed, if such Wo-
men as these are not set in the Stocks ?

Sir J. Sir, I have a little urgent Business calls upon
me ; and therefore I desire the Favour of you to bring
Matters to a Conclusion.

Just. Madam, if I were sure that Business were
not to commit more Disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir J. None——By my Virtue.

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

Sir J. Sir, your very humble Servant. If you
please to accept of a Bottle—

Just. I thank you, kindly, Madam ; but I never
drink in a Morning. Good-by-t'ye, Madam, good-
by-t'ye.

Sir J. Good-by-t'ye, good Sir. [*Exit Justice.*
So——now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick
up a Whore together?

Const. No, thank you, Madam; my Wife's enough
to satisfy any reasonable Man.

Sir J. [*Aside.*] He, he, he, he, he——the Fool is
married then. Well, you won't go?

Const. Not I, truly.

Sir J. Then I'll go by myself; and you and your
Wife may go to the Devil. [*Exit Sir John.*

Constable gazing after her.] Why God-a-mercy Lady.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *Spring-Garden.*

Constant and Heartfree cross the Stage. As they go off,
enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle mask'd and
dogging 'em.

Const. So; I think we are about the time appoint-
ed: let us walk up this way. [*Exeunt.*

L. F. Good: Thus far I have dogg'd 'em without
being discover'd. 'Tis infallibly some Intrigue that
brings them to *Spring-Garden*. How my poor Heart is
torn and wrackt with Fear and Jealousy! Yet let it be
any thing but that Flirt *Belinda*, and I'll try to bear it.
But if it prove her, all that's Woman in me shall be
employ'd to destroy her.

[*Exeunt after Constant and Heartfree.*

*Re-enter Constant and Heartfree. Lady Fancyful
and Mademoiselle still following at a Distance.*

Const. I see no Females yet, that have any thing to
say to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heartf. I wish we were; for I'm in no Humour to
make either them or myself merry.

Const. Nay, I'm sure you'll make them merry enough,
if I tell 'em why you are dull. But pr'ythee why so
heavy and sad before you begin to be ill us'd?

Heartf. For the same Reason, perhaps, that you are
so brisk and well pleas'd; because both Pains and Plea-
sures are generally more considerable in Prospect, than
when they come to pass.

Enter

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda, mask'd, and poorly dress'd.

Const. How now ! who are these ? Not our Game, I hope.

Heartf. If they are, we are e'en well enough serv'd, to come a hunting here, when we had so much better Game in Chase elsewhere.

L. F. [*to Mademoiselle.*] So, those are their Ladies without doubt. But I'm afraid that *Doily* Stuff is not worn for want of better Clothes. They are the very Shape and Size of *Belinda* and her Aunt.

Madem. So dey be inteed, Matam.

L. F. We'll slip into this close Arbor, where we may hear all they say.

[*Exeunt Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.*]

L. B. What, are you afraid of us, Gentlemen ?

Heartf. Why, truly, I think we may, if Appearance don't lye.

Bel. Do you always find Women what they appear to be, Sir ?

Heartf. No, forsooth ; but I seldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the Outside's best you think ?

Heartf. 'Tis the honestest.

Const. Have a care, *Heartfree* ; you are relapsing again.

L. B. Why, does the Gentleman use to rail at Women ?

Const. He has done formerly.

Bel. I suppose he had very good Cause for't. They did not use you so well, as you thought you deserv'd, Sir.

L. B. They made themselves merry at your Expence, Sir ?

Bel. Laugh'd when you sigh'd.

L. B. Slept while you were waking.

Bel. Had your Porter beat.

L. B. And threw your Billet-doux in the Fire.

Heartf. Hey-day, I shall do more than rail presently.

Bel. Why you won't beat us, will you ?

Heartf. I don't know but I may.

Const.

Const. What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a Gown—And drunk, 'faith.

Enter Sir John.

Sir *J.* What a Pox—here's *Constant*, *Heartfree*—and two Whores I'gad—O, you covetous Rogues! what have you never a spare Punk for your Friend—But I'll share with you. [*He seizes both the Women.*]

Heartf. Why what the plague have you been doing, Knight?

Sir *J.* Why, I have been beating the Watch, and scandalizing the Clergy.

Heartf. A very good Account, truly.

Sir *J.* And what do you think I'll do next?

Const. Nay, that no Man can guess.

Sir *J.* Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your Strumpets.

L. B. [*Aside.*] O Lord, we're undone.

Heartf. No, we cant sup together, because we have some Affairs elsewhere. But if you'll accept of these two Ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you, to resign our Right in 'em.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Lord, what shall we do?

Sir *J.* Let me see, their Clothes are such damn'd Clothes, they won't pawn for the Reckoning.

Heartf. Sir *John*, your Servant. Raptures attend you.

Const. Adieu Ladies, make much of the Gentleman.

L. B. Why sure you won't leave us in the Hands of a drunken Fellow to abuse us.

Sir *J.* Who do you call a drunken Fellow, you Slut you? I'm a Man of Quality; the King has made me a Knight. [*Heartf. runs off.*]

Heartf. Ay, ay, you are in good Hands; Adieu, Adieu,

L. B. The Devil's Hands: Let me go, or I'll—For Heaven's sake protect us.

[*She breaks from him, runs to Constant, twitching off her Mask, and clapping it on again.*]

Sir *J.* I'll Devil you, you Jade you. I'll demolish your ugly Face.

Re-enter

Re-enter Heartfree. Belinda runs to him, and shews her Face.

Heartf. Hold, thou mighty Man ; look ye, Sir, we did but jest with you. These are Ladies of our Acquaintance that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you must leave us.

Sir J. Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heartf. Nay, but you must though ; and therefore make no Words on't.

Sir J. Then you are a couple of damn'd uncivil Fellows. And I hope your Punks will give you Sauee to your Mutton. *[Exit Sir John.]*

L. B. Oh, I shall never come to myself again, I'm so frighten'd.

Const. 'Tis a narrow 'Scape indeed.

Bel. Women must have Frolicks, you see, whatever they cost 'em.

Heartf. This might have prov'd a dear one tho'.

L. B. You are the more oblig'd to us for the Risk we run upon your Accounts.

Const. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our Knight-Errantry, Ladies. This is the second Time we have deliver'd you.

L. B. 'Tis true ; and since we see Fate has design'd you for our Guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust ourselves in your Hands. But you must not have the worse Opinion of us for our innocent Frolick.

Heartf. Ladies, you may command our Opinions in every thing that is to your Advantage.

Bel. Then Sir, I command you to be of Opinion, That Women are sometimes better than they appear to be. *[Lady Brute and Constant talk apart.]*

Heartf. Madam, you have made a Convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a Fool. I cou'd be fond of a Woman.

Bel. I thank you, Sir, in the Name of the whole Sex.

Heartf. Which Sex nothing but yourself cou'd ever have aton'd for.

Bel. Now has my Vanity a devilish Itch, to know in what my Merit consists. *Heartf.*

Heartf. In your Humility, Madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

Bel. One other Compliment, with that serious Face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heartf. Some Women love to be abus'd ; Is that it you wou'd be at ?

Bel. No, not that neither : But I'd have Men talk plainly what's fit for Women to hear ; without putting 'em either to a real, or an affected Blush.

Heartf. Why then, in as plain Terms as I can find to express myself, I could love you even to Matrimony itself a-moſt, I'gad.

Bel. Juſt as Sir *John* did her Ladyſhip there.—What think you ? Don't you believe one Month's Time might bring you down to the ſame Indifference, only clad in a little better Manners, perhaps ? Well, you Men are unaccountable things, mad till you have your Miſtreſſes, and then ſtark mad till you are rid of 'em again. Tell me honeſtly, is not your Patience put to a much ſeverer Trial after Poſſeſſion than before ?

Heartf. With a great many, I muſt confeſs it is, to our eternal Scandal ; but I——dear Creature, do but try me.

Bel. That's the ſureſt way, indeed, to know, but not the ſafeſt. [*To Lady Brute.*] Madam are not you for taking a Turn to the Great Walk ? It's almoſt dark, no body will know us.

L. B. Really I find myſelf ſomething idle, *Belinda* : Beſides I doat upon this little odd private Corner. But don't let my lazy Fancy confine you. [*Conſt. Aſide.*] So, ſhe wou'd be left alone with me, that's well.

Bel. Well, we'll take one Turn, and come to you again. [*To Heartf.*] Come, Sir, ſhall we go pry into the Secrets of the Garden ? Who knows what Diſcoveries we may make.

Heartf. Madam, I'm at your Service.

Conſt. [*to Heartf. Aſide*] Don't make too much Haſte back ; for d'ye hear—I may be buſy.

Heartf. Enough. [*Exeunt Belinda and Heartfree.*]

L. B. Sure you think me ſcandalouſly free, Mr. *Conſtant*. I'm afraid I ſhall loſe your good Opinion of me.

Conſt.

Const. My good Opinion, Madam, is like your Cruelty, ne'er to be remov'd.

L. B. Indeed, I doubt you much ; Why, suppose you had a Wife, and she should entertain a Gallant ?

Const. If I gave her just Cause, how cou'd I justly condemn her ?

L. B. Ah ; but you'd differ widely about just Causes.

Const. But Blows can bear no Dispute.

L. B. Nor ill Manners much, truly.

Const. Then no Woman upon Earth has so just a Cause as you have.

L. B. But can a Husband's Faults release my Duty ?

Const. In Equity, without Doubt. And where Laws dispence with Equity, Equity should dispense with Laws.

L. B. Pray let's leave this Dispute ; for you Men have as much Witchcraft in your Arguments, as Women have in their Eyes.

Const. But whilst you attack me with your Charms, 'tis but reasonable I assault you with mine.

L. B. The Case is not the same. What Mischief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

Const. Beauty soon obtains Pardon, for the Pain that it gives, when it applies the Balm of Compassion to the Wound : But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almost as bad as an ugly Face and a soft one ; both very troublesome to many a poor Gentleman.

L. B. Yes, and to many a poor Gentlewoman too, I can assure you. But pray, which of 'em is it, that most afflicts you ?

Const. Your Glass and Conscience will inform you, Madam. But for Heaven's sake (for now I must be serious) if Pity, or if Gratitude can move you ; [*Taking her Hand.*] If Constancy and Truth have Power to tempt you : If Love, if Adoration can affect you, give me at least some Hopes, that Time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform ; 'twill ease my Sufferings, tho' not quench my Flame.

L. B. Your Sufferings eas'd, your Flame wou'd soon

soon abate : And that I wou'd preserve, not quench it, Sir.

Const. Wou'd you preserve it, nourish it with Favours ; for that's the Food it naturally requires.

L. B. Yet on that natural Food, 'twould surfeit soon, shou'd I resolve to grant all you wou'd ask.

Const. And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me therefore, since my Hunger rages, if I at last grow wild, and in my Frenzy force at least this from you. [*Kissing her Hand.*] Or if you'd have my Flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and Thousands more ; [*Kissing first her Hand, then her Neck.*] [*Aside.*] For now's the Time she melts into Compassion.

L. B. O Heavens ! Let me go.

Const. Ay, go, ay : Where shall we go, my charming Angel——into this private Arbour—Nay, let's lose no Time—Moments are precious.

L. B. And Lovers wild. Pray let us stop here ; at least for this Time.

Const. 'Tis impossible ; he that has Power over you, can have none over himself.

As he is forcing her into the Arbour, Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle bolt out upon them, and run over the Stage.

L. B. Ah ; I'm lost.

L. F. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Madem. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe.

Const. Death and Furies, who are these ?

L. B. O Heavens ! I'm out of my Wits ; if they knew me, I am ruin'd.

Const. Don't be frightned : Ten thousand to one they are Strangers to you.

L. B. Whatever they are, I won't stay here a Moment longer.

Const. Whither will you go ?

L. B. Home, as if the Devil were in me. Lord, where's this *Belinda* now.

Enter Belinda and Heartfree.

O ! 'tis well you are come : I'm so frightned, my Hair stands an end. Let's be gone, for Heaven's sake.

Bel.

Bel. Lord, what's the Matter ?

L. B. The Devil's the Matter ; Here's a Couple of Women have done the most impertinent thing. Away, away, away, away, away. *[Exit running.]*



A C T V.

S C E N E, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

L. F. **W**ELL *Mademoiselle* ; did you dodge the filthy Things ?

Madem. O que ouy, Madame.

L. F. And where are they ?

Madem. Au Logis.

L. F. What, Men and all ?

Madem. Tous ensemble.

L. F. O Confidence ! What, carry their Fellows to their own House ?

Madem. C'est que le Mari n'y est pas.

L. F. No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out. Well, 'tis a prodigious thing, to see when Men and Women get together, how they fortify one another in their Impudence. But if that drunken Fool, her Husband, be to be found in e'er a Tavern in Town, I'll send him amongst 'em : I'll spoil their Sport.

Madem. En vérité, Madame, ce seroit dommage.

L. F. 'Tis in vain to oppose it, *Mademoiselle* ; therefore never go about it. For I am the steddier Creature in the World——when I have determin'd to do Mischief. So come along. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Constant, Heartfree, Lady Brute, Belinda, and Lovewell.

L. B. But are you sure you don't mistake, *Lovewell* ?
Lora.

Lov. Madam, I saw 'em all go into the Tavern together, and my Master was so drunk he cou'd scarce stand.

L. B. Then, Gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay, and play at Cards with us, an Hour or two: For they'll scarce part till Morning.

Bel. I think, 'tis Pity they should ever part.

Const. The Company that's here, Madam.

L. B. Then, Sir, the Company that's here, must remember to part itself, in Time.

Const. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future Favours, by an indiscreet Usage of this. The Moment you give us the Signal, we shan't fail to make our Retreat.

L. B. Upon those Conditions then let us sit down to Cards.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. O Lord, Madam, here's my Master just staggering in upon you; he has been quarrelsome yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the Company.

L. B. Into the Closet, Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake; I'll wheedle him to Bed, if possible.

[Const. and Heartf. run into the Closet.]

Enter Sir John, all dirt and bloody.

L. B. Ah——Ah——he's all over Blood.

Sir J. What the plague does the Woman—squall for? Did you never see a Man in Pickle before?

L. B. Lord, where have you been?

Sir J. I have been at—Cuffs.

L. B. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

Sir J. Sound as a Roach, Wife.

L. B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir J. You know—I think you lye.

L. B. You do me wrong to think so. For Heaven's my Witness, I had rather see my own Blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir J. Then will I be crucify'd.

L. B. 'Tis a hard Fate, I shou'd not be believ'd.

Sir J. 'Tis a damn'd atheistical Age, Wife.

L. B. I am sure I have given you a thousand tender

Proofs,

Proofs, how great my Care is of you. But, spite of all your cruel Thoughts, I'll still persist, and at this Moment, if I can persuade you to lie down and sleep a little.

Sir J. Why—do you think I am drunk—you Slut, you?

L. B. Heaven forbid, I shou'd: But I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray let me feel your Pulse.

Sir J. Stand off, and be damn'd.

L. B. Why, I see your Distemper in your very Eyes. You are all on Fire. Pray, go to Bed; let me intreat you.

Sir J.—Come, kiss me, then.

L. B. [*Kissing him.*] There: Now go. [*Aside.*] He stinks like Poison.

Sir J. I see it goes damnably against your Stomach.—And therefore—Kiss me again.

L. B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir J. Do't, I say.

L. B. [*Aside.*] Ah Lord have Mercy upon me. Well;—there: Now will you go?

Sir J. Now, Wife, you shall see my Gratitude. You gave me two Kisses—I'll give you—two hundred.
[*Kisses and tumbles her.*]

L. B. O Lord: Pray, Sir John be quiet. Heavens, what a Pickle am I in!

Bel. [*Aside.*] If I were in her Pickle, I'd call my Gallant out of the Closet, and he shou'd Cudgel him soundly.

Sir J. So, now you being as dirty and as nasty as myself, we may go pig together. But first I must have a Cup of your cold Tea, Wife. [*Going to the Closet.*]

L. B. O I'm ruin'd! There's none there, my Dear.

Sir J. I'll warrant you, I'll find some, my Dear.

L. B. You can't open the Door, the Lock's spoil'd; I have been turning and turning the Key this half Hour to no Purpose. I'll send for the Smith to-morrow.

Sir J. There's ne'er a Smith in *Europe* can open a Door with more Expedition than I can do—As for Example,—Pou. [*He bursts open the Door with his Foot.*]
—How now! What the Devil have we got here?—

Constant,

Conſtant,——*Heartfree*,——And two Whores again,
I'gad——This is the worſt cold Tea——that ever I
met with in my Life——

Enter Conſtant and Heartfree.

L. B. [*Aſide*] O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir J. Gentlemen—I am your very humble Servant—I give you many Thanks—I ſee you take Care of my Family—I ſhall do all I can to return the Obligation.

Conſt. Sir, how oddly ſoever this Buſineſs may appear to you, you'd have no Cauſe to be uneaſy, if you knew the Truth of all Things; your Lady is the moſt virtuous Woman in the World, and nothing has paſt, but an innocent Frolick.

Heartf. Nothing elſe, upon my Honour, Sir.

Sir J. You are both very civil Gentlemen—And my Wife, there, is a very civil Gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many civil Things have paſt between you. Your very humble Servant.

L. B. [*Aſide to Conſt.*] Pray be gone: He's ſo drunk he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow Morning you ſhall hear from us.

Conſt. I'll obey you, Madam. Sir, when you are cool, you'll underſtand Reaſon better. So then I ſhall take the Pains to inform you. If not—I wear a Sword, Sir, and ſo good by t'ye. Come along, *Heartfree.* [*Exeunt.*]

Sir J. Wear a Sword, Sir—And what of all that, Sir? He comes to my Houſe; eats my Meat; lies with my Wife; diſhonours my Family; gets a Baſtard to inherit my Eſtate—And when I aſk a civil Account of all this——Sir, ſays he, I wear a Sword—Wear a Sword, Sir? Yes, Sir, ſays he, I wear a Sword—It may be a good Answer at Croſs purpoſes; but 'tis a damn'd one to a Man in my whimſical Circumſtance——Sir, ſays he, I wear a Sword! [*To Lady Brute.*] And what do you wear now? ha! tell me. [*Sitting down in a great Chair.*] What you are modeſt, and can't——Why then I'll tell you, you Slut, you. You wear——an impudent lewd Face——A damn'd, deſigning Heart——And a Tail—and a Tail full of——

[*He falls faſt aſleep ſnoring.*]

L. B. So; Thanks to kind Heaven, he's fast for some Hours.

Bel. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our Story handsomely; for we must lye like the Devil to bring ourselves off.

L. B. What shall we say, *Belinda*?

Bel. [*musing*.]—I'll tell you: It must all light upon *Heartfree* and I. We'll say he has courted me some time, but for Reasons unknown to us, has ever been very earnest the thing might be kept from Sir *John*. That therefore hearing him upon the Stairs, he run into the Closet, tho' against our Will, and *Constant* with him, to prevent Jealousy. And to give this a good impudent Face of Truth, (that I may deliver you from the Trouble you are in) I'll e'en, if he pleases, marry him.

L. B. I'm beholden to you, Cousin; but that wou'd be carrying the Jest a little too far for your own sake: You know he's a younger Brother, and has nothing.

Bel. 'Tis true: But I like him, and have Fortune enough to keep above Extremity: I can't say, I wou'd live with him in a Cell, upon Love and Bread and Butter: But I had rather have the Man I love, and a middle State of Life, than that Gentleman in the Chair there, and twice your Ladyship's Splendor.

L. B. In truth, Niece, you are in the right on't: But 'tis late: Let's end our Discourse for to-night, and out of an Excess of Charity, take a small Care of that nasty drunken thing there—Do but look at him, *Belinda*.

Bel. Ah——'tis a savoury Dish.

L. B. As savoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Pr'ythee call the Butler to take away.

Bel. Call the Butler?—Call the Scavenger! [*To a Servant within*.] Who's there: Call *Rasor*! Let him take away his Master, scour him clean with a little Soap and Sand, and so put him to death.

L. B. Come, *Belinda*, I'll e'en lie with you To-night; and in the Morning we'll send for our Gentlemen to set this Matter even.

Bel. With all my Heart.

L. B. Good Night, my Dear.

[*Making a low Courtesy to Sir John*.

Bush. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt*.

*The Provok'd Wife.**Enter Rafor.*

Raf. My Lady there's a Wag—My Master there's a Cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing—Women have deprav'd Appetites—My Lady's a Wag; I have heard all; I have seen all; I understand all; and I'll tell all; for my little *Frenchwoman* loves News dearly. This Story'll gain her Heart, or nothing will. [*To his Master.*] Come, Sir, your Head's too full of Fumes at present, to make room for your Jealousy; but I reckon we shall have rare Work with you, when your Pate's empty. Come to your Kennel, you cuckoldy, drunken Sot, you, [*Carries him out upon his Back.*]

SCENE, *Lady Fancyful's House.**Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.*

L. F. But, why did not you tell me before, *Mademoiselle*, that *Rafor* and you were fond?

Madem. De Modesty hinder me, Matam.

L. F. Why truly Modesty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant Mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him? Do you think to oblige you, he wou'd speak Scandal?

Madem. Matam, to oblige your Ladyship, he shall speak Blasphemy.

L. F. Why then, *Mademoiselle*, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his Master, all that pass at *Spring-Garden*: I have a Mind he shou'd know what a Wife and a Niece he has got.

Madem. Il le fera, Madame.

Enter a Footman, who speaks to Mademoiselle apart.

Foot. Mademoiselle, yonder's Mr. *Rafor* desires to speak with you.

Madem. Tell him, I come presently. [*Exit Footman.*]

Rafor be dere, Matam.

L. F. That's fortunate; Well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him stubborn, *Mademoiselle*—hark you—don't refuse him a few little reasonable Liberties, to put him into Humour.

Madem. Laissez moi faire.

[*Exit Lady Fan.*]

[*Rafor*]

[*Rasor peeps in ; and seeing Lady Fancyful gone, runs to Mademoiselle, takes her about the Neck, and kisses her.*

Madem. How now, Confidence !

Ras. How now, Modesty !

Madem. Who make you so familiar, Sirrah ?

Ras. My Impudence, Huffy.

Madem. Stand off, Rogue-Face.

Ras. Ah—*Mademoiselle*—great News at our House.

Madem. Why, vat be de Matter !

Ras. The Matter?—why Uptails, All's the Matter.

Madem. Tu te mocque de moi.

Ras. Now do you long to know the Particulars :
The Time when : The Place where : The Manner
how. But I won't tell you a Word more.

Madem. Nay, den dou kill me, *Rasor*.

Ras. Come, kifs me, then.

[*Clapping his Hands behind him.*

Madem. Nay, pridee tell me.

Ras. Good by t'ye.

[*Going.*

Madem. Hold, hold : I will kifs dee. [*Kissing him.*

Ras. So, that's civil : Why now, my pretty Poll ;
my Goldfinch : my little Waterwagtail—you must
know, that—Come, kifs me again.

Madem. I won't kifs de no more.

Ras. Good by t'ye.

[*Going.*

Madem. Doucement ; Dere ; es tu content ?

[*Kissing him.*

Ras. So : Now I'll tell thee all. Why the News is,
That Cuckoldom in Folio is newly printed ; and Matrimony
in Quarto, is just going into the Press. Will you
buy any Books, *Mademoselle* ?

Madem. Tu parle comme un Librarie ; de Devil no
understand dee.

Ras. Why then, that I may make myself intelligible
to a Waiting-Woman, I'll speak like a Valet de Cham-
bre. My Lady has cuckolded my Master.

Madem. Bon.

Ras. Which we take very ill from her Hands, I can
tell her that. We can't yet prove Matter of Fact up-
on her.

Madem. N'importe.

Ras.

Raf. But we can prove, that Matter of Fact had like to have been upon her.

Madem. Ouy-da.

Raf. For we have such terrible Circumstances.

Madem. Sans doute.

Raf. That any Man of Parts may draw tickling Conclusions from 'em.

Madem. Fort bien.

Raf. We found a couple of tight well-built Gentlemen, stuf into her Ladyship's Closet.

Madem. Le Diable.

Raf. And I, in my particular Person, have discover'd a most damnable Plot, how to persuade my poor Master, that all this Hide and Seek, this Will in the Wisp, has no other meaning than a Christian Marriage for sweet Mrs. *Belinda*.

Madem. Une Marriage? Ah les Drolefs.

Raf. Don't you interrupt me, Hussy; 'tis agreed, I say. And my innocent Lady, to riggle herself out at the Back-door of the Business, turns Marriage-Bawd to her Niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair Body, to be tumbled and mumbled, by that young liquorish Whipter *Heartfree*. Now are you satisfy'd?

Madem. No.

Raf. Right Woman; always gaping for more.

Madem. Dis be all den, dat you know?

Raf. All? Ay, and a great deal too, I think.

Madem. Dou be Fool, don know noting. Ecoute, mon pauvre Rasor. Dou sees des two Eyes?—Des two Eyes have see de Devil.

Raf. The Woman' mad.

Madem. In Spring-Garden, dat Rogue *Constant* meet dy Lady.

Raf. Bon.

Madem.——I'll tell dee no more.

Raf. Nay, pr'ythee, my Swan.

Madem. Come, kifs me den.

[Clapping her Hands behind her, as he did before.]

Raf. I won't kifs you, not I.

Madem. Adieu.

[Going:]

Raf. Hold——Now proceed.

[Gives her a hearty Kifs.]

Madem. A ça—I hide myself in one cunning Place, where I hear all, and see all. First dy drunken Master come mal à propos; but de Sot no know his own dear Wife, so he leave her to her Sport—— Den de Game begin. De Lover say soft ting: De Lady look upon de Ground. [*As she speaks, Rasor still acts the Man, and she the Woman.*] He take her by de Hand: She turn her Head on oder Way. Den he squeeze very hard: Den she pull—very softly. Den he take her in his Arm: Den she give him leetel Pat. Den he kifs her Tettons. Den she say—Pish, nay fee. Den he tremble: Den she — sigh. Den he pull her into de Arbor: Den she pinch him.

Ras. Ay, but not so hard, you Baggage, you.

Madem. Den he grow bold: She grow weak, he tro her down, il tombe dessus, le Diable assist, il emport tout; [*Rasor struggles with her, as if he would throw her down.*] stand off, Sirrah.

Ras. You have set me a-fire, you Jade, you.

Madem. Den go to de River and quench dyself.

Ras. What an unnatural Harlot this!

Madem. Rasor. [*Looking languishingly on him.*]

Ras. Mademoiselle.

Madem. Dou no love me?

Ras. Not love thee?——More than a Frenchman does Soup.

Madem. Den dou will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Ras. Don't bid me be damn'd then.

Madem. No, only tell dy Master, all I have tell dee of dy Laty.

Ras. Why, you little malicious Strumpet, you; shou'd you like to be serv'd so?

Madem. Dou dispute den?——Adieu.

Ras. Hold——But why wilt thou make me be such a Rogue, my Dear?

Madem. Voilà un vrai Anglois! il est amoureux, et cependant il veut raisonner. Va t'en au Diable.

Ras. Hold once more: In hopes thou'lt give me up thy Body, I'll make a present of my Honesty.

Madem. Bon, écoute donc;—If dou fail me—— I never see de more—if dou obey me—Je m'abandonne

à toy. [She takes him about the Neck, and gives him a smacking Kifs.] [Exit Mademoiselle.

Rasor. [Licking his Lips.] Not be a Rogue?—*Amor vincit Omnia.* [Exit *Rasor.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

L. F. Marry, say ye? Will the two Things marry?

Madem. On le va faire, Madame.

L. F. Look you, *Mademoiselle*, in short, I can't bear it—No; I find I can't—If once I see 'em a-bed together, I shall have ten thousand Thoughts in my Head will make me run distracted. Therefore run and call *Rasor* back immediately; for something must be done to stop this impertinent Wedding. If I can but defer it four and twenty Hours, I'll make such Work about Town, with that little pert Slut's Reputation, he shall as soon marry a Witch.

Madem. [Aside.] La violà bien intentionée. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Constant's Lodgings.

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

Const. But what dost think will become of this Business?

Heartf. 'Tis easier to think what will not come on't.

Const. What's that?

Heartf. A Challenge. I know the Knight too well for that; his dear Body will always prevail upon his noble Soul to be quiet.

Const. But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps he may venture to challenge his Wife.

Heartf. Not if you whisper him in the Ear, you won't have him do't, and there's no other way left that I see. For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were where we shou'd not be; and I don't think him quite Blockhead enough yet, to be persuaded we were got into his Wife's Closet only to peep into her Prayer-Book.

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter, a Porter brought it.

Const. O ho, here's Instructions for us.

Reads:

Reads :

The Accident that has happen'd has touch'd our Invention to the Quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your Help ; but find that's impossible. In a Word, the whole Business must be thrown upon a matrimonial Intrigue, between your Friend and mine. But if the Parties are not fond enough, to go quite through with the Matter ; 'tis sufficient for our Turn, they own the Design. We'll find Pretences enough to break the Match. Adieu.

—Well, Woman for Invention ! How long wou'd my Blockhead have been producing this !—Hey, *Heart-free* : What musing, Man ? Pr'ythee be chearful. What say'st thou, Friend, to this matrimonial Remedy ?

Heartf. Why, I say, it's worse than the Disease.

Const. Here's a Fellow for you : There's Beauty and Money and her Side, and Love up to the Ears on his : And yet—

Heartf. And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the Niece, in the very Moment that you are debauching the Aunt.

Const. Why, truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good Opinion enough of your own Parts, to believe you cou'd keep a Wife to yourself ?

Heartf. I shou'd have, if I had a good Opinion enough of hers, to believe she cou'd do as much by me. For to do 'em right, after all, the Wife seldom rambles, till the Husband shews her the Way.

Const. 'Tis true, a Man of real Worth, scarce ever is a Cuckold, but by his own Fault. Women are not naturally lewd ; there must be something to urge 'em to it. They'll cuckold a Churl, out of Revenge ; a Fool, because they despise him ; a Beast, because they loath him. But when they make bold with a Man they once had a well-grounded Value for, 'tis because they first see themselves neglected by him.

Heartf. Well then, shall I marry or die a Maid ?

Const. Why faith, *Heartfree*, Matrimony is like an Army going to engage. Love's the forlorn Hope, which is soon cut off ; the Marriage Knot is the main Body, which may stand Buff a long long Time ; and

Repentance is the Rear-Guard, which rarely gives Ground, as long as the main Body has a Being.

Heartf. Conclusion then ; you advise me to whore on as you do.

Const. That's not concluded yet. For tho' Marriage be a Lottery, in which there are a wondrous many Blanks ; yet there is one inestimable Lot, in which the only Heaven on Earth is written. Wou'd your kind Fate but guide your Hand to that, tho' I were wrapt in all that Luxury itself could clothe me with, I still shou'd envy you.

Heartf. And justly too ; for to be capable of loving One, doubtless, is better than to possess a Thousand. But how far that Capacity's in me, alas, I know not.

Const. But you wou'd know.

Heartf. I wou'd so.

Const. Matrimony will inform you. Come, one Flight of Resolution carries you to the Land of Experience ; where in a very moderate Time, you'll know the Capacity of your Soul and your Body both, or I'm mistaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

El. Well, Madam, what Answer have you from 'em ?

L. B. That they'll be here this Moment. I fancy 'twill end in a Wedding : I'm sure he's a Fool if it don't. Ten thousand Pounds, and such a Lass as you are, is no contemptible Offer to a younger Brother. But are not you under strange Agitations ? Pr'ythee, how does your Pulse beat ?

Bel. High and low, I have much a-do to be valiant : is it not very strange to go to bed to a Man ?

L. B. Um——it is a little odd at first, but it will will soon grow easy to you.

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

Good-morrow, Gentlemen : How have you slept after your Adventure ?

Heartf. Some careful Thoughts, Ladies, on your Accounts, have kept us waking.

Bel.

Bel. And some careful Thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from sleeping. Pray how does this matrimonial Project relish with you ?

Heartf. Why, faith, e'en as storming Towns does with Soldiers, where the Hopes of delicious Plunder banishes the Fear of being knock'd on the Head.

Bel. Is it then possible, after all, that you dare think of downright lawful Wedlock ?

Heartf. Madam, you have made me so fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

Bel. Then, Sir, I challenge you ; and Matrimony's the Spot where I expect you.

Heartf. 'Tis enough ; I'll not fail. [*Aside.*] So, now, I am in for *Hobbes's* Voyage ; a great Leap in the Dark.

L. B. Well, Gentlemen, this Matter being concluded then, have you got your Lessons ready , for Sir *John* is grown such an Atheist of late, he'll believe nothing upon easy Terms ?

Const. We'll find Ways to extend his Faith, Madam. But pray how do you find him this Morning ?

L. B. Most lamentably morose, chewing the Cud after last Night's Discovery, of which however he had but a confus'd Notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the Valet de Chambre has told him all ; for they are very busy together at this Moment. When I told him of *Belinda's* Marriage, I had noother Answer but a Grunt : From which, you may draw what Conclusions you think fit. But to your Notes, Gentlemen, he's here.

Enter Sir John and Rascal.

Const. Good-morrow, Sir.

Heartf. Good-morrow, Sir *John*, I'm very sorry my Indiscretion shou'd cause so much Disorder in your Family.

Sir J. Disorders generally come from Indiscretion, Sir ; 'tis no strange thing at all.

L. B. I hope, my Dear you are satisfied there was no Wrong intended you.

Sir J. None, my Dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my Consent to marry Mr. *Heartfree* will convince you. For as little as I know of Amours, Sir, I can assure you, one Intrigue is enough

to bring four People together, without further Mischief.

Sir J. And I know too, that Intrigues tend to Procreation of more Kinds than one. One Intrigue will beget another, as soon as beget a Son or a Daughter.

Const. I am very sorry, Sir, to see you still seem unsatisfy'd with a Lady, whose more than common Virtue, I am sure were she my Wife, shou'd meet a better Usage.

Sir J. Sir, if her Conduct has put a Trick upon her Virtue, her Virtue's the Bubble, but her Husband's the Loser.

Const. Sir, you have receiv'd a sufficient Answer already, to justify both her Conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your Family-affairs; but I perceive I am the Man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir J. Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I shou'd not care who it concern'd.

Const. Well, Sir, if Truth and Reason won't content you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir J. Lord, Sir, you are very hasty: If I had been found at Prayers in your Wife's Closet, I shou'd have allow'd you twice as much Time to come to yourself in.

Const. Nay, Sir, if Time be all you want, we have no Quarrel.

Heartf. I told you how the Sword wou'd work upon him.

[*Sir John muses.*]

Const. Let him muse; however, I'll lay fifty Pound our Foreman brings us in, Not Guilty.

Sir J. [*Aside*] 'Tis well——'tis very well——In spite of that young Jade's matrimonial Intrigue, I am a downright stinking Cuckold——Here they are——Boo—[*Putting his Hand to his Forehead*] Methinks, I could butt with a Bull. What the Plague did I marry her for? I knew she did not like me; if she had, she wou'd have lain with me! for I wou'd have done so, because I lik'd her; but that's past, and I have her. And now, what shall I do with her?—If I put my Horns into my Pocket, she'll grow insolent—if I don't, that Goat there, that Stallion, is ready to whip me thro'

thro' the Guts—The Debate then is reduced to this ; shall I die a Hero, or live a Rascal ?——Why, wiser Men than I have long since concluded, that a living Dog is better than a dead Lion—[To Const. and Heart.] Gentlemen, now my Wine and my Passion are governable, I must own, I have never observ'd any thing in my Wife's Course of Life, to back me in my Jealousy of her : But Jealousy's a Mark of Love ; so she need not trouble her Head about it, as long as I make no more Words on't.

Lady Fancyful enters disguis'd, and addresses Belinda apart.

Const. I'm glad to see your Reason rule at last. Give me your Hand : I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

Sir J. Your humble Servant, [*Aside.*] A wheedling Son of a Whore.

Heartf. And that I may be sure you are Friends with me too, pray give me your Consent to wed your Niece.

Sir J. Sir, you have it with all my Heart : Damn me if you han't. [*Aside.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her : A young pert Pimp ; she'll make an incomparable Bawd in a little Time.

Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree a Letter.

Bel. Heartfree your Husband, say you ? 'Tis impossible.

L. F. Wou'd to kind Heaven it were ! But 'tis too true ; and in the World there lives not such a Wretch. I'm young ; and either I have been flatter'd by my Friends, as well as Glafs, or Nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a Fortune too was greater far than he could ever hope for ; but with my Heart I am robb'd of all the rest. I am slighted and I'm beggar'd both at once ; I have scarce a bare Subsistence from the Villain, yet dare complain to none ; for he has sworn, if ever 'tis known I am his Wife, he'll murder me.

[*Weeping.*]

Bel. The Traitor !

L. F. I accidentally was told he courted you : Charity soon prevail'd upon me to prevent your Misery : And, as you see, I'm still so generous even to him, as
not

not to suffer he should do a Thing, for which the Law might take away his Life. [Weeping.

Bel. Poor Creature! How I pity her!

[*They continue talking aside.*

Heartf. [*Aside.*] Death and Damnation!—Let me read it again. [Reads.] *Tho' I have a particular Reason not to let you know who I am till I see you; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful Friend that gives you this Advice. I have lain with Belinda (Good!)—I have a Child by her (Better and Better!) which is now at Nurse; (Heaven be prais'd!) and I think the Foundation laid for another: (Ha!—Old Trupenny!—No Rack cou'd have tortur'd this Story from me; but Friendship has done it. I heard of your Design to marry her, and cou'd not see you abus'd. Make use of my Advice, but keep my Secret till I ask you for't again, Adieu.*

[*Exit Lady Fancyful.*

[*Const. to Bel.*] Come, Madam, shall we send for the Parson? I doubt here's no Business for the Lawyer: Younger Brothers have nothing to settle but their Hearts, and that I believe my Friend here has already done very faithfully.

Bel. [*Scornfully.*] Are you sure, Sir, there are no old Mortgages upon it?

Heartf. [*Coldly.*] If you think there are, Madam, it mayn't be amiss to defer the Marriage till you are sure they are paid off.

Bel. We'll defer it as long as you please, Sir.

Heartf. The more Time we take to consider on't, Madam, the less apt we shall be to commit Oversights; therefore, if you please, we will put it off for just nine Months.

Bel. Guilty Consciences make Men Cowards; I don't wonder you want Time to resolve.

Heartf. And they make Women desperate; I don't wonder you were so quickly determin'd.

Bel. What does the Fellow mean?

Heartf. What does the Lady mean?

Sir J. Zoons what do you both mean?

[*Heart. and Bel. walk chafing about.*

Raf. [*Aside.*] Here is so much Sport going to be spoil'd it makes me ready to weep again. A Pox o' this im-

impertinent Lady *Fancyful*, and her Plots, and her *Frenchwoman* too; she's a whimsical, ill-natur'd Bitch, and when I have got my Bones broke in her Service, 'tis ten to one but my Recompence is a Clap; I hear them tittering without still. I-cod, I'll e'en go lug them both in by the Ears, and discover the Plot, to secure my Pardon. [Exit *Rasor*.]

Const. Pr'ythee, explain *Heartfree*.

Heartf. A fair Deliverance; thank my Stars and my Friend.

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther; a base Fellow!

L. B. What can be the Meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his Meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him—I had had no Husband.

Heartf. And what's her Meaning I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married her—I had had Wife enough.

Sir J. Your People of Wit have got such cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak that you may be understood?

Enter Rasor in Sackcloth, pulling in Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

Rasor. If they won't, here comes an Interpreter.

L. B. Heavens! What have we here?

Rasor. A Villain—but a repenting Villain.

All. *Rasor!*

L. B. What means this?

Rasor. Nothing without my Pardon.

L. B. What Pardon do you want?

Rasor. Imprimis. Your Ladyship's; for a damnable Lie made upon your spotless Virtue, and set to the Tune of *Spring Garden*. [To *Sir John*.] Next, at my generous Master's Feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble Thoughts with Phantoms of disgraceful Cuckoldom. [To *Const.*] Thirdly, I to this Gentleman apply, for making him the Hero of my Romance. [To *Heart.*] Fourthly, your Pardon, noble Sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of Banns, Bishop's Licence, Friends Consent—or your own Knowledge. [To *Bel.*] And, lastly, to my good young

young Lady's Clemency I come, for pretending the Corn was sow'd in the Ground, before ever the Plough had been in the Field.

Sir *J.* [*Aside.*] So that after all, 'tis a moot Point, whether I am a Cuckold or not.

Bel. Well, Sir, upon Condition you confess all, I'll pardon you myself, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the Company. But I must know then who 'tis has put you upon all this Mischief?

Raf. Satan, and his Equipage; Woman tempted me, Vice weakened me,—and so the Devil overcame me.

Bel. Then pray will you make us acquainted with your Tempter?

Raf. [*To Madem.*] Unmask for the Honour of *France*.

All. Mademoiselle!

Madem. Me ask ten Thousand Pardon of all de good Company.

Sir *J.* Why this Mystery thickens instead of clearing up. [*To Rafor.*] You Son of a Whore you, put us out of our Pain.

Raf. One Moment brings Sunshine. [*Shewing Madem.*] 'Tis true, this is the Woman that tempted me, but this is the Serpent that tempted the Woman; and if my Prayers might be heard, her Punishment for so doing shou'd be like the Serpent's of old—[*Pulls off Lady Fancyful's Mask.*] She should lie upon her Face all the Days of her Life.

All. Lady Fancyful!

Bel. Impertinent!

L. B. Ridiculous!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Bel. I hope your Ladyship will give me Leave to wish you Joy, since you have own'd your Marriage yourself—[*To Heart.*] I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another Wife, when you had one already so charming as her Ladyship.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

L. F. [*Aside.*] Confusion seize 'em, as it seizes me!

Madem. Que le Diable étouffe ce Maraut de *Rafor*.

Bel. Your Ladyship seems disorder'd: A breeding Qualm,

Qualm, perhaps, Mr. *Heartfree*: Your Bottle of Hungary Water to your Lady. Why, Madam, he stands as unconcern'd, as if he were your Husband in Earnest.

L. F. Your Mirth's as nauseous as yourself. *Belinda*, you think you triumph over a Rival now: *Helas! ma pauvre fille*. Where'er I'm Rival, there's no Cause for Mirth. No, my poor Wretch, 'tis from another Principle I have acted. I knew that Thing there wou'd make so perverse a Husband, and you so impertinent a Wife, that lest your mutual Plagues should make you both run mad, I charitably would have broke the Match. He! he! he! he! he!

[*Exit laughing affectedly, Mademoiselle following her.*

Madem. He! he! he! he! he!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. [*Aside.*] Why now, this Woman will be married to somebody too.

Bel. Poor Creature! What a Passion she's in! But I forgive her.

Heartf. Since you have so much Goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my Offence too, Madam.

Bel. There will be no great Difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal Fault.

Heartf. So, Madam; now had the Parson but done his Business——

Bel. You'd be half weary of your Bargain.

Heartf. No, sure, I might dispense with one Night's Lodging.

Bel. I'm ready to try, Sir.

Heart. Then let's to Church:

And if it be our Chance to disagree——

Bel. Take heed—the surly Husband's Fate you see.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Lady BRUTE and BELINDA.

L. B. **N**O Epilogue!

Bel. *I swear I know of none.*

L. B. *Lord! How shall we excuse it to the Town?*

Bel. *Why, we must e'en say something of our own.*

L. B. *Our own! Ay, that must needs be precious Stuff.*

Bel. *I'll lay my Life, they'll like it well enough.*

Come, faith, begin —————

L. B. *Excuse me, after you.*

Bel. *Nay, pardon me for that, I know my Cue.*

L. B. *O for the World, I would not have Precedence.*

Bel. *O Lord!*

L. B. *I swear ———*

Bel. *O Fye!*

L. B. *I'm all Obedience.*

First then, know all, before our Doom is fixt,

The Third Day is for us ———

Bel. *Nay and the Sixth.*

L. B. *We speak not from the Poet now, nor is it*

His Cause—(I want a Rhyme)

Bel. *That we solicit.*

L. B. *Then sure you cannot have the Hearts to be severe,
And damn us ———*

Bel. *Damn us! Let 'em if they dare.*

L. B. *Why, if they should, what Punishment remains?*

Bel. *Eternal Exile from behind our Scenes.*

L. B. *But if they're kind, that Sentence we'll recal.*

We can be grateful——

Bel. *And have wherewithal.*

L. B. *But at Grand Treaties hope not to be trusted,*

Before Preliminaries are adjustd.

Bel. *You know the Time, and we appoint this Place;
Where, if you please, we'll meet and sign the Peace.*



F I N I S.

